House Of Cards Exclusive! **BRITISH** ost onnected **GENTLEMEN'S QUARTERLY** MAR 2 0 1 5 Francis Underwood has got plans for **Hack Attack!** The truth about the movie (and the BY ALASTAIR CAMPBELL madman) that nearly KEVIN SPACEY PHOTOGRAPHED FOR BRITISH GQ BY triggered World War III **MARCO GROB** The toxic GQ's style tips for legacy of the new Malcolm X season BY ROBERT CHALMERS













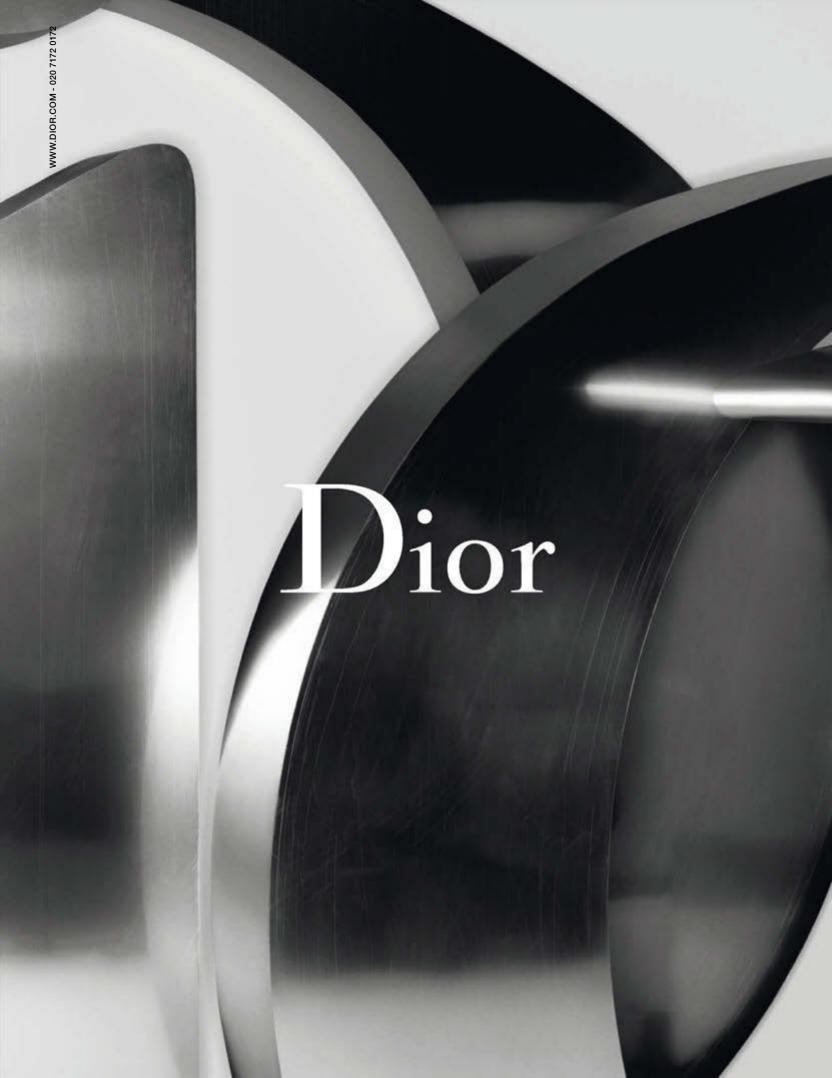
















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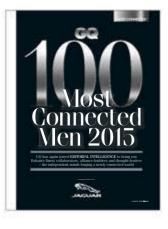


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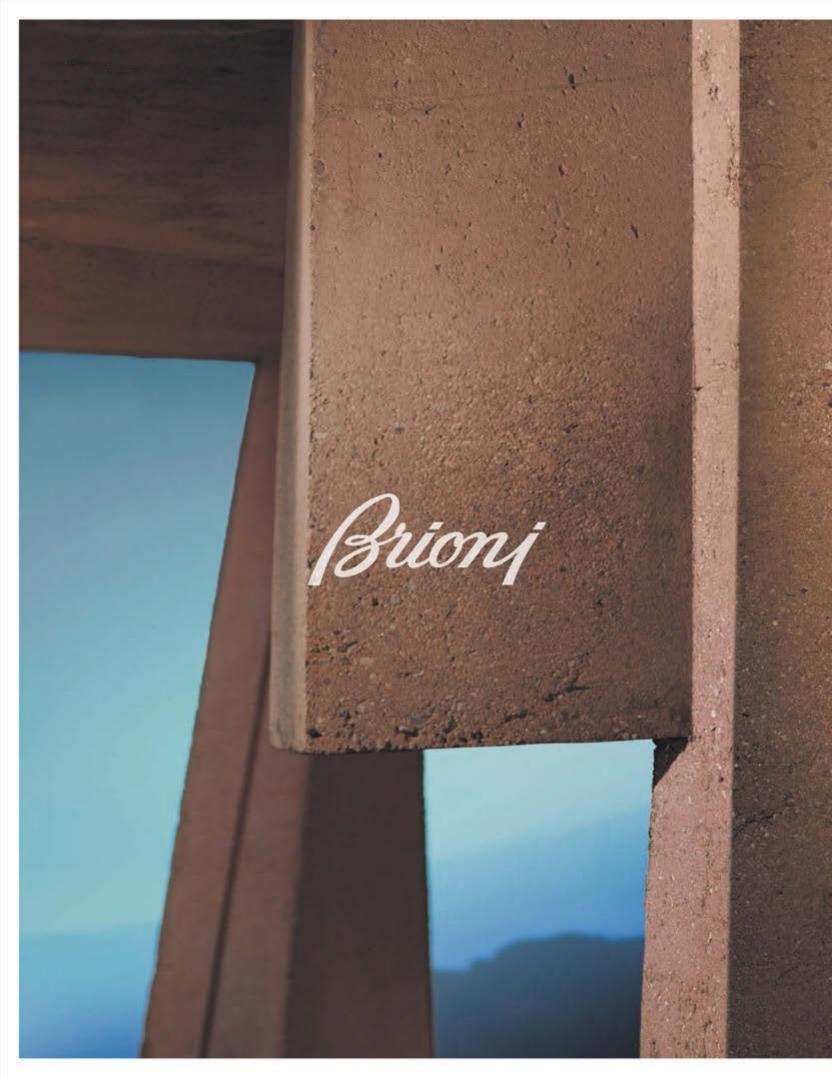
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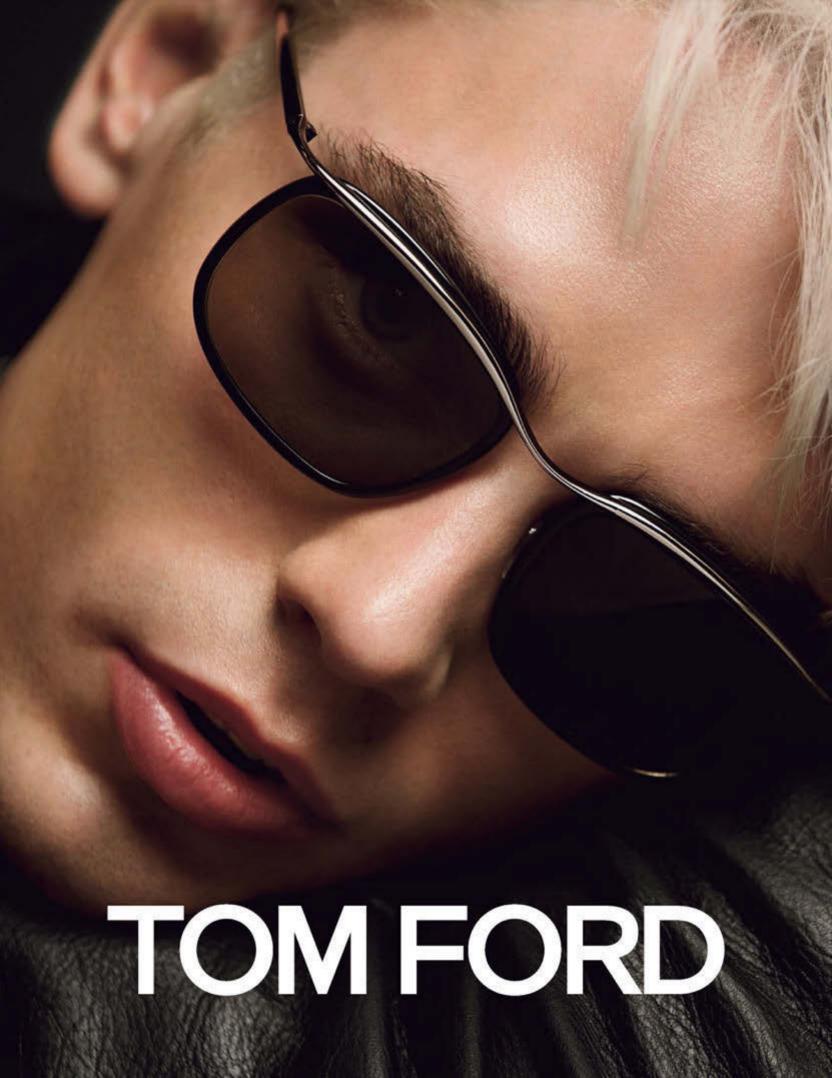
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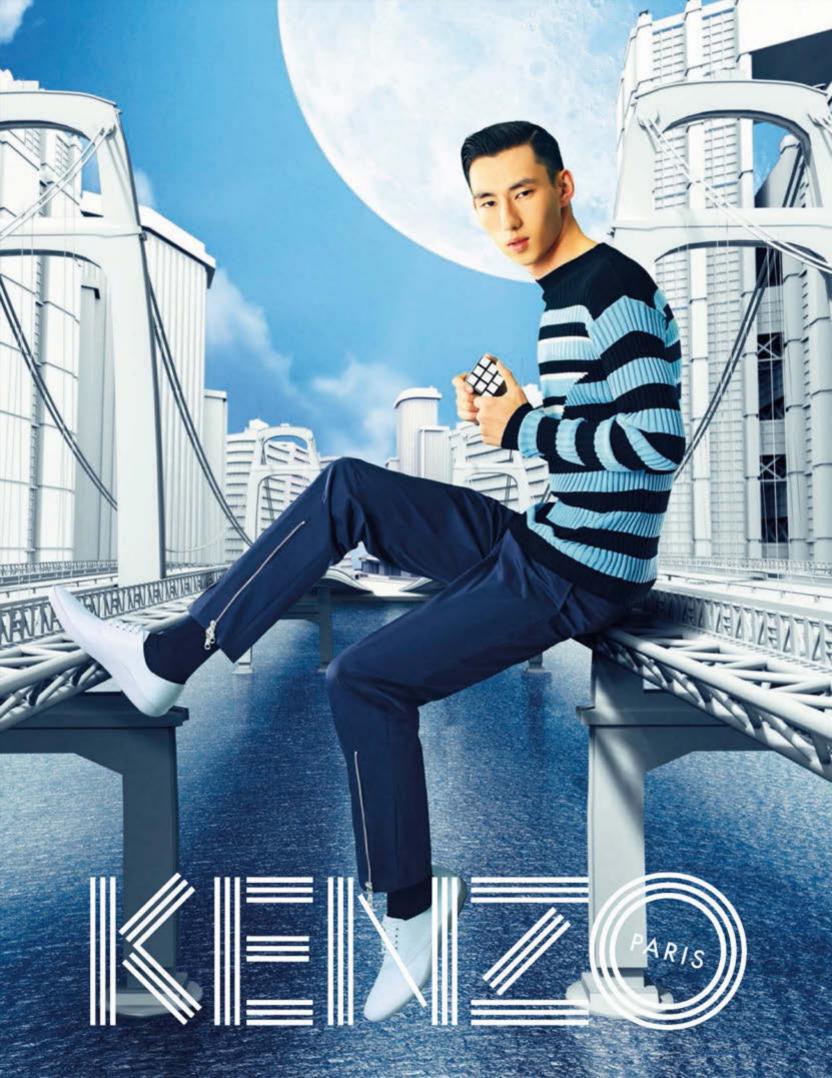














then, Spacey knew his quarry: as Alastair Campbell recounts in his interview with Spacey on page 232 of this issue, the actor used to knock about with Clinton as some kind of faux-politico double act. As you watch Spacey as Underwood, you not only start to see a real political mind at work – underhand, expedient, ultimately self-serving – you start to see a man who isn't a million miles away from Clinton himself.

"People definitely have responded to the character I play and to the show," said Spacey, when Campbell suggested that his profile has

gone to another level since the success of House Of Cards. "I felt that everywhere. I thought maybe because it is about American politics, which seems to be stagnating, so much entrenchment, not a lot getting done. Maybe one of the reasons this hit and pinged is that even though it is fictional, and the guy has

Machiavellian traits, he is getting things done."

This is perhaps also why the show has been so successful in the UK, this sense that if you want to make something happen – for whatever dubious purposes – it is actually possible if you're smart enough. Regardless of the upswing in the economy, and in spite of the fact that the country appears to be in a better place than it was five years ago, the general sense of frustration the British public feel with the coalition is palpable. The conjoined

relationship between David Cameron and Nick Clegg has undoubtedly proved that it's possible to manage in this way in a peacetime environment, yet by dint of its very nature, the coalition has proved that it's difficult to move forward ideologically when the forces that drive it are so tribal and antagonistic.

s the prospect of a hung parliament after the May election becomes increasingly likely, a narrow win for either the Tories or Labour will encourage both to try to govern alone. After all, the Lib Dems are not exactly in rude health. They are currently polling at around eight per cent of the national vote, a third of what they achieved in 2010. According to Electoral Calculus, this would leave them with just 19 of their current 56 seats.

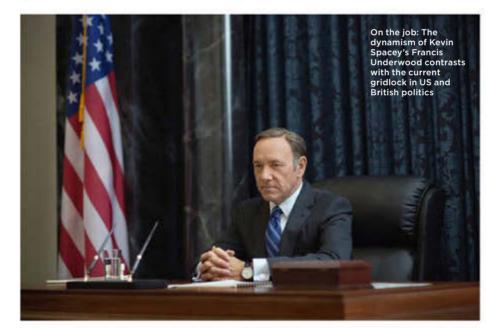
Inertia is certainly not something that has affected Frank Underwood. But as Campbell asked Spacey in our interview, what does it say about the public that they would hate Underwood if he were a real politician but they love him when as a fictional one?

"That is a great question," said Spacey. "When we were planning the whole thing, we talked about his history, his influences, who would he admire and look up to. We looked at other political figures who had the reputation of brutes, sons of bitches. Francis Underwood likes Lyndon Baines Johnson, he has pictures of him in his office, those pictures where he is right in someone's face. LBJ was ruthless, tough, he was a guy who twisted arms and he did it from the beginning. And he got things done. He rightly took a lot of stick for Vietnam, but he passed three civil-rights bills."

Campbell's interview is fascinating in so many ways, not least because Spacey's character has become such an important part of our water-cooler life that we are as interested in his trials and misfortunes as we are in Don Draper's. At present Spacey is Underwood, and while this might have caused problems with less established actors (in their ability to outlive the role), Spacey is such a pronounced A-lister that, whatever happens to his alter ego, we all know he'll survive it.

"The most important thing is to be interested," he told Campbell. "Be curious. I am curious. It is so exciting to get out of bed and not know what is going to happen."

Enjoy Alastair's interview with Kevin Spacey, enjoy the issue.



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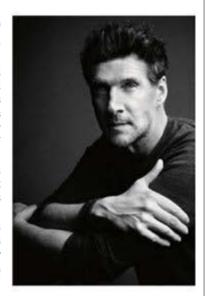




Contributors

Marco GROB

Photographer Marco Grob, who has previously worked for Time, Vogue, Wired and New York magazine, brings Kevin Spacey to this month's cover. "The first time I saw Spacey was in the 1987 TV show Wiseguy as Mel Profitt. His performance was so well developed and nuanced that I said to a friend, 'This guy's is here to stay," Grob reveals. "I have now photographed him twice - Kevin was truly a pleasure to work with. House *Of Cards* is inspired – an instant classic."



AA GILL

On GQ.co.uk, AA Gill's travails in the world of golf lead him to Marrakech: "I drove through the quiet streets and out of the city into the gated community of holiday homes and pizza cafés called the Palmeraie. There's a golf course here. Of course there's a course. Places like this can only grow like fungus if there's a golf course or a marina. Camels and yachts don't go, so it's golf."



Paul GORMAN

Popular-culture writer Paul Gorman, who has penned several books on music, fashion and art, tells the story of an epic punk road trip for *GQ*. "My friend and mentor, the maverick music manager [and founder of Stiff records] Jake Riviera, told me about the doomed coast-to-coast journey undertaken in his 1959 Cadillac by New York poet/musician Richard Hell and bombshell photographer Roberta Bayley," he says. "I couldn't resist the magnetic pull of chronicling this previously untold story."



Stuart McGURK

GQ's Senior Commissioning Editor spent a week in Azraq, Jordan, a worryingly permanent camp for Syrian refugees. "Refugee camps, by their nature, are not meant to last. But what happens when the war never looks like ending? That's the situation in Syria, with more than one million refugees displaced," he explains. "Azraq is like a city, with permanent dwellings, hospitals and a supermarket. The irony is clear for refugees - for each home comfort, the more plain it was that this could be their home forever."



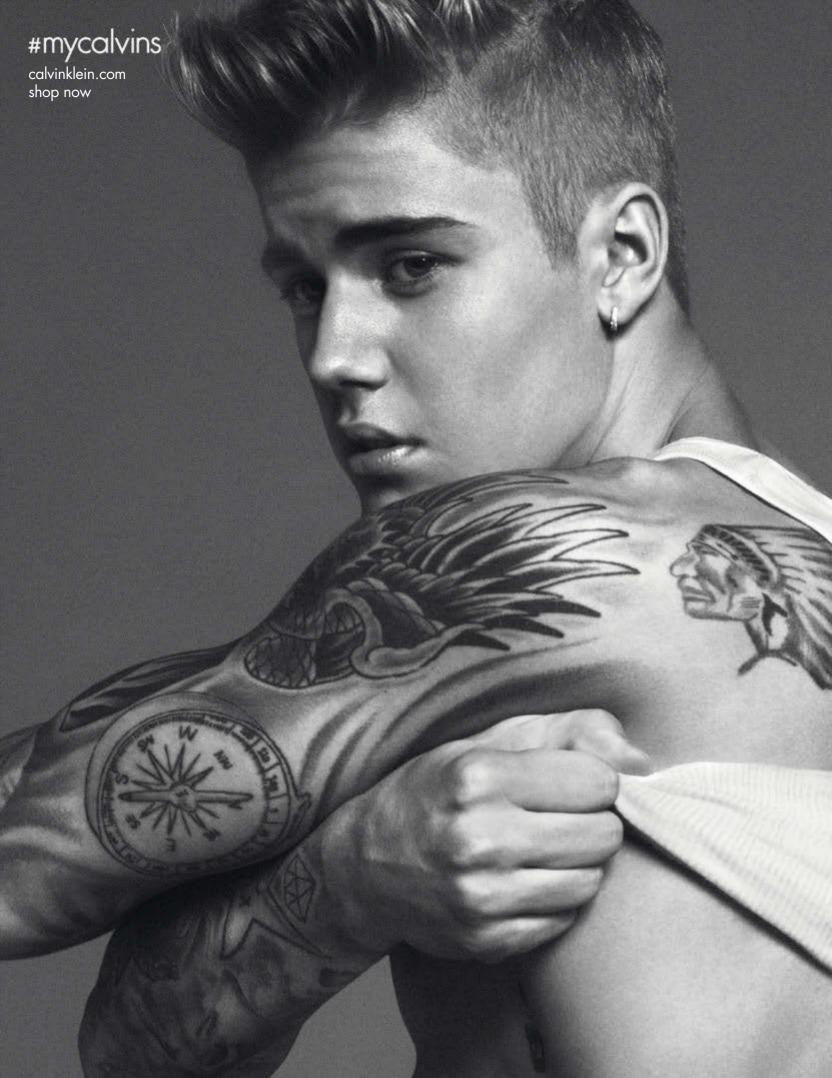
Alastair CAMPBELL

This month, *GQ*'s political animal Alastair Campbell squares up to Kevin Spacey, as House Of Cards returns. "Spacev is a cultural icon and. as I saw when he addressed thousands of students in Boston [USA], his appeal has reached new levels," says Campbell. "He impressed me enough to become only the second entertainment figure included in my book Winners (Hutchinson, £20, out on 26 February). He was especially impressive on innovation and data, two key components of a winning operation."



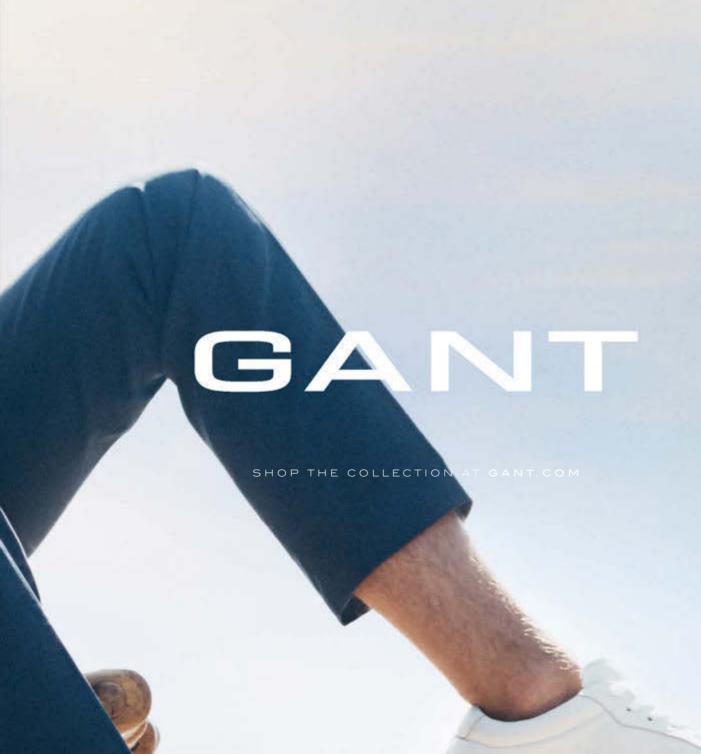
Victoria COREN MITCHELL

Victoria Coren Mitchell has been a Contributing Editor at GQ for three years, offering manly life hacks on everything from getting married to how to argue. This issue sees her begin her reign as GQ's new agony aunt. "I'm looking forward to helping readers with everything from love crises to shoe worries. I hope they'll write to me in droves," she says. "I've always wanted to be an agony aunt so, when GQ offered the job, I bit the editor's arm off — and I must say, with the quality of Dylan's tailoring, it was delicious."











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CAN EDM PUT ITS HOUSE IN ORDER?

Beats are dropped, pills are popped and dance music's association with drugs has always been troublesome. Now it's time to change the record

STORY BY MATT JONES

ance music is an intelligent, nuanced genre. OK, maybe not Deadmau5's latest EDM headache, but even the most mainstream progressive house record is as rich and complex as a classical music score. Thing is, it's inextricably linked with drug use. It shouldn't be, but it is. And the people who don't need to double-drop and reach for the lasers to enjoy it have been trying to separate syncopated beats from ecstasy culture since both landed in Britain in the Eighties. And for the most part we've been successful. That was until Boiler Room came along.

More on that later, but let's start with the dangers of the association. Assuming you've got tedious things like children or careers, admitting you like dance music is an uncomfortable, somewhat furtive endeavour. You start the day as Francis from accounts and end it as Francis the existentialist MDMA addict who shouldn't be trusted with the scissors. Then there's the simple fact that any genre's credibility is torn to ribbons if people think it's just background music to a psychoactive high.

Which is galling because the numbers alone tell us that if you needed to take drugs to enjoy dance music we'd be slap-bang in the middle of a global health pandemic. The Association For Electronic Music (AFEM) estimates that the industry is worth £4 billion worldwide; the US's Electronic Dance Music machine has pushed David Copperfield's face off billboards on the Las Vegas strip to make way for DJ Tiësto's; and its leading exponent, producer and performer, Calvin Harris, was placed second in the *Sunday Times'* rich list of musicians under 30. Whatever your preconceptions, it is resolutely not the sole pursuit of saucer-eyed ravers jiggling around sticky-walled bunkers.

However, equally galling is that it's impossible to deny dance music's links with recreational drug-use – that's tantamount to denying the genre's culture wholesale. From the twisted Eighties ravers in Britain to the freshly converted EDM kids having their own summer of love across the pond, it's inextricable; it's married to MDMA – a source of continual irritation for those of us who prefer Roland 808 synths

to Fender Strats (and, indeed, pills). And if the association wasn't uncomfortable enough, the attempt to escape it in Britain has a new enemy.

If you're not already familiar, Boiler Room is a website and it works like this: underground artists deemed credible by a team of curators managed by its owner, twentysomething entrepreneur Blaise Bellville, are invited to perform a DJ set with their backs to an inviteonly audience. High-definition video of the event is streamed live to boilerroom.tv, after which it's indexed, archived and uploaded to the site's 1.5 million subscribers and to YouTube, where the channel has earned more than 140 million views (and counting) since its inception in 2012.

Ostensibly, that's a very good thing. Artists whose output isn't lucrative enough for commercial radio or the strip can escape the impermanence of performing in nightclubs, share their craft and raise their profile. Exemplars of dance music's manifold and impenetrable subgenre stratification are in one place (what exactly *is* jazzy tech house? Boiler Room knows), streamlining the knotty art of defining your own taste – or even what it is you're listening to. Then there's the scale and scope of the music it appropriates, all of which falls under the dance umbrella in some way or other, demonstrating to even the most pallid naysayer that the genre is a complex, multifarious beast.

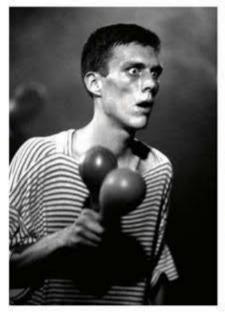
It's also a victory for British underground electronic music. Boiler Room started five years ago in the utility room of an east London warehouse after Belville invited DJ friend Thristian Richards to record a mix-tape for his digital music magazine, *Platform*. The first set was broadcast online using a Logitech webcam gaffer-taped to the wall. Today, it's at the frosty peak of video streaming's popularity, an industry AFEM values at £384 million. A single show can attract more than 6.8 million views on YouTube alone; events have been hosted in 63 cities; there are offices in LA, New York, and Berlin; commercial partnerships with Red Bull, Red Stripe and Umbro; and it has recently hosted a new series of classical performances by the Deviation String Quartet, which were broadcast from a pod on the London Eye. Mark Ronson's guest set proved its influence. Thom Yorke's galvanised it.

What's more, it flung open the reverberating door and, for the first time in history, broadcast an unedited and searingly accurate reflection of rave culture. This might not sound like anything of any major consequence, especially when you consider how tedious any of mainstream media's attempts to broadcast clubbing have been – if you

missed Channel 4's House Party we challenge you to watch more than five minutes without yielding to unconsciousness – but this peek behind the magician's cloth has inadvertently provided irrefutable evidence that dance music's folk devil (the MDMAfuelled raver) is still as much a part of its architecture as synths and sampling. The video archive's bristling with them, and

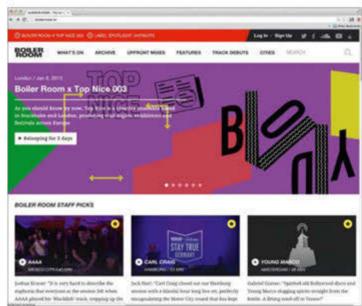
If you've got a career, admitting you like dance music is a furtive endeavour

Foreword GENTLEMEN'S QUARTERLY









Night and daze (from left): Happy Mondays' Bez at Manchester's Free Trade Hall, 1989; contrasting takes from i-D and the Sun in 1988; Boiler Room's homepage

the harder the music, the more there are. In fact, so many of the platform's videos feature people with an unambiguous strobing behind the eyes that an entire blog has been set up to document their jerking, gurning contributions. Boiler Room knows what you did last night (brkwydln.tumblr.com) and quite literally exposes the offenders in gif animations of their discrepancies, restoring the link between the music and recreational drug use that stifles its credibility. Boiler Room needs to stop being so blasé about broadcasting such gratuitous footage of clubbers on drugs.

Dance's musical integrity – as distinct from it being merely a soundtrack to getting mashed – is something held dear by anybody who leads the sort of life that association with use of hard drugs could damage (like, say, one with a modicum of professional responsibility).

"Dance is for pill-heads" is a misconception we've long been trying to distance ourselves from, and it is especially difficult considering how it rose to popularity on our shores.

In May 1988, both *i-D* and *The Face* ran pieces on an emerging national youth subculture that combined new electronic acid house music shipped in from Chicago and a drug called ecstasy. As the summer hit, the national press picked up on the illegal raves where both convened, spilling out of

small London clubs to vast disused barns and warehouses hidden in the wreckage of Thatcher's Britain.

As with all of youth culture's revolutions – of which this was arguably the last of any magnitude – moral panic followed. In 1992 it reached its zenith on Castlemorton Common in Worcestershire, where a free rave reshaped illegal partying forever. An estimated 40,000 people assembled for a week-long festival, 100 hours of nonstop dance music was played, and the event, and the locals that formed posses armed with shotguns in a bid to temper the hedonism made the front page of every national newspaper. The Criminal Justice And Public Order Act was passed two years later, outlawing unlicensed outdoor events playing "sounds wholly or predominantly characterised by the emission of a succession of repetitive beats".

Dance had arrived in Britain, boomed, then got banged up. Not a great start. In 1988 alone it earned the headlines "Ban This Killer

Music" (24 October, the *Post*), "Acid House Horror" (25 October, the *Sun*), "Drug Crazed Acid House Fans" (28 October, the *Sun*) and "56 People Held In Acid House Raids" (7 November, the *Times*). The following year ecstasy claimed its first UK death. Sixteen-year-old Clare Leighton collapsed and later died after taking a pill during a dance night at Manchester's Haçienda. "Girl Drops Dead At Acid Disco" (31 October, the *Sun*).

But somehow it endured and gentrified. Bouncers got credentials, DJs got degrees and club owners got culpability. While Margaret Thatcher demonised repetitive beats, Tony Blair used them as New Labour's victory cry (remember that D:Ream track?). Things might not have got better, but dance integrated into the mainstream.

Of course, MDMA still proliferated in clubs and continues to

do so. Just last December, London's Fabric narrowly escaped closure after the Metropolitan police filed papers detailing the "unacceptable number of deaths and near-death incidents at the venue", urging Islington council to "seriously consider" revoking its licence. To save itself, the management hired seven £300-a-night sniffer dogs to mitigate drug-use in the venue, the first venue in the capital to do so. That's in addition to

the two trained medics on site for each of its club events to manage the effects of anything that makes it through.

But in the mainstream, drugs have remained at arm's length from the music itself. Unlike mods, rockers, teddy boys and punks, ravers' defining characteristic is chemical not sartorial, so they were contained in the hidden transience of a club night. It would have been impossible for the music to proliferate everywhere from Magic FM to LA Fitness had they not been.

But that was before Boiler Room. That's not to say the platform is at fault. Its intentions are sound, helping show kids introduced to dance by Skrillex and Deadmau5 that there's an ocean of alternatives, and that is to be commended. Anyway, dance's appeal is inevitably linked to its nefariousness, the same sort of inverse cultural snobbery that recalls every white middle-class hip-hop fan. But, God, Boiler Room needs to sort out its drugs policy, or else we'll never get to use the scissors.



Modern Essentials selected by DAVID BECKHAM









VERSACE

ESCAPE ROOMS p.74 BELT UP! p.75 OLIVIA THIRLBY p.77 BETTER CALL SAUL p.84 PODCAST REDUX p.88





MUSIC

HOZIER RISING

AS debuts go, Hozier's made quite the fuss. Straight out of Ireland, the 24-year-old won notable fans (Taylor Swift and Adele go to his gigs) and a spot at December's Victoria's Secrets fashion show in London with his first single "Take Me To Church". On the occasion of his newest release "From Eden", a confab...

"Take Me To Church" is a sombre. reflective song. Ever fear it might not have been such a success?

"I'm pleasantly surprised that that song has managed to be the flagship. It was never structured to work on radio. The vocals of that track were recorded in my attic at about 2am. I'm amazed that it's doing as well as it is." It's a sound from a past age.

"Tom Waits is a huge influence, Nina Simone, Leonard Cohen, Paul Simon. A lot of the feeling is rooted in blues music."

Pop's a saturated world - so what separates you from the rest of the charts?

"Today's pop music is a reflection of society's acceptable levels of narcissism, and also a homogeneity of attitudes towards women. You know Redfoo, from LMFAO? Give me a break. Lyrics like, 'Oh you're an annoying slut because you're talking'. It's wretched."

Your best story from playing the American chat shows?

"Saturday Night Live was crazy. Bill Hader was hosting the episode and Steven Spielberg was there with his wife: that was ridiculous. She had my album. He said she was playing it nonstop." Ben Travis

THE GREAT ESCAPE

It's the bizarro craze hot from Japan: solve puzzles to break out of a (real) locked room



THE VENUE

WHAT'S

THE DEAL?

BEST FOR

JUST HOW

TRICKY IS IT?

THE TIME

TO BEAT

POST-

INCARCERATION

DRINKS AT

THE INFO

.

ESCAPE ROOMS

Behind an

unmarked door in

London Bridge

HINTHIIN

A converted art deco office block

Two 60-minute games: "Pharaoh's Chamber" and "Room 33". The (look, satire!) former is about escaping an Egyptian burial chamber: the latter is about stealing a they aren't as vase from a room at traditional as the British Museum. they seem...

Greenhorns

The key to "Room 33" is to keep your cool when the alarms go off. Only 25 per cent escape in 60 minutes with fewer than three hints

"Pharaoh's Chamber" has been completed in 43 minutes

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The Hide, 39-45 Bermondsey Street, London SE1. thehidebarcom

Three to six players. From £16, 10, 30am-10pm. 134 Toolev Street London SF1 escaperooms.co.uk

The detective mystery "James Murdoch's Office" and the two "Zen Rooms", done up like traditional Japanese apartments, though

Masochists

You have to ask for hints because the games are almost impossible to solve without them. One group who insisted on no hints completed less than 50 per cent of their game

Fifty-three minutes for "JM's Office". Told you it was difficult.

Shaker & Company, 119 Hampstead Road London NW1 shakerandcompany.co.uk

Three to five players. From £17, 12am-9pm. 72-76 Eversholt Street, London NW1. hinthunt.co.uk

The **basement** of a neoclassical building near Bank.

Three options: "Murder In The Bedroom" "Theft From The Laboratory", and "Kidnapping In The Living Room". All with insane production

values.

Movie freaks

Teams from PWC and KPMG have tested their grev matter here. A total of 52 per cent of teams complete their game within the 60-minute time limit Fach hint will cost you a minute

Forty-nine minutes. Though not

from PWC or KPMG.

Steam & Rye. 147 Leadenhall Street. London FC3 steamandrve.com

Two to five players. From £24. 11.30am-9.30pm. George Yard. London EC3. london. escapehunt.com BT

JOKES

TAKE a picture, it lasts longer. Even better, let Instagram do it for you. Here are the three funniest 'grams we've seen this month.





@THEFATJEWISH Shout out to anyone who looks EXACTLY like their pet.



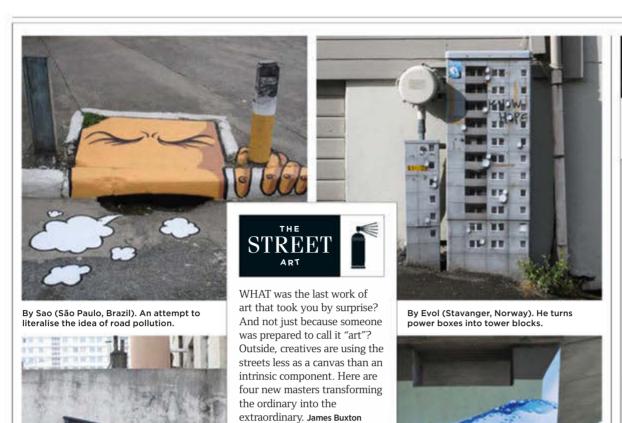
@JAMIETAETE
"What do I do for a living? Oh. I dress as Jesus and go up to Hollywood to sing covers of 'Stacy's Mom', you?'



@EARLBOYKINS







By Oakoak (Saint-Étienne, France), This French artist shows how creativity can give even the glummest streets a sense of humour.

By Smates (Neerpede, Belgium), Hirst needed formaldehyde and a Great White; Smates required merely paint and an underpass.

TALKING OF STREET ART... OF LETTER-WORK.



Artist: Title Find it: In the subway under Marsh Way, Wakefield.



Artist: Lovepusher Find it: On Aytoun Road, London SW9



Artist: Smug/Spore Find it: Near Shields Road, Glasgow

TALKING POINT

If there's one thing David "Flashman" Cameron loves, it's a good old boast. Some recent examples: telling the people of India that he like his curries hot; crowing to Michael Bloomberg that the Queen "purrs" at him and does Obama call him "bro"? You bet he does! We imagine what else the prime minister might brag about in the run up to May's general election..

1 How he has cut the deficit in half since 2010. Well. OK, by 35 per cent - but that's basically half, right?

2 "Look, Samantha. I just hit a perfect score on Fruit Ninja!"

3 How, for the budget debates. he has convinced Osborne to say "long-term economic nlan" every other sentence.

4 How his "election suit" got compliments from literally everyone this morning.

5 The personal ratings are in - and he's on top. Pop open the champagne, Gideon, what could possibly go wrong?

-BARDEM AND WALKEN, ONE AND THE SAME $^{\circ}$

Javier Bardem - star of this month's The Gunman - is clearly basing his career on the works of Christopher Walken

BOND VILLAIN



SKYFALL 2012 Raoul Silva is a camp, bleach-blond psychopath and an expert in cvber-terrorism

In fact, very much like Walken in..

A VIEW TO A KILL 1985

Max Zorin is a camp, bleach-blond psychopath plotting to destroy Silicon Valley



WHEELCHAIR-BOUND



LIVE FLESH 1997 After an attempt on his life, Bardem's character ends up in a wheelchair and seeks revenge

In fact, very much like Walken in...

THINGS TO DO IN DENVER WHEN YOU'RE DEAD

1995 The "Man With The Plan" is basically the same dude.

BUSHY MOUSTACHE



THE DANCER **UPSTAIRS 2002** In a bloody crime drama, the good guys have bushy black moustaches

In fact, very much like Walken in..

AT CLOSE RANGE

1986 A bloody crime drama in which a bushy ginger moustache screams "bad guy".



WOODY ALLEN-ESQUE



VICKY CHRISTINA **BARCELONA 2008** Sample line: "The trick is to enjoy life, accepting it has no meaning."

In fact, very much like Walken in...

Sample line:

"Sometimes when I'm driving I have an impulse to turn the wheel head-on into the oncoming car.'

ANNIE HALL 1977

STICKY-UP GOTH HAIR



THE COUNSELOR 2013

A character who'll do anything to support his desires, including dve his hair black.

In fact, very much like Walken in.

SLEEPY HOLLOW 1999

The Hessian Horseman will also do anything to support his desire (to collect heads).





The Wedding Ringer's Olivia Thirlby talks sex, sequels and John Cleese

SUNDANCE-darling, indiegoddess Olivia Thirlby, 28, broke through in 2007 playing Ellen Page's best friend in Juno and was swiftly beatified by Vanity Fair. After which it all went a bit quiet re film roles. Now, however, she's back with a raft of projects in 2015, following her stage performance Stateside in Eve Ensler's O.P.C (Obsessive Political Correctness)

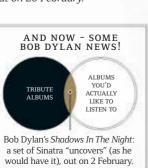
"Work ebbs and flows like the tide," she says. "The biggest constant is inconstancy."

Whether her coming out as bisexual had a role in this ebb and flow she won't say. "I don't feel any shame about discussing sex," she says. "Sex is portrayed everywhere. Why should there be a disconnect between being shown sex and talking about it too?"

Talk does persist, however, of a sequel to her 2012 film Dredd -"I would definitely be on board" - but for now she can be seen in The Stanford Prison Experiment, based on the 1971 psychological test and, slightly less cerebrally, in best-man-for-hire comedy The Wedding Ringer.

With reference to the title, what of John Cleese's rules of comedy: no puns, no puns, no puns?

"I love John Cleese," she says, laughing. "But I must be a terrible comedian, because I love puns." John Naughton The Wedding Ringer is out on 20 February.







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Official government fuel consumption figures in mpg (litres per 100km) for the new C-Class range: urban 25.9(10.9)-70.6(4.0), extra urban 40.9(6.9)-83.1(3.4), combined 33.6(8.4)-76.4(3.7). CO₂ emissions: 196-95 g/km. Official EU-regulated test data are provided for comparison purposes and actual performance will depend on driving style, road conditions and other non-technical factors. Model featured is a Mercedes-AMG C 63 S at £75,740 on-the-road with optional 19°AMG alloy wheels at £1,735, AMG Exterior Carbon Fibre Package at £3,370, Premium Package at £2,595 and Driving Assistance Package at £1,495 (on-the-road price includes VAT, delivery, 12 months' Road Fund Licence, number plates, first registration fee and fuel). Some combinations of features/options may not be available. Please contact your local Retailer for availability. Prices correct at time of print 01/15.



RUMOUR

BY HARRY COLF

The Department for Transport is excited about the future prospect of driverless cars. So much so that they have set up a "Steering Committee" on the issue – and they're still guffawing about the pun.

"What we need are more real doctors and less government spin doctors," UKIP spin doctor Patrick O'Flynn tells me, apparently completely devoid of self-awareness.

Groping-scandal peer Lord Rennard has been escorting guests on tours of parliament Recalling parties he used to throw as Lib Dem chief exec, he was overheard telling one, "The chief executive never went to the party, but Father Christmas always did." Grim.

Ken Livingstone is no fan of Scottish Labour leader Jim Murphy. When Blairite Murphy was NUS president, Red Ken attempted to smear him as "dictatorial" to snuff out his career. Clearly, he was unsuccessful. Let battle commence!







ROMAN AFTER ALL

Since Zeno and his pals started sliding checkers around a table back in Byzantium (even emperors have to take a break from the courtesans sometimes), the backgammon board has become fairly standardised. So, inspired by childhood memories of seeing the game played in Cairo, designer Alexandra Llewellyn thought it was ripe for an update. Her luxe, fine-art versions straddle the old world and new, and are all based around a theme: editions include Carnival (see above) and Nudes (similar, but fewer clothes). CB

£3,400. alexandralldesign.com



You might dub it "the Clooney effect". Take a restaurant that has been running since God was a boy, permit George and Amal Clooney through the door and - bang! - the place is squarely back in the conversation. So it has proved with the River Café in Hammersmith. Having opened in 1987, it brought forth Jamie Oliver and April Bloomfield before rolling along heathily (plenty of the fashion crowd are loyal regulars) but quietly. Then, Hollywood's glitziest walked in - and everyone else now wants to do the same. Thames Wharf, Rainville Road, London W6. rivercafe.co.uk



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Your finds of three years ago have become arena acts; time to refresh your playlists



Into WARPAINT? Try ALL WE ARE

This multinational trio describes itself as "the Bee Gees on diazepam" and they're not being glib. Toe-tapping melodies underpinned by rambunctious rhythm.

All We Are is out on 2 February



Into TINARIWEN? Try SONGHOY BLUES

Call-and-response vocals, sand-beaten guitars and a generous helping of rock riffs define the much-anticipated debut from this Malian four-piece.

Music In Exile is out on 23 February.



Into PAOLO NUTINI? Try JACK SAVORETTI

The Anglo-Italian crooner serves up tales of cruel, bedraggled love on his follow-up to 2012's *Before The Storm*. Earnest, croakvoiced balladry. *Written In Scars is out on* 9 February.



Into LONDON GRAMMAR? Try AQUILO

Childhood neighbours from the Lake District, Tom Higham and Ben Fletcher blend echo beats and melancholic warbling into honey-like compositions.

Losing You is out on 23 February.



Into BOMBAY BICYCLE CLUB?

PEACE

The Worcester rock quartet's LP is a combo of vim, funk-guitar licks and "music to f*** you in the heart". OK then... Joe Daniels Happy People is out on 9 February.



MASCULINE FOCUS

THINK about Mario Testino and you think about the women – Gisele, Diana, Kate, probably Gisele again – and while that's fair, it's disingenuous. "I have always photographed men," says Testino. "I felt it was time to show all that work." Hence Sir, whose 300 pictures run the gamut of masculinity from dandies to tough guys – but what they all have in common is that they are more documentary than invention. "Often, there is less to change about men," he says. Here, Testino talks us through two of his favourite sitters...

Sir by Mario Testino (Taschen, £450) is out on 25 February.

CARLOS BOKELMANN 2000

MT: "I liked this model for many years – people said he looked like me! Maybe that helps [explain why I chose to photograph him], but actually I did a study of his proportions with an artist and they were pretty perfect. I remember we were shooting and my friend Patrick Kinmonth, the stylist, just started cutting the suit as I was taking the pictures."



THE COOLEST THING WE'VE SEEN ON A CAR THIS MONTH

Citroën has made us realise something: trad indicators are just so boring. The new DS3 has scrolling "sequential" indicators whose segments light up individually to sweep in the direction the car is turning (you may recognise the headlight setup from its 2012 Numero 9 concept). Caveat: expressing your enthusiasm for this on a date is not advised. Matt Jones



$\underset{s_{\text{EASO}}}{\text{OSCARS}}$



Oscars voters *love* a literary adaptation (it saves them actually doing any reading) – and this year there's an overwhelming number in contention for prizes. But which is more worthy of your time, the book or the film?



THE IMITATION GAME
Six-word plot: Can code-breaker
Alan Turing crack Enigma?
Gong index: Benedict
Cumberbatch dazzles as
another difficult genius.

Literary pedigree: A weighty, worthy tome by Andrew Hodges. **Which to pick:** The film – it rattles by like ticker tape.



THE THEORY OF EVERYTHING

Six-word plot: A brief history of the Hawkings.

Gong index: Two stars go supermassive: Redmayne and Jones.

Literary pedigree: Jane Hawking's tell-all is a revelation.

Which to pick: In our calculation, the book.



FOXCATCHER

Six-word plot: Wrestlers find maniac sponsor. Violence ensues. Gong index: Steve Carrell and Channing Tatum go head to head. Literary pedigree: Survivor Mark Schulz renders his tragedy in brutish prose.

Which to pick: The film - Bennett Miller is a master of sports drama.



WILD

Six-word plot: Troubled woman crosses America, finds herself.

Gong index: Reese Witherspoon goes the extra mile as author Cheryl Strayed.

Literary pedigree: A *New York Times* bestseller.

Which to pick: The book – Strayed's story is transporting.



STILL ALICE

Six-word plot: A middle-aged psychologist fights Alzheimer's. **Gong index:** Julianne Moore has not won an Oscar – yet.

Literary pedigree: Neuroanatomy teacher Lisa Genova self-published this debut novel.

Which to pick: The book – the film's a bit ITV Movie Premieres.



GONE GIRL

Six-word plot: Till death do us part. Oh...

Gong index: It's David Fincher! Literary pedigree: Gillian Flynn's acid wit burns through the page. Which to pick: A draw – Flynn and Fincher are both masters of their forms. (What do you mean, cop out?) Matt Glasby





T.V.



BREAKING OUT

Finally, it's here! Breaking Bad spin-off Better Call Saul arrives on Netflix this month. But it's not the first time the Walter White universe has broken free of the original series. Here's how it has sprawled...

1. FAN CREATIONS



Walter White, RIP

Fans placed an obituary for Walter White in the *Albuquerque Journal* and staged a **mock funeral** complete with headstone at Albuquerque's Sunset Memorial Park.



Restaurant reviews

Leave your thoughts about Gus Fring's **fried-chicken** restaurant Los Pollos Hermanos (a front for his drug empire) on real review website Yelp.



One Man Breaking Bad

Miles Allen's comedy show **condenses all five seasons** into 60 minutes. Touring the UK in March.



Fan fiction

Found on the weirder end of the internet. Warning: most of it hinges on **Walt and Jesse** having sex.



Social (after)lives

Fans have **assumed the identities** of Walter (@walterwhite_), Walt Jr (@RealWalterJr), Saul Goodman (@BetterCallSaul_) – in fact, the majority of characters – on Twitter.



Fan theories

Conjecture about the show still swirls. Theories include the idea that Walt died in his car before the final shoot-out, and that the **series is a prequel** to zombie-apocalypse drama *The Walking Dead*.

2. OFFICIAL FXPANSIONS



BETTER CALL SAUL

Spin-off comedy-drama following corrupt lawyer Saul Goodman, taking place before, during and after Breaking Bad.



'REAL' ADVERTISING

A billboard for "James M McGill, attorney at law" (Saul's original name) appeared in Albuquerque to promote the series.



MINISODES

A series of five minisodes arrived in the run-up to season two. Also check out the full cut of Gale's karaoke video from season four online.



WEBSITES

Walter Jr's in-show fundraising site, savewalterwhite.com, Walt's blog, waltswisdom. com, and bettercallsaul. com are all real websites.



INTERACTIVE GAMES

Play as Hank and Jesse in two *Breaking Bad* online games: *The Interrogation* and *The Cost Of Doing Business*.



3. LIVE IT YOURSELF

1 LOCATION TOURS

Visit Albuquerque to tour Walt's house, the carwash, and Los Pollos Hermanos in a replica of the RV. visitalbuquerque.org

2 AARON PAUL'S APP, BITCH Deliver Jesse's "Yo. bitch!"

Deliver Jesse's "Yo, bitch!" catchphrase on command with the YB mobile app.

3 FAKE BLUE METH

Bags that look real, made by the person who provided fake meth for the shows, are for sale in Albuquerque. thecandylady.com

4 OFFICIAL MERCHANDISE

Action figures, pink teddies, Saul business cards – if you can imagine it, you can buy it.

5 NERDPLAY

Fan-made games include a controversial Lego-esque "Superlab Playset", and a boardgame, Methopoly.

6 COMPANION BOOKS

The Breaking Bad Cookbook by Chris Mitchell, Wanna Cook? by Ensley F Guffrey and K Dale Koontz, and Breaking Down Breaking Bad by Eric San Juan.

. LIFE IMITATING ART

NO SUCH THING AS COINCIDENCE?

TWO RECORDED REAL-LIFE CASES OF PEOPLE NAMED WALTER WHITE COOKING AND DEALING METH – ONE IN MONTANA, THE OTHER IN ALABAMA.



DONE THAT,

BREAKING BAD FAN DANIEL KOWALSKI WAS WEARING A LOS POLLOS HERMANDOS T-SHIRT WHEN HE WAS ARRESTED FOR TRYING TO MAKE A METH LAB.



THE REAL WALTER WHITE

STEPHEN KINZEY,
PROFESSOR AT CALIFORNIA
STATE UNIVERSITY OF SAN
BERNARDINO, LED A DOUBLE
LIFE AS BIKER-GANG
MEMBER AND METH DEALER
'SKINZ', GOOD EFFORT















TECH TREND

Podcasts are having a moment. Ben Hammersley, who coined the term, picks four Serialrivalling feeds



Benjamen Walker's Theory Of Everything

In a line: An experimental This American Life. "It's about a different thing every week. It could never have been commissioned for traditional radio."

Download: "Making It Happen" (4 November 2014)



My Brother, My **Brother And Me**

In a line: Advice from three siblings (of course).

"The brothers get sent questions and they riff on them comically. So 'advice' is a slight red herring." **Download:** "Jareth Defense Tactics" (13 October 2014)



Notebook On Cities And Culture

In a line: A travel show exploring "urban scenes". "It's a dude having a long conversation about a place or an aspect of it. It's like *In Our Time* but

with one person."

Download: "Korea Tour:
Men, Women, and
Society Behaving Badly
with Marc Raymond" (30 November 2014)

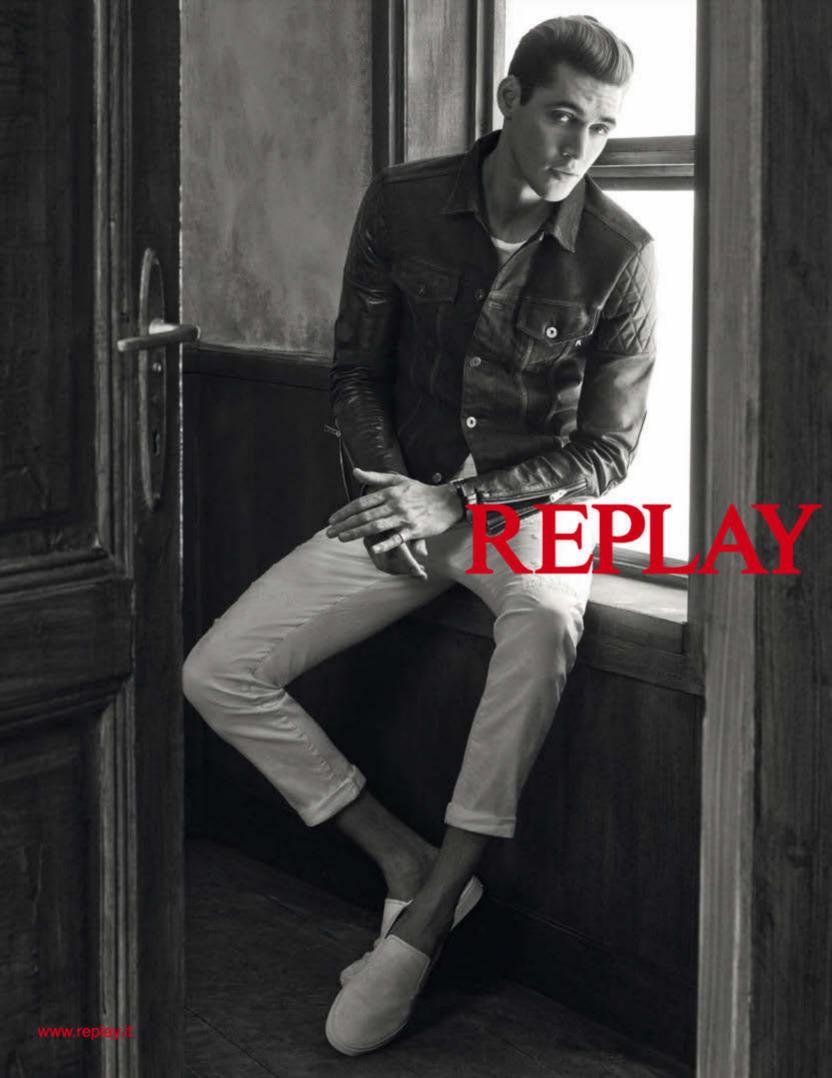


Dan Carlin's **Hardcore History**

In a line: The past as you've never heard it.

"Holy crap, this is amazing. The episodes are three or four hours long, but his writing and delivery makes it well worth it."

Download: "Prophets Of Doom" (22 April 2013)





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8AGONY AUNT

Is your relationship in meltdown? Is your life in crisis? Is it OK to drink a cocktail naked? Our new advice guru **Victoria Coren Mitchell** is riding to your emotional rescue

Dear Victoria.

My parents are keen to meet my new girlfriend, but what they don't know is that she has several tattoos and wears an ankle bracelet. Should I stop them meeting?

VCM: I assume your girlfriend is an aristocrat. The only people who team tattoos with ankle bracelets are toffs, models and David Beckham. If you were dating Becks I'd know about it; if you were dating a model, you'd have introduced her to everyone already. QED, you must have netted a noble. Tell your parents to get over it. If the relationship lasts, you've got all the time in the world to turn her into a wifely bourgeoise in wedges and a tea-dress. For now, make the introduction outdoors on a cold day; they won't even notice.

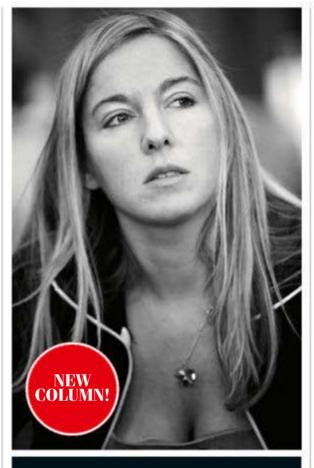
Dear Victoria.

I want to update my Twitter avatar to something funny. Should it be a funny picture or a funny slogan?

VCM: I'm not convinced men should be on Twitter at all. Something doesn't feel right about it. I can't picture Clark Gable or Cary Grant tippy-tapping on the keyboard all day, desperate to share their misspelt gossip and irrelevant TV commentary with anyone who's listening. It just seems a bit *craven and needy*. You might say: men these days don't want to be like Clark Gable or Cary Grant. And I say: then what is the point of them?

I like tweeting. But then, I am craven and needy. And that doesn't matter, as I don't care if women don't want to sleep with me. Oh, who am I kidding; of course I care if women don't want to sleep with me. However, it is not an immediate practical problem.

By the way, I am not talking to you, the chap who wrote this letter. I'm talking to other men who might be eavesdropping. The chap who wrote this letter thinks he ought to be decorating his Twitter page with a "funny avatar", which means he is a long, long way beyond my help.



Dear Victoria.

We spend every Easter at our house in St Barts and I enjoy sitting naked on my veranda after a dawn swim. However, I'm sure I've seen the neighbours staring. Do I bring it up over cocktails or let them enjoy the view?

VCM: Certainly the latter. As well as motivating you to stay in shape, it would be a great kindness to the neighbours. Famously, the down side of the Caribbean is there's never anything interesting to look at. St Barts is like the opposite of Sicily: fabulous beaches but no decent sightseeing. For fellow residents, a daily glimpse of your naked form would make such a nice change from staring at coconuts all day. (And if it wouldn't, seek medical advice.)



Dear Victoria.

After a lot of consideration, I asked my girlfriend if she'd like to move in with me. She said she couldn't live in my flat because it wouldn't suit her and "doesn't even have a power shower" (I prefer a whirlpool bath). She said if I get one installed, she will consider it. I am really offended. It took a lot of courage to ask the question and I feel like her answer is a massive rejection. Does it mean she doesn't love me? Should I break up with her?

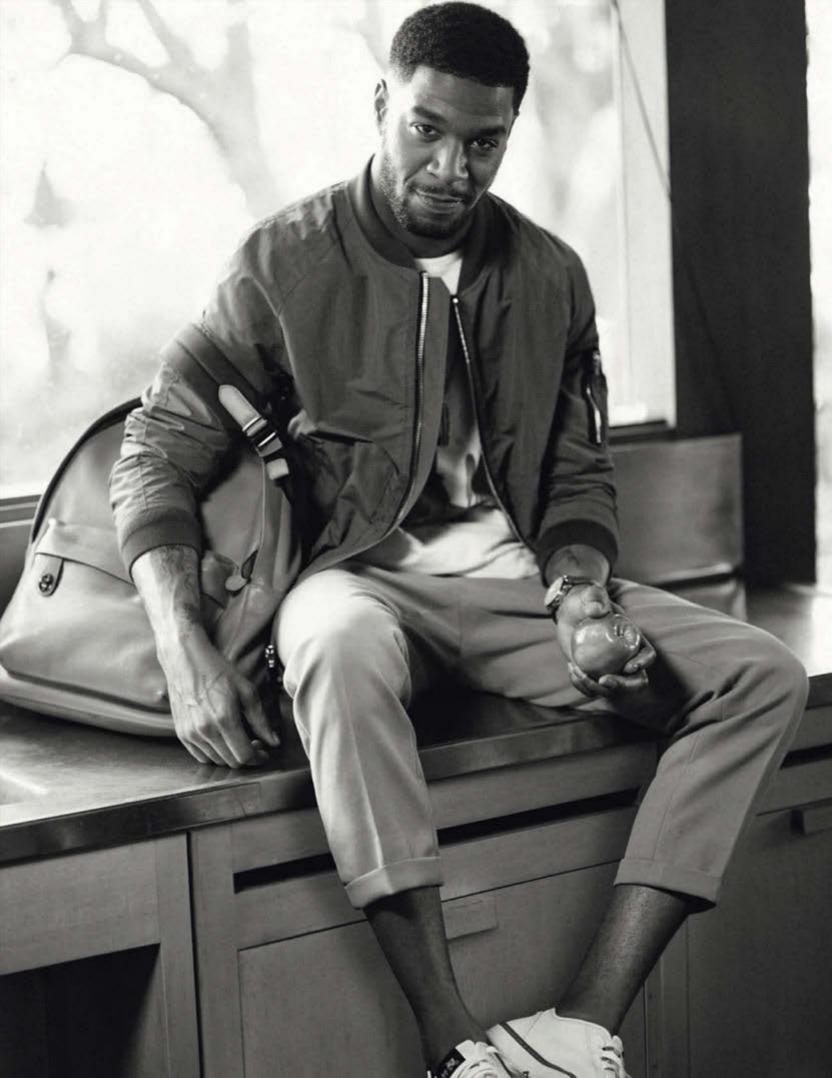
VCM: I don't know if she loves you, but I definitely love her. Devious and principled; quite the combination. She and I should go out for a gin and tonic sometime.

It took "a lot of courage" for you to ask her to move in with you – that mealy mouthed, nothingy offer that chaps make these days instead of marriage proposals? Like putting a coat "on hold" that you might or might not buy later? Her answer is nothing to do with your sanitary ware and everything to do with her scorn.

Man up; ask her to marry you, or leave her free to inhabit her own space while you both keep your options open. The only circumstances under which male-female couples should "live together" are those where the man has proposed full matrimony and the woman has plea-bargained down to a lesser sentence.

She could have said no immediately (I would have done) but she's done something cleverer and more creative. She's testing you. The installation of the power shower is simply the first in a series of Herculean tasks. If you do it, there will be further challenges. She may say you need to build a conservatory, lose a stone or learn Japanese. Or all of the above. I'd book the plumber and embrace the challenges. Whether you end up together or not, you'll be a better man.

(NB: It might genuinely be about you "preferring a whirlpool bath" to a shower. If so, she's still right. That's weird. It's the kind of thing a serial killer would say.)





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THE TOXIC LEGACY

MALCOLMX

From drug-dealing pimp to fearless and principled freedom fighter, the details of Malcolm X's troubled life and death are as contested as they are celebrated. Fifty years after his murder, GQ meets his family and closest friends to unravel the truth behind this hero of the civil rights movement and one of the most important figures in modern American history

STORY BY ROBERT CHALMERS



The handful of black men who've been trying to prise open the boot of a Mercedes E350 are not entirely surprised – given that it's late in the evening, and the vehicle is parked in an isolated lot within walking distance of the White House – to see a police patrol vehicle arrive.

"Good evening, officer," says the most senior member of our group, an octogenarian whose wild grey hair and roguishly dishevelled appearance may have helped draw attention to the scene. "What's your name?"

"Jeff," says the patrolman, a fellow African-American. He takes out his radio.

"Give me that," says the older man, in a voice clearly accustomed to obedience. The officer, momentarily off his guard, hands the device over.

"Hallo?" says the elderly civilian. "Is that the station? Right. What we have here is a group of ragged-ass niggers, trying to gain entry to a German automobile. They are all friends of Jeff's. And their leader," he adds, with a glance in my direction, "is this weird-looking white guy, from England."

I'm not sure whether it's the officer or his superior back at base who first realises that the man they are addressing is the comedian and activist Dick Gregory. The most distinguished surviving veteran of the Sixties freedom movement, Gregory has been addressing a packed audience in a nearby theatre. When we parked here, he forgot to turn his headlights off, an oversight which has disabled all of the vehicle's electrics, including the switch that allows access to the battery, inconveniently housed in the trunk. He is not the only one of this party who might be considered civil-rights royalty. Standing on the fringe of the group is a tall, handsome woman in her late forties: Malaak Shabazz, daughter of the late Malcolm X.

It takes two hours to get the car started and it's close to midnight by the time Dick Gregory, Malaak and I sit down to eat at a latenight restaurant popular with business people and politicians. A group of white students approach, wanting their picture taken with Gregory. I don't think they recognise Malaak, an NGO representative at the United Nations, and this anonymity appears to suit her. Fame, as Malcolm X's family are well-placed to testify, is not without its hazards.

Over dinner, the conversation turns to the history of the Shabazz clan. Who really shot Malcolm? The Nation Of Islam? The CIA? Both? What were the circumstances surrounding the death of Betty, his widow, in 1997?

I tell Malaak, who is in some pain from eight stitches administered during dental surgery, that I'm surprised that she stuck around for so long, given her condition and the time it took to get the car started.

"How could I leave him?" she says, of Dick Gregory. "He was family. He used to change my diapers."

If there's a single image that dominates Malcolm X's life, it's that of fire. His first memory was of fleeing the family home, aged four, as it burned to the ground, torched by white extremists. A week before he was assassinated at the Audubon Ballroom in New York. in February 1965, his house was petrol-bombed by former associates from the Nation Of Islam. When her father gave a speech in Detroit, on the same day as that attack, Malaak recalls, he apologised to the audience because his clothes bore traces of smoke damage. Her mother Betty died when her apartment was destroyed in a blaze started by her grandson, Malaak's nephew, also named Malcolm, who was then aged 12. The repercussions of that tragedy endure. "Little" Malcolm was detained until he was 18. In May 2013 his body was found dumped on a street in Mexico City. He was 28.

It's a curious thing, I suggest to Malaak Shabazz (the surname was adopted by her father, after he made the Hajj, or pilgrimage to Mecca, in 1964) that, whereas the memory of Martin Luther King is universally venerated, the name of Malcolm X still carries a whiff of sulphur powerful enough to alarm some right-thinking liberals.

Malcolm X was the perfect embodiment of virtues to which all leaders aspire: integrity and unfailing devotion to a cause

"That's because he was absolutely uncompromising," she says. "As was my mother. When my father died, he dropped the baton. She picked it up."

In Barack Obama's book, *Dreams From My Father*, he recalls how in his youth "only Malcolm X's autobiography seemed to offer something different. His repeated acts of self-creation spoke to me; the blunt poetry of his words, his unadorned insistence on respect, promised a new and uncompromising order, martial in its discipline, forged through sheer force of will."

When she first became aware of the Obamas, Malaak tells me, "I saw them, in some way, as resembling my parents. But Barack Obama," she adds, "is no Malcolm X."

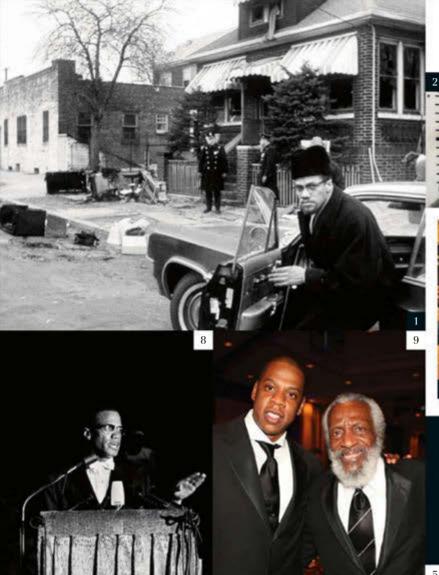
For those of us too young to recall his actions at the time, the received standard version of Malcolm's life is the 1992 film Malcolm X by Spike Lee, starring Denzel Washington. The script was closely modelled on Malcolm's autobiography, published in 1965 and written in collaboration with the late Alex Haley, author of Roots. There is a scene in the movie which, brief as it is, tends to linger uncomfortably in the mind of a Caucasian viewer: the moment when a young white woman approaches Malcolm and asks what she can do to aid the black cause. "Nothing," he replies, and walks away. It's an incident which the real Malcolm X said he deeply regretted, though slightly less remorse is conveved in the film. Lee's Malcolm X, extraordinary movie as it is, is not cherished by all of those close to its subject. Betty Shabazz, as the director recalls in his 1993 memoir, By Any Means Necessary: Trials And Tribulations Of The Making Of Malcolm X, described the screenplay as "the worst piece of shit that she'd ever read in her life".

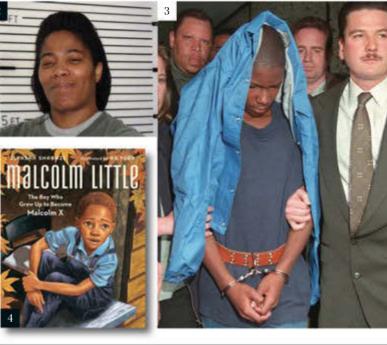
Neither do all of Malcolm X's friends and surviving family, which includes Malaak and her five sisters, consider the film to have done full justice to its subject.

"There are many people who know the true consciousness of Malcolm X," one family member told me, in a discourse on the director and the movie which included the words "idiot" and "crap". "Spike Lee," this critique continued, "has issues and every member of the black community knows it. His mother died. His father married a white woman. He has identity problems."

And so, even today, writing about Malaak's father, you find yourself faced with the question he invited from the moment he adopted his menacing *nom de guerre*: who was Malcolm X?

It's a truth familiar to most writers, I tell Dick Gregory, when we sit down in a Washington hotel the day after the interlude involving the MPDC, that, generally speaking, the more closely you examine the history of a man, the more fallible and unheroic he appears. This is not the case with Malcolm X. One of the fiercest and most able orators of his generation, or any other, he seemed, as a public figure, to represent





The X files: 1. Malcolm X returns to his New York home after it was firebombed, 14 February, 1965. 2. A police shot of Malikah Shabazz, his youngest daughter, arrested in connection with identity theft in 2011. 3. Malcolm Shabazz, grandson of Malcolm X, in court after being retained in connection with the death of his grandmother Betty. 4. A book about Malcolm X, written by his daughter Ilyasah Shabazz. 5. En route to Egypt, Malcolm X stands at London Airport, just days after his formation of the Organization of Afro-American Unity. 6. Nation Of Islam's leader Louis Farrakhan (centre) arrives in Baghdad, 1997. 7. Malcolm X's daughter Malaak Shabazz, May, 2010. 8. Malcolm X speaks at a black Muslim rally, 1961. 9. Jay-Z with Malcolm's friend and fellow campaigner Dick Gregory, 2006





Photograph Rex

The perfect embodiment of virtues to which all leaders aspire: courage, integrity and unfailing devotion to a cause. If there is one quotation that has become indelibly associated with him, it's the line written by the late James Baldwin in *The Fire Next Time* (1963). "The most dangerous creation of any society," Baldwin observed, "is that man who has nothing to lose. You do not need ten such men. One will do."

But the lacerating demagogue you see on archive film, says Gregory, was to some degree a character that Malcolm X slipped into.

"I became very close with Malcolm," Gregory says. "If he was sat here now, I can tell you exactly how he would be looking: embarrassed. In private, he was a sweet and bashful man."

Malcolm X once remarked that Dick Gregory was "the only true revolutionary in the world": no mean compliment, considering that their opinions concerning the best way to combat racism differed radically. Gregory was shot when he attempted to intercede between lines of protestors and the National Guard during the Watts riots in August 1965. He peacefully endured repeated assaults while marching in Alabama and Mississippi in the early Sixties.

("Dick Gregory," writes Tony Hendra in his superb history of subversive comedy, *Going Too Far*, "was one of the very few humourists who put his craft on the line for a life or death issue. When he got that chance, he rose to it magnificently. He made the Southern police look like clowns. Not surprisingly, they jailed and beat him – but when they did, they looked even worse. Beating a comedian?")

Gregory never advocated armed selfdefence, as Malcolm X did, and he never joined Elijah Muhammad's Nation Of Islam.

"The first time I met Malcolm," he tells me, "he was already with the Nation. At that time I was more famous than Malcolm. Anyhow, I'm performing at a theatre in New York. The phone rings. [Stern voice] 'Dick Gregory? This is Brother Malcolm. I want to know when you're coming to the mosque.' I said, 'Send a car. I'll come now. Get a photographer. I'll stand with you on the cover of [the Nation Of Islam newspaper] *Muhammad Speaks.'* "

Malcolm's question, Gregory explains, had been intended as rhetorical. "He calls me back a minute later. 'Brother Dick? Don't even think of coming here. You know you can't. Ninetyeight per cent of your audience is white.' I said, 'I know. Malcolm, send the car.' He refused again. And that's where you see his playfulness, and his kindness."

Were the story of Malcolm X fiction, and were you to have to choose the least suitable name and background for a leader who put the fear of God into white America, you could hardly do worse than call him Malcolm Little and have him born in Omaha, Nebraska. From the very beginning, you might argue, he was a man badly in need of a pseudonym. His voyage into dissolution under his first adopted name, "Detroit Red," as he was known when



he was a dope-dealing pimp in Harlem, ended when he began serving six-and-a-half years of an eight-to-ten-year sentence for burglary. He joined Elijah Muhammad's Nation Of Islam in prison, after he received a letter from his brother Philbert, already a convert. Malcolm was released on parole in August 1952. From that day forward, his enemies would be faced with a man of extraordinary moral principle, determination, and a recklessness for his own safety that can only be called Christ-like.

Islam, as Dick Gregory points out, "drew Malcolm back into the world, rather than distancing him from it", even if that religion, as taught by Elijah Muhammad, was founded on hallucinatory parables that might have tested the credulity of a five-year-old. He taught, for instance, that the white man was the creation of one Mr Yakub who, exiled on the Greek island of Patmos, had engineered a race of pale-skinned devils and acquired precisely 59.999 followers.

In the years after he had risen to be Elijah Muhammad's right-hand man at Temple 7 in Harlem, Malcolm X maintained remarkable self-discipline, renouncing drugs and alcohol. A vocal advocate of the sanctity of marriage, he suffered several setbacks in his own struggle to maintain fidelity to Betty. Contemporaries affirm that, in his secular period, he was occasionally intimate with men, sometimes for money, behaviour that has led some to try to claim him as a gay icon.

Looking back through cuttings from newspapers such as the *New York Times*, where one editorial described Malcolm as "a twisted man" who turned his "gifts to evil purpose", you can see just how frightened people were of him.

"They were frightened of Jesus too," says Gregory. "And come to think of it, they both ended up the same way."

he best film version of his life is *Malcolm X: Make It Plain*, a tremendous 1994 production by the great documentary-maker Orlando Bagwell. Like the definitive biography – Manning Marable's 2011 work, *Malcolm X: A Life Of*

Reinvention – it tells the story of a man who was destroyed not by the orthodox failings of self-love and hubris, but an excessive attachment to honesty, faith and principle.

The roots of the hatred – no other word will do – that infused his early attempts at preaching, on a stall in front of a Harlem bookstore, don't require a psychiatrist to identify. When Malcolm was six and the family was living in Lansing, Michigan, his father Earl, a Baptist preacher, was murdered by whites who left his body to be mutilated on tramlines. Malcolm's mother Louise spent most of her subsequent life in an insane asylum. It was hardly surprising that Malcolm, once he began public speaking, was proclaiming, with reference to the white man, "If he is not ready to clean his house up, he should not have a house. It should catch on fire and burn down."

Peter Goldman, the distinguished writer who got closer to Malcolm than any other white journalist, recalls once commending Martin Luther King's vision of an integrated society achieved through passive resistance.

"Malcolm just kind of looked back at me," Goldman remembers, "and said, 'You're dreaming. I haven't got time for dreams."

This is the Malcolm X you can still see on YouTube, castigating Dr King as an "Uncle Tom". John F Kennedy's failure to prevent the brutalising of blacks in the South so infuriated Malcolm that, when the president was assassinated in November 1963, he famously remarked, "Chickens coming home to roost never did make me sad."

Sharon X, a member of Temple 7, was with Malcolm when news of the shooting came through.

"We were sitting in the restaurant drinking coffee. Malcolm sent somebody to get a radio. The announcer said, 'To repeat: the president has been shot.' And Malcolm said, immediately: 'That devil is dead.'"

There were already serious tensions between Malcolm X and the Nation Of Islam, not least because his huge popularity as a speaker had incited considerable resentment in Elijah Muhammad and his lieutenants. These loyalists included Louis Wolcott, who had been a calypso singer known as "the Charmer" before Malcolm X recruited him to the NOI in 1956, at which point he became Louis X. Wolcott was later renamed Louis Farrakhan. Farrakhan, who would become famous for describing Judaism as a "gutter religion" and acclaiming Adolf Hitler as "a very great man" is currently the leader of the Nation Of Islam.

Malcolm's headstrong response to Kennedy's assassination is still cited by NOI apologists as the reason for his departure from the organisation. The real source of the schism is described in Malcolm's autobiography, where he recounts how he had heard stories that suggested Elijah Muhammad had suffered the occasional reverse in the all-important battle to maintain chastity.

"Backstage at the Apollo Theatre in Harlem one day," Malcolm writes, "Dick Gregory looked at me. 'Man,' he said, 'Muhammad's nothing but a ...' I can't say the word he used. Bam! Just like that. My Muslim instincts said to attack Dick, but instead I felt weak and hollow... I knew Dick, a Chicagoan, was wise in the ways of the streets.... I can't describe the torments I went through."

"Once a month," Betty Shabazz recalled, speaking in Orlando Bagwell's documentary, "he [Malcolm] would go to Chicago to take money to Elijah Muhammad. And this particular day... there were three young ladies [shouting]... 'Open the door. We need money for food; our children don't have this or that...' He immediately felt that, number one, he didn't belong there."

Betty's husband had hitherto defended his mentor against accusations that he had fathered eight children with six of his young secretaries. Malcolm X had many strengths: silence in the face of hypocrisy was not among them. In this case, his attachment to principle would be the death of him.

t the Malcolm X and Dr Betty Shabazz Center in Harlem, I meet another of his daughters, Ilyasah Shabazz. The building was previously the Audubon ballroom; we're sitting only yards from the spot where her father was murdered. Ilyasah, who was present that day, aged two, says that she has heard the tragic scene described so frequently that she can no longer be certain how much she remembers from experience and how much from the words of others.

Ilyasah, 52, formerly an actress, now a motivational speaker in New York, shares qualities common to all of Malcolm and Betty's daughters: she's sharp, articulate, dignified, and fiercely defensive of her father's legacy. Like her five sisters, she was educated in private schools in Westchester County: an area so redolent of white middle-class privilege that the musician Loudon Wainwright III once named a satirical song after it.

I tell Ilyasah how I find it hard to reconcile her father's private reticence with the fury he expressed in his earlier speeches.

"I think it's very hard," she replies, "if you didn't live through that period, to imagine what it was like. From a rational point of view, even the notion of segregation is clearly just stupid."

On the day her father was killed here, her then-youngest sister, Gamilah, was left at home because her coat was too damp to expose to the cold. "The rest of us were sitting stage right, on a bench: Mommy, [her elder sisters] Attallah, Qubilah, and me. The twins, Malikah and Malaak," she adds, "were present in my mother's womb."

The first thing that strikes you on entering the Malcolm X Center is the gentility of the staff there. It's no more than you would expect from such an establishment, but it forms a

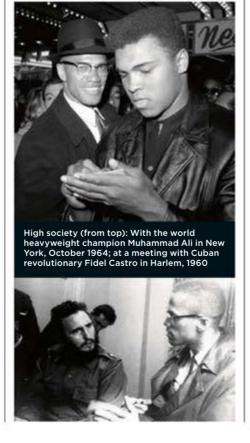
very real contrast with the atmosphere around the mosques run by the Nation Of Islam. In Malcolm X's day, the Fruit Of Islam, the name given to the NOI's enforcers trained in various methods of combat, were under the direction of one Joseph X, also known as Yusuf Shah.

Once Malcolm had denounced the Nation Of Islam, in early 1964, what remained of his life turned into a kind of non-custodial equivalent of death row. In one television interview, he described himself as "a dead man already".

In February 1964, Malcolm travelled to Miami as a guest of the then Cassius Clay, to watch him win the world heavyweight title against Sonny Liston.

"I was in the auditorium," he told a television reporter. "Right at ringside. In seat seven." What Malcolm didn't mention was that it was on that trip that he personally brokered the acceptance of Muhammad Ali into the Nation Of Islam. He would not, however, be invited to

Once he denounced the Nation Of Islam, his life turned into a non-custodial equivalent of death row



the formal ceremony. His place was taken by his former protégé, Farrakhan.

On 8 March 1964, Malcolm announced that he was leaving the NOI and forming the Muslim Mosque Incorporated, an organisation dedicated to a more orthodox form of Islam, preaching tolerance for all.

The Nation Of Islam persuaded his brother Philbert (who died in 1993) to record a speech disowning his brother. Footage survives of his reading a statement written for him by the leaders of the Nation. Philbert compares Malcolm to Judas Iscariot before mentioning "the great mental illness" which "beset my mother, and may now have taken another victim: my brother".

Louis Farrakhan wrote an article about Malcolm X in *Muhammad Speaks*, which appeared in December 1964.

"The die is set," Farrakhan wrote, "and Malcolm shall not escape, especially after such evil foolish talk about his benefactor, Elijah Muhammad. Such a man as Malcolm is worthy of death."

Clayborne Carson, the Stanford University historian who, prior to his death in 2011, was the leading authority on both Malcolm X and Martin Luther King, observed, "Once Farrakhan wrote that Malcolm was worthy of execution, Malcolm X knew he was dead."

It was in the last 12 months of his life that Malcolm X demonstrated his capacity for leadership and his freakish stamina – driven by the knowledge that he could die at any moment.

In April 1964 he completed the Hajj, as a guest of the Saudi royal family. He embarked on an intensive tour of Africa, visiting senior political figures in Egypt, Nigeria, Ghana, Senegal, Algeria and Morocco.

"Listening to leaders like Nasser [in Egypt] Ben Bella [Algeria] and Nkrumah [Ghana]" he told his friend, *Life* magazine photographer Gordon Parks, "awakened me to the dangers of racism. I realised racism isn't just a black and white problem. It's brought blood-baths to about every nation on earth... In many parts of the African continent I saw white students helping black people. Something like this kills a lot of argument. I did many things as a Muslim that I am sorry for now. I was a zombie then – like all [NOI] Muslims. I was hypnotised... I guess a man is entitled to make a fool of himself," he added, "if he is ready to pay the cost. It cost me 12 years."

With the help of his siblings he got his mother Louise out of the mental home in Kalamazoo, where she had languished for 26 years. In December 1964 he visited England, and gave a speech that was greeted with a standing ovation at the Oxford Union, in which he quoted *Hamlet*.

"I go for that," he told the students. "But if you take up arms you'll end it. If you sit around and wait for the one who's in power to make up his mind that he should end it, you'll be waiting a long time."

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Back at the family home in Queens, New York City, his oldest daughter Attallah, then seven, had noticed that "our house was being stalked. Cars would be parked [containing] faces that were familiar to me, once upon a time. Their attitudes," she added, "had changed."

His death was the result of the confluence of three fatal forces. Malcolm, who was given ample opportunity to live safely abroad, had become committed to the idea of embracing martyrdom. The FBI is now proven to have been, at the very least, complicit in the facilitation of the crime. And the Nation Of Islam had ordered his execution.

n 4 February 1965, Malcolm went to Selma, Alabama. It was the first time he had travelled south to work for the civil-rights movement. In a ground-breaking speech there, he proposed: "People in this part of the world would do well to listen to Dr Martin Luther King, and give him what he's asking for, and give it to him fast, before some other factions come along and to do it another way."

Any shift towards the mainstream in the thinking of Malcolm X had escaped the notice of the Conservative council in Smethwick, the West Midlands town which he visited nine days before he was killed. He was filmed by the BBC walking down a street where councillors had been buying houses in order to resell them to white buyers only. Smethwick's mayor, Alderman Clarence Williams, complained that the visit was "simply deplorable. It makes my blood boil," he went on, "that Malcolm X should be allowed in this country."

On the night of 13 February, the day he arrived back home in Queens, the family home was firebombed. Malcolm, Betty and the girls, having escaped, walked to a neighbour's house. The following morning Betty Shabazz was interviewed by a news crew. "Have you had any threats?" they asked her. "Have I had any threats?" she replied. "The only thing I get is threats. I get less than six or seven threatening calls every day." Joseph X, of the Nation Of Islam, visited the house and declared that Malcolm had set the fire himself.

According to papers now released from Malcolm X's FBI file, the firebomb was detonated at 2.46am on 14 February, and he was observed to leave home at 9.30 that morning, arriving two hours later in Detroit, where he had a speaking engagement. A sound recording of the meeting survives. While not the greatest of his public speeches, it is unquestionably the most touching. Apologising for the cough that was a legacy of smoke inhalation, and for any weariness induced by tranquilisers administered by doctors, he articulates his aim of uniting the oppressed peoples of Africa and Latin America.

"The only area in which we differ from [Dr King]," he told his audience in Detroit, "is this:

we don't believe that young students should be sent into Mississippi, Alabama and these other places without some form of protection... I say again," he added, "that I'm not a racist. I don't believe in any form of segregation... I'm for the brotherhood of everybody."

On 21 February, the day he was shot at the Audubon, Malcolm X famously ignored advice either to cancel the function or to insist on heightened security. Given that Gene Roberts, a trusted friend who, as his chief of security, escorted Malcolm to the stage that day has since stated on the record that he was an undercover NYPD officer, it seems reasonable to ask whether stricter surveillance of the audience would have served any purpose. There are those, including Dick Gregory, who believe that some or even all of the 21 bullets that struck Malcolm were fired on the orders of the security services. (Manning Marable's biography of Malcolm X makes a compelling case for the authorities' collusion in his murder.)

What is beyond doubt is that the FBI, then run by its founder J Edgar Hoover, a man not widely regarded as a soldier for the black cause, had informers very close to Malcolm X from 1953 onwards. The detail of their encroachment into his life, now in the public domain, still shocks even some familiar with the Bureau's methods: *Malcolm X: The FBI File* by Clayborne Carson (2012) runs to 500 pages.

Dick Gregory recalls, "Malcolm called me. He said, 'I want to remind you that I am at the Audubon tonight.' I said, 'Malcolm, I believe they are going to kill you there. I had my wife book me at a college in Chicago today, just so I don't get weak and come along.' He said, 'I'm sorry that you feel that way.' I said, 'Don't say sorry. I know America better than I know you. White folks give the name "Good" Friday to the day they killed Jesus, so I know how smart they are.'"

Malcolm X arrived late for the afternoon meeting. The 18 police guards who ought to have been guarding the Audebon's entrances were absent, and were stationed at the nearby Columbia hospital. He came on stage, greeted the audience and, while seeking to quell an orchestrated commotion in the front rows, was struck by a hail of shotgun pellets and bullets from a 9mm pistol and a .45 automatic. The

There are those who believe that some or even all of the 21 bullets that struck Malcolm were fired on the orders of the security services

middle finger of his left hand was shattered. Efforts to revive him ceased at 3.30pm.

Three black Muslims were sentenced to life imprisonment. One, Thomas Hagan, known as Talmadge Hayer, was wounded by the crowd and rescued by police before he could be lynched. At his trial in 1966, Hayer swore that the two other men arrested for their part in the crime were innocent. All three were convicted then released on parole.

A 1977 affidavit from Hayer mentioned four new names in connection with the killing. The consensus today is that the fatal shots, which tore a seven-inch hole around his heart, were delivered from the shotgun, held by William Bradley, who now lives under an assumed name in New Jersey. Bradley escaped the scene with peculiar ease, via a side door that should have been guarded. He denies the allegations.

The level of detail contained in FBI reports of the incident, from multiple sources, make you wonder whether there was anybody in the room, apart from members of the Shabazz family, who was not in the pay of the Bureau. In 1969 there emerged an internal document which appears to claim responsibility for the assassination, describing it as the consequence of the FBI's "successful stimulation" of the rift between Elijah Muhammad and Malcolm.

The journalist Gordon Parks was with Betty Shabazz and her family that night. He recalled her daughter Qubilah pleading, "Please don't go out, momma." She was four.

The repercussions of Malcolm X's murder for the surviving family would be more traumatic and prolonged than even their bitterest enemy might have wished. In 1995, Qubilah Shabazz was charged with conspiring to have Louis Farrakhan killed. Qubilah, described by her sisters as a sensitive and private individual, had, like her siblings, been raised in comfort in New York State. "The cleverest of us," as one sister told me, she had attended Princeton, then studied at the Sorbonne. While in Paris she had a brief affair, and in October 1984 gave birth to a boy. She named him Malcolm Shabazz, in honour of her father.

Qubilah returned to the United States where she worked variously as a journalist, secretary, proofreader and telephone salesperson. In September 1994 she moved to Minneapolis, to be close to a former highschool classmate, Michael Fitzpatrick. The purpose of her relocation, the FBI alleged, was to hire him as a hit man. Fitzpatrick, a former member of the extremist Jewish Defense League, had once thrown a bomb into a Manhattan bookshop whose owner he considered to be anti-Semitic. He escaped prison by informing on his co-conspirators, and was provided with a new identity. Fitzpatrick, under his new name of Michael Summers, relocated to Minneapolis but continued to operate as an FBI informant. In 1993 he was arrested for cocaine possession, a crime then carrying a potential five-year sentence. It (>) was at this point that he informed the authorities that Malcolm X's daughter had asked him to kill Farrakhan.

Few believe that Qubilah, now 54 and living in upstate New York, fits the profile of a hardened assassin – least of all Ilyasah Shabazz.

"My sister was struggling and vulnerable. Along comes this acquaintance from her days at the UN International School. He initiates contact. They spend hours on the phone. My sister falls in love. Then, somehow, the subject of Farrakhan is raised." Qubilah, who, as Ilyasah points out, "has never focused on Farrakhan, never been a black radical or anything close to it" was "suddenly caught up in this supposed conspiracy. And this man turns out to be an informant for the FBI."

In the words of Russell Miller, who covered the case for the *Sunday Times*, "If Qubilah Shabazz wanted to hire Mr Fitzpatrick as a hitman, why would she move to the same city? Why would she hire a white man to kill Farrakhan? And where was the money coming from, since she was broke?"

Qubilah, who could have faced 90 years in jail, accepted an out-of-court settlement. A condition of the ruling was that she seek psychological treatment. In 1995 care of her son Malcolm passed to his grandmother Betty Shabazz, who took him into her home in Yonkers.

ittle Malcolm was a likeable boy – "very sweet, very bright", as Malaak Shabazz told me – but had behavioural problems exacerbated by the FBI's prosecution of his mother, who had her own difficulties, with alcohol. The boy, who had never met his father, would make regular visits to Qubilah, who was by then in Texas. On one occasion, according to Ilyasah, he was found at New York's LaGuardia airport, trying to make his way back to his mother's house.

In early June 1997, while Betty was asleep, Malcolm contrived what the family believe to have been one of many cries for attention.

"It was a very small fire at first," Ilyasah writes, in her 2002 memoir, *Growing Up X*, "set in the hallway just outside Malcolm's room. Malcolm told me he didn't intend to hurt anyone, least of all Mommy Betty. He thought she would telephone for help, the fire would be extinguished, and everyone would see how much he needed to be back with his mom."

Having lit the fire, Malcolm ran to a neighbour's for help. Betty, rather than leave by the front door, seems to have fought her way towards her grandson's room, through the fire, fearing him to be trapped. Her burns were so severe that doctors didn't expect her to survive.

Betty Shabazz clung to life for 22 days, in which time she received messages, visits and flowers from a range of individuals including Bill Clinton and the singer James Brown.

Malaak Shabazz told me how people who never met her parents have tended to

The more closely you examine the history of a man, the more fallible and unheroic he appears. This is not the case with Malcolm X

underestimate the contribution of her mother, a trained nurse who, in addition to raising six children, found the time to gain, as well as bachelors and masters degrees, a doctorate in Higher Educational Administration from the University of Massachusetts at Amherst.

"She was the strongest, most brilliant woman I have ever met," Malaak says.

"Where were you," I ask her, "when you heard about the fire?"

"In my apartment in New York. A friend tried to tell me, but she couldn't say it. I said, 'Spit it out.' When she did, I remember going outside. It was pouring down but I didn't notice it was raining. I stayed out for what I thought was five minutes but was actually two hours. I was in shock. I was in shock for two years."

The luck of the Shabazz family being what it was, the story did not end there. Released from detention aged 18, Malcolm wavered between a marginal existence, involving arrests for minor offences such as public drunkenness, and an admirable determination to honour the legacy of his grandfather. In 2011 he joined a delegation led by former US Congresswoman Cynthia McKinney and went to Libya where he met Gaddafi. Friends say that he was particularly interested in establishing links between African-American and Latino civil-rights groups: the cause that Malcolm X had been advocating at the very end of his life.

In May 2013, travelling by bus, Malcolm crossed the border into Tijuana, in the company of Miguel Suárez, a Mexican fellow activist whom he'd met in California. On 8 May the pair were drinking outside a bar in the centre of Mexico City when they were approached by two young women who said they knew of an interesting nightclub called The Palace.

Once there, the pair consumed three or four beers each, and danced with their new friends. When they attempted to leave, they were presented with a bill for almost \$1,000. At this point, events become less clear. Suárez claims that he was forced into a room against his will. In the absence of his companion, Malcolm fell, or was pushed, from the third floor of the building. The autopsy indicated that, prior to hitting the pavement, he had sustained severe injuries to the back of the skull. Suárez claimed he managed to escape

and was unaware of the attack until he found his friend's body on the sidewalk.

The Palace club closed following the incident but has now reopened under another name. The prosecutor's office in Mexico City told me that two former Palace employees have been charged with Malcolm Shabazz's murder. Suárez, who offered his account of the incident to two American journalists in 2013, is believed to be living in his home state of Veracruz.

"My personal feeling about this case," Malaak Shabazz told me, "is that it is not over. This has to be dealt with correctly. My nephew was killed on foreign soil and this country did not do anything about it."

Who knows what Malcolm X – a man with a ferocious attachment to defending natural justice, whatever the consequences – would have made of his descendants' experiences at the hands of the forces of law. As a schoolboy, he had hoped to become an attorney: an ambition stifled by lack of money, and the discouragement of a white schoolmaster. How might this instinctively reticent man have shone had he managed to storm the corridors of that elite profession? His family history, for one thing, might have been less complicated. That said, his daughters, like his friends, remain proud that he proved able to display his talents in so much more conspicuous, and lethal, an arena.

I asked Dick Gregory to what extent he believed Malcolm X would feel that American society has changed for the better.

"I think Malcolm would have said, you'd better define your terms. 'Better?' What do you mean by better? Things are clearly better in that you and me can sit together in a Washington hotel bar, drinking English breakfast tea like we are doing now. But what has got better is the physical, not the mental. Some things haven't changed. This may sound trivial to some people, but the president of the United States, if he goes out wearing denim and a hat, he still risks not being able to hail a cab in this city."

In what way would the world be different, I ask Gregory, if Malcolm X had survived?

"Well," he replies, "I was born in St Louis, Missouri. That's ten miles away from Ferguson, Missouri, where the police shot Michael Brown. I know for certain that Malcolm would have been down there — speaking I mean, not rioting. He would have spoken, and both sides would have listened. And another way things would be different..." Gregory, always a tactile man, takes hold of my wrist. "Another way is, I wouldn't be missing him. Because I do miss him. I miss that brother every day."



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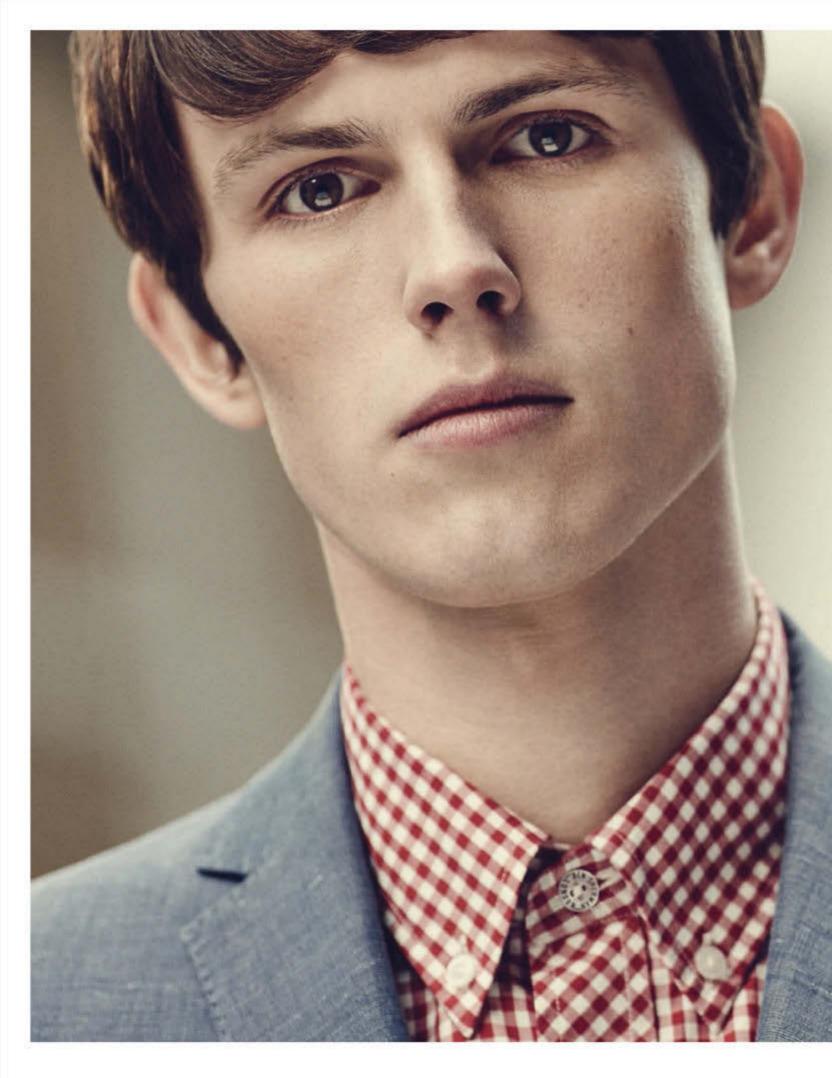
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SO MUCH CONTEMPT FOR SO MANY BY SO FEW

The UK is ruled by an elite who are born to lead but know nothing of life. Yet the white van men and provincial 'peasants' they hate are the people who once made Britain great. No wonder the feeling's mutual...

hen the lavishly privileged elite who run this country laugh at the tattooed peasants, why should metropolitan, big swinging dicks like you and I even bother to look up from our iPad Airs and double macchiatos?

Why is it any skin off our carefully exfoliated, regularly moisturised noses if a former Tory MP – Matthew Parris – returns from a by-election awayday to Clacton with the viciously dismissive thought, "Only in Asmara after Eritrea's bloody war have I encountered a greater proportion of citizens on crutches or in wheelchairs."

And why should the sophisticated *GQ* man give a damn if a Labour frontbencher – Emily Thornberry – tweets a mocking photograph of a modest home flying England flags with a white van outside, as though the creature who lives in this hovel must be some kind of laughable subhuman?

And when a former Tory cabinet Minister – David Mellor – launches into a foul-mouthed rant at a London black-cab driver and calls him "a little guy", what's it got to do with affluent, enlightened men of the world like us?

Here's why you should care. This is why you should give a damn. Because the privately educated, largely Oxford-PPE-graduate elite who run this country – that guild of politicians who were once lawyers, politicians who have always been politicians, and media figures who were once politicians – do not simply dislike the British people, they despise them.

And they think you are a pleb, too.

After Mellor behaved abominably in the back of that

black cab, my newspaper asked me to write about snooty, out-of-touch arrogant Tory boys. And I just couldn't do it. Because there are no more "nice" parties and "nasty" parties. There are only the new masters and the plebs. Mellor went black-cab ballistic just a week after Thornberry snickered at England flags, suggesting Labour masters are no more in touch with the nation than Tory masters.

As Mellor's ugly mug hit the headlines, Labour's shadow education secretary, the Honourable Tristram Hunt, was wagging his finger at private schools – despite the fact that his father, Labour peer Baron Hunt of Chesterton, sent little Tristram to UCS in Hampstead (current fees nearly £18,000 a year) rather than the local comp. Education, education, education? More like hypocrisy, hypocrisy, hypocrisy.

from man to pig, and from pig to man again: but already it was impossible to tell which was which."

"We are the masters at the moment," said Baron Shawcross – Labour MP, barrister, knight of the realm,

We live on the last page of Animal Farm. You remem-

ber: "The creatures outside looked from pig to man, and

"We are the masters at the moment," said Baron Shawcross – Labour MP, barrister, knight of the realm, a true master's CV – way back in 1946. But the middle of the 20th century now seems like a lost golden age of meritocracy compared to today.

The new masters are a closed club. The fortunate few – bolstered by education, protected by profession, sustained by connections – are often portrayed as the chattering classes, a metropolitan elite, as though anyone with a man-bag and a copy of the *Guardian* can get in. The reality is infinitely more exclusive.

"The graduates of Oxford's Politics, Philosophy and Economics course form the largest single component of the most despised generation of politicians since the Great Reform Act," wrote Nick Cohen in the *Spectator*. There are more Oxford PPE graduates in the House of Commons than Old Etonians, wrote Cohen, providing a list that included David Cameron, Ed Miliband, William Hague, Theresa May, Ed Balls, Yvette Cooper, Danny Alexander and more.

These new masters are born to lead but know nothing of life, or business, or work. Listen to a speech by Ed Miliband on the NHS or Cameron on foreign aid or Nick Clegg on anything – they reveal not the slightest understanding that money has to be made before it can be spent.

Jason Cowley, editor of the *New Statesman*, wrote, "Miliband's life experience is extraordinarily narrow. He has never worked in or run a business, and can scarcely bring himself to mention wealth-creation in his speeches. He has never lived or worked among the urban poor, as Clement Atlee, Labour's greatest prime minister did as a young man... Miliband is a member of what George Osborne privately calls "The Guild' of career politicians."

The masters have no true love of their country, or its flag, and consider all the instincts of the common man – everything from his flag-waving pride to his hunch that limitless immigration has perhaps gone a little too far – to be repellent, probably racist.

It is not merely that the masters are "snooty" or "snobbish" or "sneering" – they have absolutely no experience of the people of this country, and show no signs of

The privately educated, PPE elite do not simply dislike the British people – they despise them

any empathy or understanding, let alone love, affection or respect. Although many of them have those fancy-ass Oxford PPEs, they show little comprehension of how a nation's wealth is created, how economies work. or where money comes from. Small businessmen - and white transit vans - make the GDP go round.

The Sun located the owner of the house mocked by Thornberry – car dealer Dan Ware, 37, who drove from his £225,000 home in Kent to knock on the door of Thornberry's £3 million pad in Islington. She wasn't home. Dan said, "Maybe Emily Thornberry doesn't see too many Transit vans on her street, unless she needs some builders to put on an extension. And I guess they don't hang St George's flags on her street."

Here was the greatest sadness - the realisation that we live in the only country on the planet where flying your nation's flag is a symbol of contempt. George Orwell wrote, "It is a strange fact, but it is unquestionably true, that almost any English intellectual would feel more ashamed of standing during 'God Save The King' than of stealing from a poor box."

The masters loathe the instinctive, unconditional patriotism of the ordinary man. We hear a lot about the great disconnect in British politics - the distrust, dislike and disgust that the people supposedly feel for the masters. What we are only just starting to appreciate is that the feeling is completely mutual.

remember Clacton as one of those seaside resorts that my family descended upon on the bank holidays of my childhood. We liked Clacton. In our simple peasant-stock minds, we thought Clacton was nice. Matthew Parris saw a sewer.

The former Tory MP wrote in the Times, "Clacton-on-Sea is a friendly resort trying not to die, inhabited by friendly people trying not to die... These are not wealthy retired professionals (almost 40 per cent of residents have no qualifications at all) and if you associate tattoos with youth, Clacton will surprise you. I am not arguing that we should be careless of the needs of struggling people and places such as Clacton. But I am arguing – if I am honest - that we should be careless of their opinions."

Where's the respect? Where's the simple human compassion? Where are some manners? "Philosophically, I cannot see that Matthew is a democrat if he thinks national leaders should dismiss an entire class and its opinions," wrote Tim Stanley for the Telegraph. "I cannot see that he is a patriot if he dislikes his own people so much."

The elephant in the room here is race. When the masters deride the ordinary British people, they are talking about the white working class. It is difficult to imagine Matthew Parris going to, say, Birmingham or Luton, and expressing revulsion at all the hijabs, nigabs and burkas on display, just as it is impossible to imagine Emily Thornberry snickering at a Jamaican or Pakistani flag, or the Saltire. But the English are the untouchables, the pariahs in their own land, despised for the way they look, the way they think and their musings on immigration.

If you live in one of the leafier corners of north or west London – as I do, and as the masters do – then your experience of the greatest wave of immigration in our nation's history is totally benign. It means having a smiling Polish gardener trimming your driveway, and a charming French baker wrapping your pain au raisin, and a cute Italian barista lovingly preparing your double espresso.

But if you live somewhere like Rochester or Clacton,

Where's the respect? Where's the simple human compassion? Where are some manners?

then your experience of the greatest wave of immigration in our nation's history is increasingly having to fight like a rat in a sack for a council flat and a GP's appointment. The masters don't get that life is not a dinner party in SW1. Home is not always a house in Hampstead. And not having a PPE from Oxford doesn't mean that you are an inferior species.

The former council house that Emily Thornberry sneered at in Rochester and Strood – where she was canvassing for Labour votes! - does not look like the Hampstead home that I live in, but it looks very much like the house that I grew up in, a little pebble-dash semi in one the poorer corners of the Home Counties. The house I grew up in wasn't much, but my father worked at three jobs to put down the deposit on it, and homes like that do not deserve to be laughed at. The British people deserve better than the sneering contempt of the new masters. The privately educated lawyers and barristers, the Oxford graduates, the toffs and the swells, the award-winning broadcasters and journalists – they have all become far too full of themselves, too quick to sneer at the old, the poor, the patriotic, the uneducated and indeed anyone who is outside of their rarefied air.

Why should you care?

Because the British people deserve better than a political elite who increasingly behave as though they are members of the Saudi Arabian royal family.

The arrogance of the masters is not new. Gordon Brown was famously appalled when Mrs Gillian Duffy of Rochdale had the nerve to mildly bring up the subject of immigration - "That bigoted woman!" grumbled Brown, three little words that lost a general election.

That kind of dismissive contempt is now an epidemic. It is the reason the old tribal loyalties of British politics have broken up and will never be put back together. It is the reason the by-election graced by Matthew Parris elected UKIP's first MP, and why the by-election visited by Thornberry elected UKIP's second MP, and it is the reason, long after the Scottish referendum, that blue and white YES posters are still displayed on the green hills between Glasgow and Edinburgh, and why the SNP will annihilate Labour in Scotland.

The arrogance of the masters has torn asunder all those old tribal loyalties of the 20th century – why would you vote for someone who detests you? – and may yet result in the punch line that hardly anyone wants. Ed Miliband gormlessly gurning on the doorstep of 10 Downing Street on Friday 8 May 2015.

Why should you care about the arrogance of the

masters? Because over the next four years we will see many anniversaries dedicated to the sacrifice of ordinary men. It is 100 years since the Battle of Loos this September. In 2016, it will be years since the slaughter on the Somme in 2016. One hundred years since Passchendaele is in 2017. Who do we imagine fought those battles? It wasn't the likes of Gordon Brown and Emily Thornberry, Matthew Parris and David Mellor. It was the men whose descendants drive white vans and black cabs.

They are the same men. The same blood. The same stock. And when the masters sneer at the men in their white vans and their black cabs, when they sneer at all the families in modest homes, they sneer at the people who built this country and who often died for it, they are sneering at everyone you ever loved.

And I guess that is why you should care.





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RIVER ISLAND



here was a time when car gags were as common as mother-in-law jokes. In the Seventies, it was the three-wheeled Reliant Robin that was the butt.

Then, during the Eighties, it was Eastern European rust buckets by Skoda and Lada that were the punch line. And in the Nineties, the automotive equivalent of a "my other car is nowhere near as terrible as this one" sticker was invariably affixed to the plastic bumper of a Hyundai.

Stop me if you've heard any of these: why does a Hyundai have a heated rear window? To keep your hands warm when you push it.

What do you call a Hyundai with a flat tyre? A write-off.

What information is printed on pages four and five of a Hyundai user manual? The bus and train timetables.

But if those jokes were ever funny, they were nothing compared to the comedic reality of Hyundai's history. Did you hear the one about the Korean peasant who stole one of his dad's cows so that he could buy a train ticket to Seoul? That would be Chung Ju-yung, who started off selling rice from a bike and went on to found the Hyundai Motor Group, South Korea's largest multinational conglomerate.

Or how about this: in the early Seventies when Hyundai wanted to build its first car, who do you think they hired? That would be the former managing director of British Leyland, who based the design of the Hyundai Pony on the old (and lamentable) Morris Marina. It was a success, and today Hyundai is the fourth largest car manufacturer in the world.

In other words, it may have some funny stories, but no one is laughing at Hyundai any more. Least of all the Germans. And that's not because the likes of BMW, Mercedes and VW don't have a sense of humour. It's because, until recently, these brands had the profitable mid-range premium car market all to themselves. However, thanks to Hyundai's new, updated and definitely improved Genesis, that's all about to change. And the Germans even saw it coming.

Back in 2011 at the Frankfurt Motor Show, VW board chairman Martin Winterkorn arrived on the Hyundai stand to examine the i30, Hyundai's cheaper rival to the Golf, king of hatchbacks. He eyed it suspiciously, then pushed, pulled, measured and manoeuvred every knob, lever and component, before finally settling on the steering column adjustment.

Turning to VW design supremo Klaus Bischoff, the big boss made the vexed comment: "Nothing rattles."

When even the Germans are worried, you know you are doing something right. But how the hell did that happen? To find out, *GQ* spent a week in South Korea putting the Genesis coupé through its paces, and we were impressed. Very.

We started in the congested chaos of Seoul, a sprawling maelstrom of multi-lane modern development. And yet on the packed concrete arterials, where some 70 per cent of the cars are made by either Hyundai or its sister brand, Kia, the Genesis turned heads everywhere. Emerging from the company's Fluidic Sculpture 2.0 design studio, its lines are more refined, mature and elegant; far less brash and automotively obvious. Probably for the first time in its history, Hyundai has created a car that is understated, but still sporty for a such a big car. It shows speed and movement even when it is stationary.

Over lunch at Poom, one of the city's top restaurants, Hyundai creative design manager Casey Hyun explained that Genesis symbolised the car company's coming of age. "This vehicle took five years to develop. and it took Hyundai 47 years to be accepted as a brand in the premium car market," he said. "It is only in the last 15 years that we have been recognised outside the country and Genesis has been truly a global project. The head designer is American, we had input from all the design studios around the world. So as well as that American look, it also has a European modern premium feel.

"Owning a Hyundai used to make you Ned Flanders in *The Simpsons...* not any more," he added with a smile. "Forget about Springfield. Just visit California and you'll see how many Hyundais are being driven there."

To put a little international perspective into what has been achieved, consider this: in 1960, after the Korean War, South Korea was one of the most impoverished countries in the world, receiving financial aid from Africa's poorest countries.

Today, thanks to rapid expansion, a monumental work ethic and quickly advancing technology, they are chasing down the US in terms of standard-of-living. And the Americans, it seems, are mad for Hyundai and, in particular, Genesis.

NEED *TO KNOW*

Although the Genesis will be available in the UK, at present there are plans to release only 50 for sale. If demand is high, however, expect that to increase...

ENGINE 3.8litre V6 311bhp

PERFORMANCE 0-62mph in 5secs; top speed 145mph

PRICE £48,000

CONTACT hvundai.co.uk

Of course. Americans aren't always known for their impeccable taste, but the Genesis has proved popular because it delivers on Hvundai's kev components: reliability, affordability, build quality and performance. That used to be just for cars in its economy sector, but now it is going after what vice chairman Yang Woong-chul calls modern premium value. "We want to redefine prestige and offer a new level of luxury that everybody can access easily." he explained. "With Genesis, we aim to deliver quality and emotional appeal at a realistic price level in North America and Europe. And we are very confident about that."

Outside the city, in the green and unspoilt countryside, with room to breathe and be driven, the Genesis shows just how far Hyundai has come. It doesn't handle like a Porsche, of course, and with a city setup it feels spongy (it does weigh a whopping 2,470kg) on the corners and a little sluggish to be considered sporty. But for a serious stab at a deluxe sedan for under £50,000 it is exceptional. Inside is all leather, smart cruise control, and automatic emergency braking as good as anything German. It is also the first car to feature a CO₂ cabin sensor to protect the driver from drowsiness.

As an overall proposition,

though, in terms of design and development, this is only a small step for the mid-range sector, but a giant leap for Hyundai. As a statement of intent for the future it is brave, bold and bullish: it is an ambitious and stylish attempt to crash the premium car manufacturer party, and it isn't about to be turned away for wearing the wrong shoes. Hyundai might still be a bit uncool and not as refined as its rivals, but it is getting there. If Hyundai can keep up that

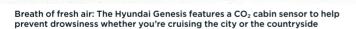
there. If Hyundai can keep up that developmental rate, no one will be able to stop it.

"The problem for a brand like

"The problem for a brand like Hyundai now is that we cannot slow down and rest on our laurels," said Hyun. "We have achieved so much in such a short amount of time and we simply cannot sit back and pat ourselves on the back. We have to keep moving forward. And what is interesting is that it chimes with the national identity of Korea. Koreans are fiercely proud of their history and heritage, but their eyes are fixed on the future... That is a great combination for growth. And we want our brand to do the same."



The Genesis is an ambitious and stylish attempt to crash the premium car manufacturer party, and it isn't about to be turned away for wearing the wrong shoes











NCEPT



CHEVROLET: Chaparral Racing 2X Vision Gran Turismo

There are pies in the sky overtaking flying pigs that are more realistic prospects than this. At the other end of the concept spectrum from the Audi Prologue, and created for the *Gran* Turismo 6 race sim, the 2X channels two brilliantly implausible ideas. Firstly, the driver/ rider/pilot "wears" the car, like one of those skydiving wingsuits, lying prone in the chassis. Controlling it is closer to riding a superbike than a car.

performing separate tasks. Secondly, it's powered by firing a laser into a rear-mounted cone, creating a plasma **shockwave** theoretically powerful enough to launch it to 60mph in 1.5 seconds. "Head first, belly on the ground, the sense of flying inches from the racetrack - to me, it's the best and most exciting position I could find for a race car," designer Charles Lefranc said, entirely seriously

with hands and feet



AUDI: Prologue

A generation ago, Audi was a German automotive **curio** with a reputation for earthy robustness and a range that spanned a mere five models. Now it's a highly profitable, technological powerhouse, whose famous four-ring logo will be adorning 60 separate models by the year 2018.

With that comes extra pressure. Audi currently stands at one of those crossroads big brands periodically find themselves, not least in the evolution of its design language. Marc Lichte, one of the industry's most engaging visionaries, is the man newly tasked with masterminding the visual reboot and his manifesto arrived in LA recently in grand style and with a suitably portentous name: Prologue.

Unlike some, this concept is a very real trailer for not one but possibly four new Audis - the next-gen A6, A7, A8 and A9. The latter is a stentorian luxury coupé, yet to be greenlit by the Audi board, but an irresistible opportunity if the show car is anything to go by. It reworks Audi's distinctive single-frame grille, and uses its 5.1m length and extra

width to premiere an impressive new surface language.

Prolonged exposure to car designers comes with its own health warning, but there really are **sculptural qualities** to the Prologue. The resolution of geometrical intakes into flowing front wings and the tension in the rear end are the hallmarks of a significant talent. There's a 597bhp twin-turbo V8 underneath, an advanced aluminium/steel chassis, allnew suspension, and a 48-volt electrical system that promises all sorts of environmental benefits. The interior, meanwhile, uses an OLED display that allows the driver and passenger to interact, and the materials are all deliberately patinated.

"I wanted to deliver a fully theatrical experience," Lichte told GQ. "We needed to do something radical, and I wanted to emphasise Quattro in our cars because it's a big opportunity for us. Audi is Quattro, it's not just the name of our powertrain. It should inform our whole approach and allows us to think differently.

TOYOTA:

The **hydrogen fuel-cell** car has been a long time coming - GQ remembers driving a Ford Focus so equipped 14 years ago - but the big players are finally getting a move on. The Toyota Mirai (it means "**future**" in Japanese) is set to do for hydrogen propulsion what its Prius brother did for the hybrid: normalise it. The science is complex and **expensive** to realise, but in essence hydrogen is compressed and stored in high-pressure, carbon-fibre composite tanks, then sent through a platinum-lined membrane that splits up the electrons and protons. The former produce an electrical current that powers a motor. the only emission being water vapour. Eco-friendly Californians can lease the Mirai later this year, giving them a few months to get their heads round what must be the most wilfully ugly car ever made (below). At least it's pretty on the inside. Jason Barlow 🚳







wear it # wide

G-STAR RAW

JEANS

photography by ellen von unwerth | g-star.com

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MPG figures are achieved under official EU test conditions, intended as a guide for comparative surposes only and may not reflect actual on-the-road driving conditions. Terms and conditions apply, participating deciers only or visit peugeot.co.uk. To finance your lease/purchase we may introduce you to a limited number of lenders. "Passport Personal Lease: A guarantee may be required. Over 18s only. Written quotations available on request from Peugeot Financial Services, Quadrant House, Princess Moy, Redhill, RH 1 (QA. Example based on the 308 Hatchback Sportlum with 16" Diamond Alloys, with metallic paint, customer in initial payment 15,725, and optional final payment 15,080. If most high payments pays the optional final payment you can pay on annual payment for one of your monthly payments to use of your monthly payments to make your monthly payment to use of your monthly payments to the other of the payment of the payment of the payment to use of your monthly payments to the other payment to use of your monthly payments to the other payment to use of your monthly payments to the other payment to use of your monthly payments to the other payment to use of your monthly payments to the other payment to use of your monthly payments to use of your monthly payments to use of your monthly payments the payment to your monthly payments the payment to your monthly your

NEW PEUGEOT 308 SPORTIUM



PAUL HENDERSON State of the st

The RESTAURANT ▶ The BAR ▶ The HOTEL ▶ The CLUB ▶ The PUB ▶ The NEIGHBOURHOOD ▶ The DRINK ▶ The BOOK ▶ The BOTTLE







The book of revelation

If Marco Pierre White was the first rock'n'roll chef, then the *White Heat* cookbook – released 25 years ago and re-released this month – was his *Exile On Main St.* Featuring photographs by legendary photographer Bob Carlos Clarke, for the first time aspiring cooks had a kitchen (anti)hero who legitimised their chosen profession, inspiring some of the best chefs in the world to turn the temperature in their kitchens all the way up to eleven.

Boiling point: Marco Pierre White's rock'n'roll kitchen antics – from slashing his colleagues' clothes to throwing out critics who asked for salt and pepper – helped project the profile of chefs in Britain, and photographer Bob Carlos Clarke captured it all. Now, 25 years on, the chef's White Heat cookbook is being re-released







White Heat 25 by Marco Pierre White

He's known as the original rock'n'roll chef, the enfant terrible of the kitchen, and Marco Pierre White's first London restaurant, Harveys, was the training ground for countless Michelin-starred chefs. Gordon Ramsay. Jason Atherton. Éric Chavot. It was the ultimate graduate scheme, the test of all culinary tests, and in 1990 it spawned what has become widely regarded as the most influential cookbook of the past 25 years.

White Heat reignited cooking in Britain. Before, it had been all about the budding culinary scene across the Channel, the French, the polished shoes, the white buttoned-up uniforms. But here was a chef born on a council estate in Leeds who redefined the profession. Photographer Bob Carlos Clarke was the man who captured White in all his filth and fury, a now iconic collaboration: White's straggly hair, the daily dressing down of his staff, a cigarette hanging loosely from his lips. Clarke captured the fervour that existed

within White's restaurant; the energy, the friction, the heat. Famously volatile, White

had no problem throwing out customers (and critics) who dared to ask for salt and pepper, he slashed his worker's clothes (while they were wearing them) with a carving knife if they complained of being too hot, and once left Gordon Ramsay in tears.

Despite all this, the 25th edition is

lorded by the world's best chefs pledging their gratitude to him, including Ramsay himself.

Three years after the book's release, White left Harveys and his two Michelin stars behind, and moved to The Restaurant Marco Pierre White at the former Hyde Park Hotel (now the Mandarin Oriental). In 1995

he became the youngest chef ever to be awarded three Michelin stars, but in 1999 he retired from the kitchen. "I was no longer enjoying my time

in the kitchen," he explains. "I could have lived a lie, pretended I cooked when I didn't, charged high prices, but I didn't want to lie and I didn't want to continue working 100-hour weeks. I wanted to enjoy life."

White says he "craves ordinary" and it seems he got what he wished for. Now an

Matthews, he plants orchards and looks after his chickens. He may have consciously climbed down from Britain's peak of gastronomy, but in 2015 White Heat remains as vital and important now as it was then. Why? Marco puts it down to the fact that Bob Carlos Clarke captured a moment. He made becoming a chef glamorous, sexy. "There's lots of cookbooks that are better than White Heat but White Heat just captures a moment in time," he says. "White *Heat's* more about inspiration than cooking." Alice Howarth





╉ Heat of the moment: Marco Pierre White with Gordon Ramsay, who he once reduced to tears in his early career

If you can't stand the Heat... chefs in praise of MPW





GORDON RAMSAY

"Marco Pierre White, he's the man who started it. He's the man who put the stake in the ground, gave chefs a profile, put London on the map, as well as shining the spotlight on the gritty side of being a cook."



ANTHONY BOURDAIN

"Marco Pierre White gave us all a voice, gave us hope, a new template for survival... this book gave us power. It all started here."



DAVID CHANG

"White Heat has all the wisdom it takes to be the best packed into one slim volume... it's so humbling and so amazing. It's the best cookbook ever written, and it's so much more than that. too."



TOM KERRIDGE

"Without Marco Pierre White and the White Heat cookbook, many a chef around my age would not be in chef whites. We would probably be on a building site or on a fishing boat."



PHIL HOWARD

"Music had the Stones. Cooking had Marco."



THE BOTTLE

Chase Vodka

Its reputation may reach around the globe, via San Francisco where it recently won Best Vodka at the World Spirit Competition, but Chase Vodka starts life much closer to home in the rolling fields of Herefordshire. It was here that William Chase first used the family crop and his entrepreneurial talents to create Tyrrells crisps, and now where he harvests the organically grown potatoes to produce Britain's only potato vodka. He started production of the spirit in 2008. but already this independent family-run, single-estate distillery has raised the humble tuber to new heights; their traditional distilling method is so refined that the resulting vodka doesn't even need to be filtered. With its effortless purity balancing the natural sweet and creamy notes, this English classic is best enjoyed in true Russian style - served thrillingly cold. in a small glass, completely unadulterated. Amy Matthews £33. williamschase.co.uk



THE ROUNDUP

Three new London members' clubs get our proposals...





Upstairs at L'Escargot 48 Greek Street, London W1. lescargotrestaurant.co.uk



Salon Grand Siècle at the top of the building. It provides the bar and dance floor, you provide the party. In the restaurant: French food so trad you could be in the Twenties. Snails, obviously, are the order of the day.





South Kensington Club
Queensberry Mews, London SW7.
southkensingtonclub.com



The setup: Two buildings knocked through into one enormous club that includes a vast spa (specialising in Russian-style banya – they know their locals), gym, terrace and juice bar. Standout feature: The Voyager Club has a room for putting on talks by explorers, and arranges expeditions to places such as the North Pole. In the restaurant: Provençale cuisine – what else for a club on such a health kick?





The Club at Café Royal 68 Regent Street, London W1. clubcaferoyal.com



The setup: A private set of entertaining and dining spaces in the hotel once frequented by Oscar Wilde and Elizabeth Taylor. Standout feature: The Domino room, which is almost cartoonish in its lavishness (gold leaf, intricate plaster work). It's also the main restaurant. In the restaurant: Seasonal British fare from chef Andrew Turner. Since Churchill ate here, we suggest starting with a very dry Martini. Charlie Burton

THE PUB

Tulse Hill Hotel

Tulse Hill is one of those liminal places that are common in south London: close to everywhere – in this case Brixton, Clapham and Dulwich – but strangely undefined in itself. So when this pub was simply the spit-and-sawdust Tulse Hill Tavern (as it was from 1840 until last year) it was as unremarkable as you'd expect. Today, however, having had a radical facelift courtesy of new owners the Metropolitan Pub Company (it now checks all the exposed-filament-lightbulb/open-fronted-kitchen boxes) there is, for the first time, a good reason to stop in rather than travel through the locale.

At weekends the restaurant area is full of rosy-cheeked families taking on plate-defying roast lunches, while the main bar serves small-batch spirits and local beers with names like "Hop Stuff" to men in weekend shirts and younger guys with facial hair and undercuts. Perhaps the new owners' smartest move was to spend proper money on the "Hotel" bit – it has become a regular bolthole for out-of-towners going to the Brixton Academy or visiting relatives in the residential sprawl beyond.

Sipping on our smoked-vodka Bloody Mary, we wondered where the disenfranchised old locals had fled to. But we didn't worry about it for long. CB

● 150 Norwood Road, London SE24. 020 8671 7499, tulsehillhotel.com



THE NEIGHBOURHOOD

Rye, East Sussex



London St Pancras to Rye, from £36.70 return (thetrainline.com)

Time: Around one hour and 15 minutes

Drive: London to Rve, one hour and 48 minutes, via the M20

Once one of the major centres of trade in England and a member of the Cinque Ports federation, this hilltop town perched above Romney March is famous for smugglers, authors such as Henry James and artists such as Paul Nash. Other famous locals have included Tom Baker and Sir Paul McCartney. Today, it is being reinvented as a cool weekend destination for food and fresh air - and arguably the best beach in Britain



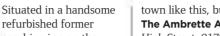
refurbished former coaching inn on the

High Street (1) The George City types, plus a host of loyal be difficult.

The old team behind The Engineer in London's Primrose Hill are the brains behind (2) All Fifties Festival of Britaininspired graphics, it is a little bit rough around the edges but all the more charming for it. The bedrooms upstairs are bright, cheerful and booked way in advance.

For a more old-school approach, head for (3) The Landgate (5-6 Landgate. 01797 222829, landgatebistro.co.uk). Just beyond the town's only remaining gate – as built on the instructions of Edward III for a long time it was the only decent eatery for miles around. The lighting is terrible but the food is very good – save space

Modern Indian is not what you expect in a picture postcard



In Rye (98 High Street, 01797 222114, thegeorgeinrye.com) is the first destination for stressed regulars. The rooms are great and locals congregate in the bar for lunch while The George Grill is for more formal occasions. One downside is that there is no hotel parking and setting down on the busy street can

The Ship Inn (The Strand. 01797 222233, theshipinrye.co.uk). The result is your perfect gastro pub.

for a pudding.



For Italian, (5) Tuscan Kitchen Rve (8 Lion Street, 01797 223269. tuscankitcherve.co.uk) has won local hearts and a recent change in owners doesn't seem to have dimmed its popularity. One medieval street over, (6) The Union Steakhouse (8 East Street, 01797 229289, theploughrye.co.uk) is the place for great meat and good atmosphere. The town, however, is most famous for its fish particularly local scallops – and (7) Webbe's At The Fish

Café (17 Tower Street, 01797 222226, webbesrestaurants. co.uk) is reliably good.

(8) The Globe Inn Marsh (10 Military Road. 01797 225220. alobeinnmarshrve.com) was recently named one of the best pubs in the country. and the praise is well deserved. The décor is, well, quirky (it looks as if, having been unable to pick a style, it has decided to go with every style) but it is comfortable, the service friendly and the food surprisingly good

– as well as generous. If you are heading for Camber Sands

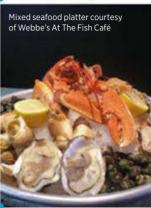
a few miles away, try **(9)** The

Gallivant

(New Lvdd Road, Camber. 01797 225057, thegallivant. co.uk). a refurbished motel opposite the beach car park, for a pre-paddle lunch. Robert Johnston



Tuscan Kitchen Rve's tortino al cioccolato dossart (laft)





The Globe Inn Marsh, named one of the best pubs in the country by the Telegraph



The dining room of The Gallivant. Rye's refurbished motel by the sea







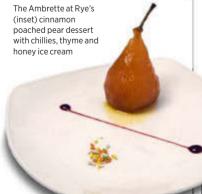
The Landgate restaurant

(left) and its focaccia

bread (below)

The luxury double room at The George

In Rye (above); The Ship Inn's egg and soldiers breakfast (below)





THE HOTEL

Kings Head, Cirencester



The new Kings Head in Cirencester, Gloucestershire, has been eight years in

the making – or 1,800 years, depending on how you look at it. Once a run-down coach-party hotel that hogged a prime Cotswold plot, it closed in 2007 to begin its £7 million metamorphosis into a luxurious five-star bolthole.

This involved more than a lick of Farrow & Ball. As Cirencester is swimming in Roman history, two years were spent meticulously excavating the site, a team of archaeologists digging into the bowels of the Grade-II listed building. A mosaic they unearthed dates back to around 200AD and now serves as a talking point in reception - especially as it's below ground level, covered in reinforced glass and looks like a disconcerting hole in the floor. The rest of the subterranean hollow now forms a warren of rooms, housing a spa, wine cellar and private-dining area.

Above ground, the reborn hotel is also unrecognisable. There's a relaxed restaurant, headed up by two alumni of Marcus Wareing's Pétrus and serving food from a Robata-style grill. With the awardwinning Vineyard Group at the helm, the wine list is predictably vast and well-informed.

But, you'll find, the real draw is upstairs. The 45 super-luxe bedrooms have the cool bare-brick feel of a Brooklyn loft – but these bricks and beams are from the original 14th-century inn. The gin-and-tonic kit (Portobello Rd No171 was picked for *GQ*), enormous bed and hi-tech Mac Mini system bring a refreshing blast of the 21st century. Eight – OK, 1,800 – years well spent. Jennifer Bradly

 24 Market Place, Cirencester, GL7. 01285 700 900, kingshead-hotel.co.uk Oh, look!
Gordon
Ramsay
and
Richard
Caring
both have
shiny new
ventures in
London's
West End...



Stepping up to the plate (from left):

Ivy Market Grill's

shepherd's pie;

Heddon Street Kitchen's pork belly









THE RESTAURANTS	The Ivy Market Grill	Heddon Street Kitchen
In a nutshell	Caring brings The Ivy to the masses with an outpost in the heart of Covent Garden 's tourist zone.	The Ramsay empire adds another casual dining room, following the success of Bread Street Kitchen in the City.
Who's behind the pass?	Ramsay defector Sean Burbidge , who has seen action at Pétrus and Gordon Ramsay au Trianon in Versailles.	Maria Tampakis, formerly of Bread Street Kitchen and New York's Jean-Georges.
Order this 🔘	Keep it old-school lvy with the shepherd's pie (£12.75).	Slow-roasted Saddleback pork belly with spiced apple sauce (<i>£16</i>). Standout brilliant.
Thirsty?	Jeffrey Archer used to order Krug with the above. Since there's none on the menu, we'd opt for the Rioja DSG "Lágrimas de Graciano".	Kick off proceedings with a bang-on-trend Brits Spritz (Kamm & Sons aperitif, elderflower cordial, soda and Prosecco).
Nice room?	French in style, it locks out the hustle and bustle – but it's no see and be seen.	Brooklyn-style post-industrial chic. It's fine, but you've seen a million like it before.
If we were being picky	From the menu to the interior, it seems to owe a lot to Chelsea's Colbert .	The vegetables that came with the Goosnargh duck were over-seasoned.
Talking point 🜘	An Ivy Café was reportedly in the works four years ago, but the site became Little House instead.	On the opening night 100 bookings didn't show up. Ramsay claims it was sabotaged by a rival.
Go there	1 Henrietta Street, London WC2.	3–9 Heddon Street, London W1.



theivymarketgrill.com



gordonramsay.com CB

THE RECIPE

Ristorante Frescobaldi



When the best wines are only sold by the bottle, you must sometimes reluctantly sacrifice the perfect food pairing. But the Frescobaldi family's

first UK standalone restaurant, serving up Tuscan classics (like this veal pappardelle) in London's Mayfair, sidesteps the problem by offering most of its 150 bins by the glass. What more could you expect from one of Italy's most celebrated wine dynasties? JB

• Frescobaldi, 15 New Burlington Place, London W1. 020 3693 3435, frescobaldirestaurants.com

Veal cheek pappardelle

FOR THE VEAL CHEEKSAUCE

Ingredients (serves 4)

- 4 veal cheeks
- Salt
- Pepper
- 10g flour
- 20ml olive oil • 400ml Pomino Bianco white Frescobaldi house wine
- 2 carrots
- 2 celery stalks
- 1 white onion
- 2 litres of good chicken stock

Method

- Season the veal cheeks with salt and pepper, then dust with flour. Heat a pan to a medium temperature, add a little olive oil and then sear the veal cheeks on all sides. When a golden colour appears, add the Pomino Bianco and then pour the contents of the pan into a baking dish and set aside.
- Returning the pan to the heat, add a little more oil and then the vegetables until they are lightly browned Add the vegetables to the baking dish with the veal cheeks and cover with the chicken stock.
- Place covered in a preheated oven at 160C for 3 hours. Remove the meat (and discard the fat)

TO FINISH THE DISH Ingredients

- 20ml olive oil
- 2 garlic cloves
- 400ml Pomino Bianco white Frescobaldi house wine
- 100ml chicken stock
- Pappardelle
- Rosemary
- Parmesan
- Laudemio extra virgin olive oil

Method

- Add the olive oil to a hot pan with finely chopped garlic Slightly cook the garlic, then add the Pomino Bianco.
- When the alcohol has evaporated add the cooked veal meat and the chicken stock. Season the sauce to taste
- Cook some pappardelle according to the packet instructions (or make your own). When cooked, add it to the pan with the pasta sauce and cook for 1 minute.
- Serve with chopped rosemary, Parmesan and Laudemio extra virgin olive oil.



THE CLUB

Beaver Lodge

Thursday-Saturday, 10pm-2am. 266 Fulham Road, London SW10. 020 7590 3609, beaverlodge-london.com



The latest bar from London-based The Inception Group (aka Charlie Gilkes and Duncan Stirling) has hit Chelsea. Mixing the duo's know-how in high-end boozers with a hefty dose of fun, grab your cowboy hat and saddle up for your new favourite saloon...

Why do the names Gilkes and Stirling sound familiar?

The pair own a series of eccentrically themed clubs across town. You probably know Maggie's (the Thatcher-monikered Eighties bar), Mr Fogg's (based on Jules Verne's globe-trotting Around The World In 80 Days), and the Italian-themed Bunga Bunga.

What's the theme here?

Southern saloon meets ski lodge. It's no half-hearted attempt either - think proper howdy cowboy, rootin' tootin', line-dancing-in-plaid-shirts ranch.

A real home from home on the range

Don't mistake the fun for frivolity – Beaver Lodge's bourbon-based cocktails mean business, while its Chelsea postcode and Gilkes' royal connections (he's mates with Harry and Wills) mean a night in esteemed company. Just eat before you arrive.

What, no food?

Not yet, but boy can you drink. Bulleit bourbon is Beaver's liquor of choice - the Bulleit Julep is simple, but has the perfect balance of sharp and sweet flavours: bourbon, lime, mint and sugar.

What's it like inside?

There are two main rooms, both adorned with American memorabilia – a bar area with plenty of seating, and a larger dance floor area next door with wagon wheel D.I booth

And the music?

In keeping with the bar itself: loud, brash, and fun. Mostly rock'n'roll, with a dash of party house and hip-hop thrown in for good measure.

Look out for...

The staff's choreographed line dance, which happens once every evening. Ben Travis 🚳

CLUB CLASS The science of going out...



Hot cowairls



Bulleit bourbon



Beaver



Beaver Lodge

Photograph Dan Matthews







RESTAURANT

- Café Murano (LONDON) cafemurano.co.uk
- Gymkhana (LONDON) gymkhanalondon.com
- L'Enclume (CARTMEL, CUMBRIA) lenclume.co.uk
- Restaurant Nathan Outlaw (ROCK, CORNWALL) nathan-outlaw.com
- The Ledbury (LONDON) theledbury.com
- The Palomar (LONDON) thepalomar.co.uk

BEST BAR

- Mr Fogg's (LONDON) mr-foggs.com
- Nightjar (LONDON) barnightjar.com
- The Connaught Bar (LONDON) the-connauaht.co.uk
- The Devil's Advocate (EDINBURGH) devilsadvocateedinburgh.co.uk
- The Milk Thistle (BRISTOL) milkthistlebristol.com
- White Lyan (LONDON) whitelyan.com

BEST CHEF

- Jason Atherton jasonatherton.co.uk
- Nieves Barragán Mohacho barrafina.co.uk
- Angela Hartnett schoolofhartnett.co.uk
- Glvnn Purnell purnellsrestaurant.com
- Tom Sellers tomsellers.co.uk
- Martin Wishart martin-wishart.co.uk

BEST **FRONT** OF HOUSE

- Jesus Adorno at Le Caprice le-caprice.co.uk
- David Boyd at Sketch sketch.london
- Daniel Greenock at Marcus marcus-wareing.com

- Diego Masciaga at The Waterside Inn waterside-inn.co.uk
- Matthew Mawtus at Pollen Street Social pollenstreetsocial.com
- Darius Namdar at The Colony Grill Room colonygrillroom.com

BEST SOMMELIER

- David Galetti at Le Gavroche le-gavroche.co.uk
- Stefan Neumann at Dinner By Heston Blumenthal dinnerbyheston.com
- Laure Patry at Pollen Street Social pollenstreetsocial.com
- Adam Pawlowski at Northcote northcote.com
- Michael & Charlotte Sager-Wilde at Sager+Wilde and Mission) sagerandwilde.com

Michael Simms at Sartoria sartoria-restaurant.co.uk

BEST INTERIOR

- Berners Tavern (AT LONDON EDITION) bernerstavern.com
- Coworth Park dorchestercollection.com/ coworth
- Fera (AT CLARIDGE'S) feraatclaridges.co.uk
- Old Tom & English oldtomandenglish.com
- Scott's scotts-restaurant.com
- Sketch sketch.london

BEST **PUB**

- The Anglesea Arms (LONDON) theangleseaarms.com
- The Camberwell Arms (LONDON) thecamberwellarms.co.uk
- The Duke of Cumberland (HENLEY, WEST SUSSEX) dukeofcumberland.com

- The Lord Poulett Arms (HINTON-ST-GEORGE, SOMERSET) lordpoulettarms.com
- The White Horse (CHICHESTER, WEST SUSSEX) thewhitehorse.co.uk
- The Yew Tree Inn (BUNBURY, CHESHIRE) theyewtreebunbury.com

BEST HOTEL

- Claridge's (LONDON) claridges.co.uk
- Cromlix (DUNBLANE, PERTHSHIRE) cromlix.com
- Gidleigh Park (DEVON) gidleigh.co.uk
- The Beaumont (LONDON) thebeaumont.com
- The Merchant (BELFAST) themerchanthotel.com
- The Pig On The Beach (STUDLAND BAY, DORSET) thepiqhotel.com

The judges

Introducing GO's panel of experts at the top of their fields in the worlds of food and drink. PR. retail and interior design



Two-Michelin-star pubs simply did not exist before Kerridge opened The Hand & Flowers, and it remains the only pub in the world to hold that honour. (As the restaurant of GQ's Chef Of The Year 2014. The Hand & Flowers was not eligible to enter these awards.)



Birmingham-born chef Bloomfield is a star of the transatlantic food scene, having honed her craft at Bibendum. The River Café and California's Chez Panisse. She has earned Michelin stars for both The Spotted Pig and The Breslin gastropubs



As arguably the most powerful man in **British public** relations, you can count on Freud to know a thing or two about wining and dining. The PR guru is the head of Freud Communications, whose clients include Soho House and the Gordon Ramsay Group.



Not only did he re-invent London nightlife with his legendary Atlantic Bar, as the owner of the Peyton And Byrne group he is the man behind venues such as The Royal Academy's Grand Café. He is also a long-standing iudge on the Great British Menu



Recently poached by café/bar group Loungers to manage their 50-plus UK sites, Carter's expertise spans the length and breadth of the country. Carter began his entrepreneurial career as the founder of The Elbow Room pool-bar chain



Hyman is the founder of CODE restaurant consultancy and CODE Bulletin, an exclusive newsletter for food and drink insiders. Pored over by more than 2,000 of London's hospitality leaders, Hyman is regarded as the "eyes & ears of the industry



Former executive chairman of Marks & Spencer, Stuart Rose was knighted in 2008 and subsequently made a **life peer** in September 2014. Having also held CEO positions at Arcadia Group and Argos, Rose is a veritable titan of British business



Having worked his way up from toilet cleaner to manager at The Ivy, Hobbs went on to run front of house at Soho House New York and Scott's. He now finds himself in the esteemed position of being managing director at the legendary Groucho Club



Tara Bernerd

From five-star hotels and private members clubs to super yachts and plush apartments, Bernerd is a virtuoso of luxury design. As the founder of interior architectural practice Tara Bernerd & Partners. her contemporary decor can be found across the globe.

Story Stephanie Soh Photographs Getty Images; Rex



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The only way to explore **India** is by luxury train, complete with your own waiter

AH, the humble cruise: mass griller of teak-toned geriatrics, broiler of more shellfish than a biblical apocalypse and a way to get somewhere really, really slowly.

Of course, cruises have never really been about transport – even less so now they're going high-end, becoming Michelin-starred versions of *Waiting For Godot* – but that might change with the resurgence of what the travel industry is now terming the "land cruise". Put simply: long-distance luxury train travel.

The **Maharajas' Express** is the perfect example of the comeback. If you only have a week to spare and want to see India, good luck. You'll either spend most of your time on baking roads to the soundtrack of bleating horns and your own pulsing headache, or passing your days in the country's domestic airports. Take the 19-car Maharajas, on the other hand – selecting, say, the seven-night "Heritage of India" route, as *GQ* did – and you can cover it off in your sleep (not a metaphor: the train travels at night, depositing you from your luxury cabin, stress-free and refreshed, to a different destination each day).

The journey – from Mumbai in the west to **DELHI** in the north – takes in the Ajanta caves, Udaipur's City Palace,

the forts of Rajasthan and, of course, the Taj Mahal. In all, the Maharajas' Express travels more than 1,500 miles, but the country is revealed to you as if on conveyer belt.

The train itself is a mash-up between tradition and convenience. Inside: stained-oak panelling, the bar of your dreams and two dining cars that, while on the migraine side of decadent decor, are stunning. But from the outside, it's sleek – more Heathrow Express than Orient Express – with hi-tech suspension to ensure a good night's sleep.

The dedication to service is faultless. You are assigned an individual waiter (ratio of staff to passengers on board is an impressive 1:1) who will look after your every whim on board. And your assigned staff member is not allowed to sleep until you do, meaning a dinner that stretches on into the night can come with a side-serving of mild guilt.

The cabins range from the standard double to the frankly ludicrous (the 456 sq ft presidential suite boasts two bedrooms, two baths, and a lounge), but all ensure you'll never treat a traffic jam or a missed flight connection with quite the same sanguine shrug ever again. Stuart McGurk The Heritage Of India route starts at £6,840. maharajas-express-india.com

Rail blazer (clockwise from top): The Mayur Mahal restaurant aboard the Maharajas' Express; the presidential suite; the train's sleek exterior; a suite at La Reserve Paris







FRENCH FANCY

Soon to become a staple of the bi-seasonal fashion clan is La Reserve's first Paris hotel peculiar, a 40-room hideaway designed by Jacques Garcia and housed in a Haussmannstyle mansion tucked away between the shopping meccas of Rue Faubourg Saint-Honoré and Avenue Montaigne. Rooms start at £1,020 per night including breakfast. lareserve-paris.com



The small but perfectly formed **Baros** in the Maldives attracts serious celebrities – but GQ got there first

WHEN the likes of the Beckhams start invading your favourite resort, then you know the world is watching. Well, GQ has not only been watching Baros - we've been staying there for more than a decade. Baros is not only the best Maldivian destination - it's been voted the best hotel in the Maldives on more than one occasion – it's also *GQ*'s favourite beach resort in the world.

The reason for this is simple. Compared

with most Maldivian resorts it is actually quite small and you can walk around the island in less time than it takes to finish a large vodka and tonic. It has just two restaurants, both of which have a standard of cuisine that you would normally only expect to find at the top of one of the many odd-shaped buildings that have sprung up over London in the last five years.

Then, of course, there is the service. Asian service is something of an art, and is still the very best there is, but Baros even manages to improve on this, as the staff make you feel as though you are royalty. Proper royalty, not the kind you find featured in the mid-market Sunday newspapers.

However, what Baros has above all other Maldivian resorts is its sense of calm. As the islands have become ever more popular, so they have started to be inundated by the kind of people who don't leave their villas unless they know there is a bunch of

paparazzi hiding behind the lilos. So while Baros might be increasingly popular with the ridiculously famous, the "vibe". the illusory yet palpable sense of chill that you really only find here, has stayed the same.

A short boat ride from Male International Airport, just next to the capital, as you arrive in Baros all you can see is a pretty palm-filled atoll, the kind of Crusoe-like apparition that, these days, are increasingly hard to find. In a way, the quintessential Maldivian experience is one of artificiality – albeit the most tranguil and beautiful artificiality in the entire world – and it's one that encourages you to leave you cares and woes on the dock as you step off the boat, like a pair of unwanted Birkenstocks. baros.com





Kuoni (kuoni.co.uk) offers seven nights with breakfast at Baros Maldives in a deluxe villa, including flights with Sri Lankan Airlines from Heathrow and transfers from £1,578 per person, based on two sharing. For further information on Baros Maldives, visit baros.com



A joy forever

Patek Philippe marks its 175th anniversary with a new twist on a timeless design: its perpetual calendar chronograph

AS celebrations go, Patek Philippe's 175th anniversary in Geneva last October was something of a masterclass: hosted at the manufacture, preceded by a stunning audio-visual representation of its history in the form of a next-generation son et lumière, and centrepieced with speeches by two scions of the dial-making family that took control of the business in 1933: honorary president Philippe Stern, and his son, Thierry, president of the independent, family-owned company.

Stern Sr reminded his audience that he'd celebrated both its 125th and 150th anniversaries and was therefore mindful of the changes in the Swiss watch industry that have seen Patek Philippe's stock rise as others failed to stay the course. He also elucidated the direction he'd set in train following that last big celebration 25 years ago – developing in-house movements to power its higher-complication watches.

The latest example can be found in a key reference in Patek Philippe's development – a perpetual calendar chronograph dubbed the 5270G. The new hand-wound calibre is demarcated from previous iterations by the off-centre setting of its characteristic twin subdials.

Otherwise the dial is a testament to the brand's timeless design ethos, including the flared lugs and rectangular pushers of its 18-carat white-gold case, "openrailtrack" tachymeter scale ("disrupted" to pass beneath the date display at six o'clock) along with superbly legible day, date, month and moonphase displays supplemented by leap year and day/night indicators. BP

5270G chronograph and perpetual calendar in white gold by **Patek Philippe**, £118,940. patek.com



STORE DE FORCE

Patek Philippe has quintupled the size of its London Bond Street maison – but it's still not large enough to host the company's touring **Grand Exhibition**, on display at the Saatchi Gallery, London SW3, from 27 May. patek.com

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HOWNOTTO... et stuck in a car

There's nothing like breaking down in the dark, frozen forests of Russia to make vou feel like less of a man...

t's 1.30am on a Sunday, about 40 miles outside of Moscow, and my taxi is revvingly and smokingly stuck in a pile of snow that might, or might not, be part of a road through a forest. You know the sort of forests that horror films happen in? Where people see a thing, and gasp, and then rush off, careering madly through the trees, branches whipping at their faces, stumbling, falling, rising, tripping, while the thing grows ever closer? And then, at the end, when they think they are safe, they burst out into a clearing, and there's a head on a spike and they look at the face and it's theirs?

Yeah? Well it's that sort of forest. One of those.

The driver, head still on, turns around and grimaces at me. "Borscht," he says, over the sound of snow thudding onto the roof. Did you know that snow could thud? Well, it bloody can. "Vladivostok," he adds. And then, more bleakly, "Smirnoff, Perestroika. Gazprom."

These may not be his exact words, but the mood is clear. I'm on the way to a party, for which I am already very Russianly – seven hours late, and neither Mr Borscht nor I are quite sure of the address. Probably it's not much more than a mile away. but miles loom terribly large in conditions such as these.

Forget the thing, although I'm sure there is one. Did you ever see the cult film, Leningrad Cowboys Go America? It starts with the bass guitarist freezing to death, after staying too long outside, practising. His band end up strapping him to the roof of their car, bass still pointing to the sky, and drive off on tour. This would be me if I attempted to walk it. An oddly shaped mound of snow and ice would thaw come the spring, and there I'd



For a Brit in

Russia, being

only 'one mile away' can seem

like a million

be, standing in my Converse, jeans and anorak, grimacing at one hand outstretched with a phone still in it.

Existentially speaking, "getting stuck" is a quite different experience from "breaking down". The latter is a mechanical problem, thereby affording you a degree of serene fatalism about the situation, even if it's technically your own fault. Being stuck, though, involves having a perfectly functioning vehicle which you've simply managed to put in entirely the wrong place. It's a metaphor for reaching beyond, and failing. To be stuck in a car is to accept that you are not the person you thought you were two minutes earlier. That guy was going places. You aren't.

There's a thrill, all the same, in the prospect for macho problem solving. The first time I ever got stuck in a car was also in a forest, but very, very different. It was midsummer, and daylight, and I was with a bunch of friends on a mushroom-picking

excursion in Scotland when a Land Rover got stuck in a muddy ditch. We were a fairly hapless bunch of urban nincompoops, to the extent that I dimly remember a couple of guys being in white combat trousers (1998). Still, that didn't stop everybody getting into the spirit of the thing, squatting down, sucking teeth, and placing sticks in places, as some atavistic muscle-memory told us a man in these circumstances should. By the time we got the thing free, we were all splattered with mud and whooping. It was ace.

This turns out pretty similar. He's brave, is Mr Borscht. "Dostoyevsky!" he says, and perhaps, "Leonid Brehznev, Gorky Cosmonaut!" Then he steps from the car, gets a tarpaulin from the boot, and directs me to help him stuff it behind the front wheels. Then I push from the front while he reverses, and then we swap places, because he's a terrifying Russian taxi driver and I'm only a writer. And eventually, we escape.

In the end, we find the hotel I'm aiming for, and the party is, indeed, raging on. "For vhy you are cuffered in shit?" says some girl, as I walk triumphantly through the door. And so I explain, enthusiastically, with miming and everything, feeling like Ernest Hemingway might, just after shooting an elephant.

"Neffer before you were stuck in snow?" she asks, after this has been going on for a while.

Once, I tell her. Near Berwick. For ages, actually. It was Boxing Day, I tried to call the AA, but I couldn't get a signal. It was so cold. I thought I might die. So, after an hour I decided to walk for help. Only, the moment I stepped out of the car, I realised that the snow was only three inches deep. So I kicked it away, and drove off.

"Russian men and Breetish men," she says. "Ferry different. And then she wanders off and I never see her again. Fair point, though.

• Hugo Rifkind is a writer for the Times.



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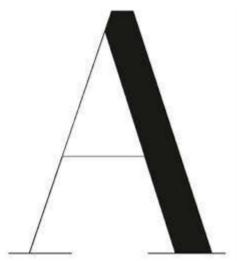




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Alan Rusbridger is, to many, among the most admired newspaper editors of our time. He is of the stature, for some, of Ben Bradlee, the Washington Post editor responsible for Watergate, whose reputation was algebraically enhanced by the movie version of Bob Woodward and Carl Bernstein's All The President's Men (Bradlee was played by Jason Robards). Rusbridger, whose paper, the Guardian, led the Snowden revelations, has been – at a time when newspaper editors are more hoary than romantic figures - similarly enhanced and media-ised (there is at least one Snowden film now underway). Of course, where Bradlee was quite a universal icon, Rusbridger is, as a reflection of both his own views and his paper's niche marketing, exclusively a left-wing one. And whereas Bradlee often cannily played counterpoint to his own sainthood, Rusbridger, perhaps as cannily, seems wholly to have embraced his.

At 61, at the absolute pinnacle of his professional regard (and, it might seem, self-regard), Rusbridger has announced his coming retirement from the *Guardian*, casting his own reputation in stone (he will not leave until this summer, meaning lots of time for encomiums), while passing the much more equivocal state of the paper to someone else.

While Rusbridger has transformed the *Guardian* and his own reputation from Fleet Street outlier to international brand, he has done this largely by abandoning his home-base business and betting the paper's patrimony on a worldwide digital expansion plan that has yet to yield any meaningful revenue. Annual losses at Guardian Media Group, now running at £30 million (and which have run as high as £76m), are controlled only through shrinking the newspaper's staff faster than the newer digital side expands.

It is this embrace of the digital future, however existential, together with the paper's leadership on three particular stories – along with Edward Snowden and the National Security Agency, Julian Assange and Wikileaks, and the Rupert Murdoch empire and hacking – that has propelled Rusbridger's

and the *Guardian*'s reputation while confounding its financial basis.

It is something of a martyr's bet, a role that the long-suffering and cryptic Rusbridger. wears well. The Guardian is supported by The Scott Trust - which has historically consisted of a variety of profit-making businesses designed to support the paper (though since 2008 it has been a limited company). Rusbridger has liquidated those businesses and turned the cash to financing the *Guardian*'s new mission in internet journalism. It is not a small point that Rusbridger has been able to cast this as a higher mission, one that might even be a better choice, or more noble one, than financial probity and survival. He is, in a way, making journalism's ultimate Hail Mary pass, willing to spend down The Scott Trust's £1 billion on truth and righteousness (or the Guardian's version thereof) in the hope that a way to profit with honour will be found.

At the same time, there is a sense about Rusbridger that he doesn't believe a way will actually be found and that his is a lonely walk to the end.

It is this sense of tragedy and grandeur and one-man-alone-in-a-disappointing-world that has made him much more than a mere editor or executive and, brand-wise, quite indispensable to an organisation whose most basic modus operandi is: "We follow Alan."

This then, to say the least, is a complicated mantle to hand to someone else.

he dynamic, in the selection for a successor, is very much the father figure
– an ultimate, revered, unmodern father figure (no psychology allowed here) – picking from among his devoted children, primarily a close circle of women he has mentored for many years.

If the *Guardian* itself were to write this story of the culture at the *Guardian* it would likely be quite a disapproving one about the patriarchal male exercising undue and manipulative control over the dependent women around him.

That in itself presents a curious management bind. Given the *Guardian*'s high levels of correctness and self-consciousness, the expectation is that Rusbridger's successor will be a woman. But the women at hand are all acolytes, who have spent most of their careers in devoted attendance to their boss, and hence lack independence or their own authority.

In recent years, this circle of followers and potential successors has consisted of four women, each of whom has performed duties of factotum, office wife, deputy, alter ego, and keeper of the Rusbridger flame.

The most significant was Georgina Henry, who died early last year, and played a kind of mother to the *Guardian*, helping to humanise the remote great man father. Rusbridger was uniquely close to and reliant on Henry and her death may have hastened his desire to



Blowing their cover: The Guardian – under Alan Rusbridger – leads the coverage of whistle-blower Edward Snowden's revelations about the National Security Agency, 11 June 2013

It is his sense of tragedy and grandeur that has made Rusbridger quite indispensible

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The Guardian's patriarchal narrative has a predictable wrinkle – another man, Ian Katz

theguardia ine Cos siver

pive up his day-to-day duties. In fact, in some sense, the true management issue has not been who would succeed Rusbridger, but who would succeed Henry in Rusbridger's esteem.

The most tenacious and militant Rusbridger acolyte is Janine Gibson, whose loyalty to Rusbridger is matched only by her legendary office-political skills. It is the counternarrative of the Guardian's high-mindedness that it is a famously political and quite toxic every-man-for-himself environment where vou advance only at someone else's expense. Gibson – who ran the Guardian's American business for three years, building out a substantial staff and newsroom with massive infighting and turnover and spearheading the Snowden coverage before returning to London last summer - can seem nearly feral in her political instincts. (Once, more than a decade ago, my teenage daughter was an intern at the Guardian. Gibson, who herself is a helpless chain smoker, seemed to go out of her way to first uncover that I had no idea my daughter smoked, and then to let me know she did – to, I gathered, justify her own habit and its political correctness, and I suppose for the sport of it.

Gibson is, curiously given the *Guardian*'s north London anti-tabloid snobbery, and despite her own Oxbridge background, rather a Fleet Street character – messy, crude, unread and gossipy to an invariably trouble–making end. Next to her, Rusbridger, the meticulous renaissance man, is invariably the contrast gainer. Sitting beside a thoughtful Rusbridger on the *Charlie Rose* show in New York after the Snowden revelations, Gibson appeared stricken, tongue-tied and desperate for a smoke.

Emily Bell is the third of Rusbridger's inner sorority. Bell came to the *Guardian* from its sister paper the *Observer*, a hard crossover in the *Guardian*'s turf-centric world, and rose to lead the *Guardian*'s change in focus from print to digital. Bell, Oxbridge too, is a Waughian figure with wide skirts and trilling voice who, like Rusbridger, cultivates a donish demeanour. When it began to be clear that digital leadership would be the focus of the company, and hence a conflict developed given her leadership of the digital business

and Rusbridger's leadership of the company now focusing on digital, she left the *Guardian* for a position in the journalism school at Columbia University.

In the sense that the *Guardian* increasingly sees its future not just in digital but in digital in the US (although virtually no revenues come from its US business), Bell, at Columbia since 2009 and developing a profile as a spokesperson for journalistic methods and ethics in a digital world (and, indeed, continuing to represent the *Guardian* in the US), is a plausible, though dark-horse, replacement.

Notably, Gibson and Bell (true also for Henry) come out of media reporting, not just a niche speciality – one in the UK particularly focused on internecine Fleet Street squabbling – but one whose central subject is ultimately the position and fate of the *Guardian* itself.

The fourth acolyte is Katharine Viner, who launched the Guardian's Australian expansion (also without meaningful revenues) and took over New York when Gibson returned to London. Viner's strength is features, which is the Guardian's strength, but breaking news is its conceit. In the favourites race, Viner is generally put just behind Gibson but, being nicer and smarter, is heavily promoted by the anti-Gibson faction. But Viner's equanimity is also a negative. While she has had a long tenure at the Guardian, she is one of the few senior people there who could easily work at another national newspaper. That is to say, in the ultimate measure, she is not quite Guardian enough, which in its ideal state describes an entirely insular world.

The Guardian's patriarchal narrative has, too, a predictable wrinkle - another man, Ian Katz. Despite the women in lockstep around Rusbridger, for more than a decade Katz - articulate, social, well-connected, handsome, Oxbridge – has been Rusbridger's heir apparent, and the Guardian's junior face. Only Katz (who calls everyone "comrade") among the others accomplished the quicksilver trick of being sufficiently Guardian but also able to travel smoothly through London's power circles (for a long time he lived next door to Boris Johnson in Islington). Rusbridger's women tend to be insidethe-office figures, whereas Katz was the public person, the charming take-command man. (Katz's particular rhetorical trick is to ask you a question he knows the answer to and then correct your response. "Where is a good place to take children for lunch in New York?" "Why not try..." "Really? I hear such and such is very good.") In 2013, he went to run the BBC's Newsnight, as an effort, many assumed, to get some outside experience before returning to run the Guardian, or out of a conviction that Rusbridger was never leaving, or because he too realised that the Guardian was cooked.

Rusbridger and The Scott Trust are promising, in *Guardian* fashion, an open process

THE CONTENDERS

THE POTENTIAL CANDIDATES IN THE RUNNING FOR THE GUARDIAN TOP JOB



JANINE GIBSON
Deputy editor, Guardian
News & Media
ODDS: 10/3



Editor-in-chief, Guardian US ODDS: 5/2



EMILY BELL
Digital journalism
director, Columbia
University ODDS: 16/1



Producer, Newsnight ODDS: 9/1

Notes on a scandal: On 5 July 2011, the Guardian broke the story that the News Of The World had hacked into murdered Milly Dowler's voicemail

in which many candidates will be considered (while The Scott Trust, where Rusbridger's is the dominant voice, will make the final choice – there will also be a staff vote, though this merely secures the winner a place on the shortlist). Several other names from inside, and a few far-flung ones from outside, are in the air. But the *Guardian*'s open ethos tends to be the conceit of a very closed group.

or such a closed culture, cult-like in so many ways, the editor actually performs quite an outside job (a tip to Katz). Rusbridger's curious success, especially for a temperamentally remote figure, has been to give a reasonable face to the *Guardian*'s quite quixotic mission.

It is, for whoever succeeds Rusbridger, not just a matter of financial and management challenges, but perhaps the even more difficult handling of the brand message.

Rusbridger's intelligence, personal sense of higher calling and almost other-worldly self-absorption have played no small part in the stories that have most defined the *Guardian* and that, under another sort of steward, might have had a much more sceptical reception.

Rusbridger's public stoicism carried the hacking story through many years when it failed to yield results. Then, in the summer of 2011, the story tumbled on a key point - that Murdoch reporters had deleted murdered 13-year-old Milly Dowler's voicemail, giving her family false hope that she was alive. But this point, arguably the single one on which Murdoch's News Of The World fell, the Guardian got wrong - unapologetically. Rusbridger's higher moral authority (working here rather like Murdoch's low authority) allowed him to shrug that lapse off – a perhaps unfortunate means to a highly desirable end. (Similarly, when some of the most high-profile defendants in the case were acquitted, this, in the Guardian's view, was just more proof of the system's rottenness and the Guardian's virtue.) As for Assange, as the Wikileaks activist became more and more an equivocal and troubling figure, Rusbridger was again somehow able, in remarkably dialectical fashion, to wash his hands of him and vet maintain the *Guardian*'s purity of purpose. For Snowden, it is only Rusbridger's gravitas and long-cultivated air of incorruptibility and moral compass that has kept him and the paper from looking like Snowden's press agents.

Indeed, Rusbridger has finessed for the *Guardian* a certain willing suspension of disbelief and is able to credibly maintain conceits and moral standards to which his own behaviour hardly conforms. At a 2012 Boris Johnson interview organised by Katz and attended by Rusbridger and the *Guardian*'s famously orthodox, politically correct and unreadable columnist Polly Toynbee, Johnson spent

the interview playfully tweaking the group's pretensions. Addressing the subject of state schools, he interjected, "Oh, but you send yours to private, right?" And on London's bike programme: "Oh, but you have a car and driver." And as to the lunch that the *Guardian* had prepared at its quite lavish King's Cross headquarters: "Oh, so much better than what they serve at the *Telegraph*."

It is another burden of the *Guardian* editor's job, no matter how high he or she might be hoisted, not to break character.

nd then there is the issue of where Rusbridger is going, if anywhere. The real job description for the new editor may not so much be leading the *Guardian* as leading Rusbridger's *Guardian*.

Rusbridger will take the job of chairman of The Scott Trust, a job now held by Dame Liz Forgan, who, anyway, was Rusbridger's personal pick. The Trust job is a part-time one, which Rusbridger has now supplemented with another part-time job as the principal of Lady Margaret Hall at Oxford University – meaning that since he doesn't (at a still quite young age) have a real job, his focus will not really be off the *Guardian*. The dynamic therefore will have gone from an editor in pretty much absolute control of the *Guardian* enterprise to an editor reporting to the former editor who continues to control the enterprise.

It is, however, this new editor who is likely to take the blame if, as might be predicted, the losses increase and the expansion does not yield clear benefits, or, as seems only natural, the post-Rusbridger journalism comes under more scrutiny. (Gibson's controversial handling of the Snowden rollout, for instance, was to insist that there be no deviation in the views of Guardian writers as to Snowden's heroism and importance.) Likewise, it might seem difficult for this new editor to take a different strategy or brand position than that set by Rusbridger. Nor does it seem - with Rusbridger still in many ways set to weigh in, if not to directly call the shots - that the traditional snake pit of intrigue at the Guardian will diminish.

For ambitious Guardianistas, Rusbridger will still be the ultimate ally and father figure, who the next editor will have to adroitly manage, constantly stroke and pretty much kowtow to, or – summoning a boldness heretofore not in evidence among the obvious contenders – kill.



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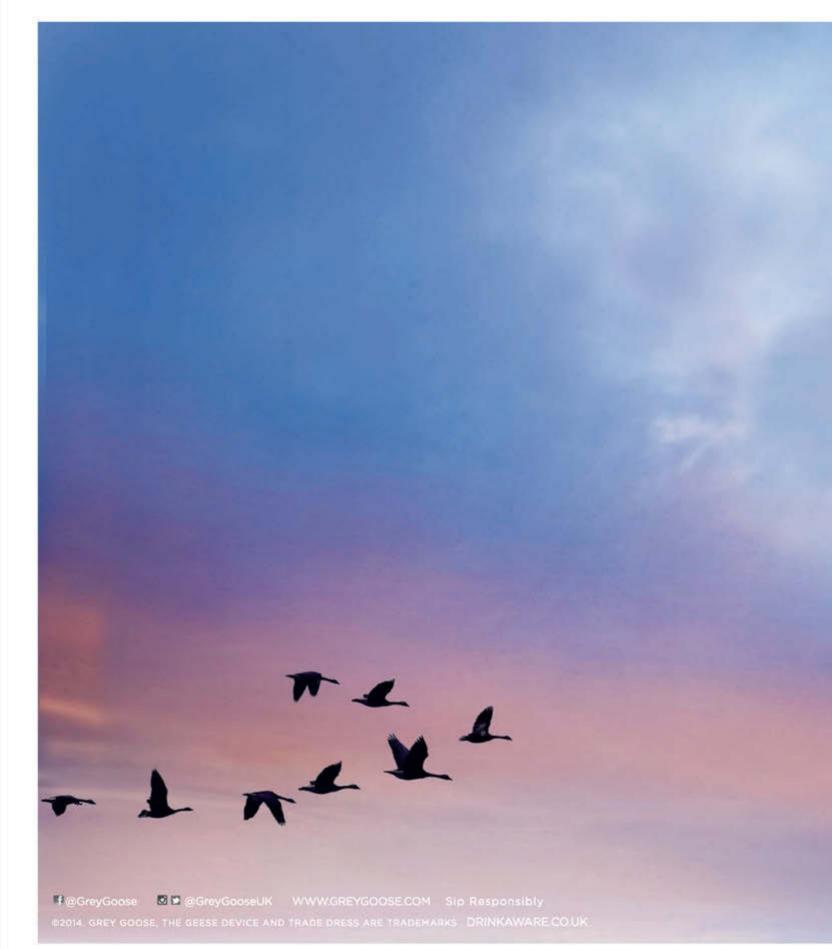
► Boom Boom Boris (Michael Wolff, February 2015)

▶ I'm With Stupid. No, I'm With Stupid (Michael Wolff, January 2015)

► The Battle For The Book (Michael Wolff, December 2014)

Rusbridger's curious success has been to give a reasonable face to the paper's quite quixotic mission









Scratch the surface: The Surface Pro 3 is Microsoft's first take on the latest trend for multipurpose machines

The 100

GQ taps into the next-gen of computing with 'flipbooks' – plus the new one-wheeled transportation devices for urban conveyance

EDITED BY CHARLIE BURTON & STUART McGURK

HOT FLIPS

We test the five best working laptops that transform into touchscreen tablets

Surface Pro 3 by Microsoft

We badly wanted to like Microsoft Surface Pro 3. For starters, at just 800g, it's the lightest on test and is the only one, at just 9.1mm thick, that feels like a tablet first and laptop second. But then, that's the problem – the keyboard/case is flimsy, and the stand, which flips out from the back, is awkward to use in practice. £639. microsoft.com

Win: Slimmest on test Fail: Poor keyboard; fiddly stand

2 Yoga Pro 3 by Lenovo

The Lenevo's key innovation is the "watchstrap" hinge, which flips 360 degrees for regular tablet use, and can remain in any position, such as forming a pyramid stand. But best is the size and weight – at just over lkg, it's a marvel. £1,300. At PC World. pcworld.co.uk

Win: Brilliant hinge; remarkably slim Fail: Relatively small hard drive (256GB)

Transformer Book Flip TP550LA by Asus

The Asus Book Flip is ludicrous. It's huge. It's about the width of a ship's hull. Fine, it's a 2.3kg-weighing chunky laptop. No crime, right? But why make this laptop a flipbook? Maybe the screen makes it a great gaming tablet? Well, no. Imagine trying to play *Angry Birds* on a tombstone. £650. At PC World. pcworld.co.uk

Win: Er, it has a huge hard drive (1TB) Fail: Large; unusable as tablet

4 Envy x360 by HP

The HP Envy is far too bulky to be an effective tablet hybrid. It's slim enough, but the sheer size – 2.4kg in weight with a 15in screen – makes it unmanageable as a tablet. Worse, the hinge is awkward, meaning the base protrudes when folded. £580. At PC World. pcworld.com

Win: Large screen; good for video Fail: Like the Asus, unusable as a tablet

Inspiron 13 7000 by Dell

Smart - if a little utilitarian in design - the Dell Inspiron 13 7000 is a neat flip laptop that does everything well, if nothing spectacularly. With three USB ports, a HDMI connection - meaning you can link it directly to your TV - and double the storage of the Lenovo (at half the price), it is easily the best-value flipbook on the market. £649. dell.com

Win: Slim; most connections Fail: At 1.66kg, still heavier than the Lenovo

The BREAKDOW	Surface Pro 3 by Microsoft	Yoga Pro 3 by Lenovo	Transformer TP550L by Asus	Envy x360 by HP	Inspiron 13 7000 by Dell
Dimensions (h x w x d)	29.2 x 20.1 x 0.9cm	30 x 22.9 x 1.3cm	38 x 26.1 x 2.7cm	38.3 x 25.8 x 2.3cm	33 x 22 x 1.9cm
Weight) 0.8kg	1.18kg	2.6kg	2.4kg	1.66kg
Туре	Break	Flip	Flip	Flip	Flip
Hard Drive) 128GB	256GB	1TB	1TB	500GB
USB Ports	1 x USB 3.0	2 x USB 3.0, 1 x USB 2.0	2 x USB 2.0, 1 x USB 3.0	1 x USB 2.0, 2 x USB 3.0	2 x USB 3.0





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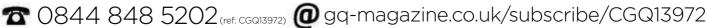
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SO WHAT'S WITH ALL THE *RIDE-ONS?*

Companies making personal transport devices are launching left, right and centre. GQ took the latest models for a spin...

WHEN a form of transport makes you think that a Segway's a viable, stylish piece of kit, you know it's doing something wrong. And these three electric one-wheelers, which are touted by their manufacturers as the future of urban conveyance, are exactly that form of transport.

The philosophy's largely the same across each of those we tested. There's a solitary wheel (yes, the AirWheel Q3 has two, but they're so close together they may as well be one), which is powered by electricity and punts you down the road at alarming speeds of up to 11mph, each offering its own unique menu of catastrophe.

First up is the **1** Solowheel Classic (£1,500. solowheel.com), a sort of stand-on hip-smashing device that has a ten-mile range and combines absolute uncontrollability with terrifying speed. Once you've mounted it, which requires a literal leap of faith on to the pair of pegs that stick out from its flanks, you use a similar leaning technique to the SBU V3. Only there's nothing to hold on to, which makes turning profoundly counterintuitive. Our most successful attempts combined jerky leg movements, tilting wildly and grazed knees.

Named colloquially by GQ staff as the "Hadron Collider" for its ability to split your atoms, the 2 Focus SBU V3 (£995. At Eddyline. eddyline.co.uk) is a unicycle with an on-board 1,000-Watt electric motor and an eight-mile range. Once you've mastered the knotty art of balancing on it, you lean forward to accelerate and backwards to slow down. Steering's mostly impossible, though the blind fear of a shattered coccyx awakens some reptilian part of the brain that allows you to point it roughly where you want to go.

Finally, there's the AirWheel Q3 (£799. theairwheel.com). It has two wheels for stability and a 40-mile

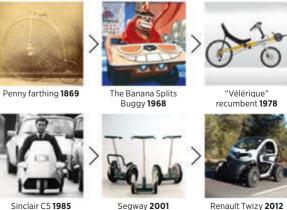


range, but mounting it still requires marine-grade bravery and involuntary noises. As per protocol, lean forward for thrust and backwards for brakes. While this is the best of a bad bunch in terms of static stability, when you get off it, it has an irritating predisposition to dart towards the most expensive car on the street.

All three are a robust demonstration that if you're to avoid forfeiting your entire social group - and experiencing quite a lot of pain - your chosen mode of urban transportation requires two wheels as an absolute minimum. With the notable exception of the Segway, which remains as ridiculous as it is uncool. Matt Jones 🚳

A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE TWONKMOBILE

Because this is not







Effortless Charm

With mesmerising motifs, sumptuous stones and treasurable trends, **Pandora**'s Valentine's collection of earrings, bracelets, necklaces and rings will fast-track you into her good books

Win her heart this Valentine's Day with **Pandora**'s best and brightest



14-carat gold and sterling silver stacking rings by **Pandora**, from £45. pandora.net



Sterling silver LOVE necklace with cubic zirconia by **Pandora**, £60. pandora.net



Sterling silver LOVE bracelet with cubic zirconia by **Pandora**, £45. pandora.net



14-carat gold and sterling silver heart studs by **Pandora**, £70. pandora.net



42338 RASO GOMMATO REVERSE COLOUR PROCESS

JACKET IN RASO GOMMATO, A RUBBERISED COTTON SATIN BONDED WITH A TRANSPARENT
WIND AND WATER COVER USING THE EXCLUSIVE REVERSE COLOUR PROCESS TECHNIQUE: THE
TRANSPARENT COVER IS BONDED TO BLACK SATIN WHICH IS ALSO PRINTED BLACK WITH
A 'LIQUID' VERTICAL MOTIF. THE FINISHED GARMENT IS FADED AND THEN OVER DYED
FOR UNPARALLELED SHADED PRINT EFFECTS, RESIST PRINT AREAS AND RESIDUAL COLOUR
DEPOSITS, UNIQUE TO EACH SINGLE ITEM. FOLD-AWAY HOOD IN THE RAISED COLLAR, WITH
STRAP FASTENING. TWO LARGE POCKETS ON CHEST WITH SNAP-FLAP FASTENING AND LONGER
VERTICAL SIDE POCKETS WITH ZIP FASTENING. HIDDEN ZIP AND SNAP FASTENING.





A0651 DAVID LIGHT-TC
THREE-BUTTON JACKET IN DAVID LIGHT-TC. BEGINNING WITH A LIGHT STAR-SHAPED
POLYESTER/POLYAMIDE SUBSTRATE, GARMENTS IN DAVID LIGHT-TC ARE SEWN AND THEN
SIMULTANEOUSLY GARMENT DYED AND TREATED WITH AN ANTI-DROP AGENT. DURING THE DYE
PROCESS, UNDER PRESSURE AT 130°C, THE FABRIC UNDERGOES HEAT INDUCED COMPRESSION, RADICALLY TRANSFORMING ITS HAND AND BODY FOR A TRULY UNIQUE TACTILE EXPERIENCE. TWO POCKETS WITH FLAP AND BUTTON FASTENING, ONE SMALL POCKET ON CHEST.
CENTRAL BACK SLIT.



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Intelligent design

The stylish philosophy of French label Zadig & Voltaire

THERE can't be many fashion labels out there that are named after a philosopher's novel, but Zadig & Voltaire, which took its moniker from a 1747 work by the French thinker who epitomised the Enlightenment, is an honourable exception. Though, to be honest, it is hard to imagine anyone thinking that Nausea & Sartre would be a good idea for a brand name.

Trust the French to make fashion a little more cerebral. And the Zadig look is typically (and very appropriately) Parisian – an update on the unmistakable style of the French philosophers, such as Sartre, who haunted Les Deux Magots café on the Left Bank in the Forties and Fifties.

The brand itself was founded in 1997 by Thierry Gillier, the grandson of André Gillier, who created the Lacoste label with tennis player René. In a nod to its philosophical roots, the first Zadig store was opened in Paris just around the corner from Les Deux Magots, in Saint-Germain-des-Prés.

Today it has conquered the UK with its intelligent rocker stylings for men who are confident and, as the French say, feel good in their skin. And, as Sartre once said, "If you are lonely when you're alone, you are in bad company." RJ 20 zadig-et-voltaire.com



Pewter has been used in household goods for centuries and is perfect for flasks due to its low toxicity and resistance to oxidisation. Cold-water surf outfitters Finisterre have expanded their accessories range with this hand-made, 4oz pewter hip flask and ethical leather case. Ideal for a warming sip after a day on the icy waves of Kamchatka. wu Finisterre, 7 Earlham Street, London WC2.





LETTER of the MONTH

I would like to invest a decent amount of money in a blazer. What would you suggest as a good versatile number for both smart and casual use?

Jack Chaveau, via email

I would always suggest a navy-blue blazer, as these are the most adaptable so give you more bang for your buck. Then the next things to decide are style and fabric. If your style hero is a raffish Leslie "Ding-Dong" Phillips, you might go for a military double-breasted number with regimentalstyle buttons - but while these can look fabulous, I do think that a single-breasted blazer is a safer option. One of the best-value things I have ever bought was a blazer from J Crew in New York's SoHo. It was a bargain, and I wore it to death. J Crew is still selling a similar piece at £425 – though this time with brass buttons (so ding-dong). Another excellent buy is the Collezione cashmere two-button blazer by Marks & Spencer. (It is worth having a look at M&S menswear as it is really on a roll.) However, often the buttons let a jacket down – for some reason, brands that should know better spend time and energy on the fabric and fit, and then put on plasticky buttons. Never fear, as these are easily changed. If you are ever in London, pop into the Button Queen, 76 Marylebone Lane, W1 – a favourite of designers. Also, it is always worth visiting a reputable tailor to make sure your blazer fits properly. Even the most expensive item won't look good if the sleeves are obscuring your knuckles

When wearing a dress shirt with a single cuff with two buttons, should both be fastened? Am I committing some horrendous faux pas by presenting my wrists to the world fully buttoned? And are the rules different for casual shirts?

Tom Jackson, via email

Cuff etiquette is a funny old thing. Some people think cufflinks are the height of smart while others think they are a bit naff. Personally, I sit on the fence, as per. Until verv recently I would always leave cuff buttons undone. I have a sneaking feeling that, subconsciously, I felt the effect of flapping cuffs was all a little romantic poet, though in reality I have a suspicion it was more Laurence Llewellyn-Bowen. Another point is that loose cuffs tend to end the day being filthy. Turnbull &

Asser creative director Dean Gomilsek-Cole believes that while once cuff etiquette required all the buttons to be done up, now it really is a matter of an individual interpretation of the rules. He developed the two-button turn-back "Bond" cuff for those who don't want the fuss of a cufflink, and there is the unique three-button trapezoid-cut cuff, now a

Follow Style Shrink on Instagram at roberttjohnston

signature T&A style, on which many men only fasten the central button. One reason you might want to leave the lower button undone is to help accommodate your watch. The late Fiat mogul Gianni Agnelli got round the problem by wearing his watch over his cuff, and he is considered a style icon although I suspect that is only because he was so spectacularly rich that everyone was too frightened to tell him any different.

I have recently qualified as a solicitor and my new employer's dress code is very relaxed, with the only rule being no jeans. I want to be taken seriously so I'm looking for the perfect first-day outfit, preferably smart "smart-casual".

Andrew, Liverpool

I always say that if in doubt go smarter, as it is a lot less embarrassing to be overdressed rather than under. So for Andrew to make an impression, I would suggest wearing a suit with a white T-shirt and chunky brown brogues or loafers. Dr No shirt by **Turnbull & Asser**, £175. turnbullandasser.
com. Dr No by Ian Fleming

This won't look like he is a big wettie in a suit and tie, but still show he knows how to look the business. I would suggest the Youngs navy two-piece suit by **Reiss**, as this looks modern and smart, with its slim peaked lapels. The effect will be suitably dynamic and groomed without trying too hard.

I have a large amount of hair concentrated at the top of my chest, and the hairs keep popping out from under my collar. I don't want to be hairless, but I am unsure about trimmers as I want to keep it looking natural. What do you suggest?

Jay Soloman, via email

There are trends with body hair as there are with hairstyles on your head. Or indeed other things - for example, if you look at pictures of people on the beach in the early Eighties you notice that almost nobody has tattoos. Contrast that to Camber Sands this summer. Chest-wise, Sean Connery's Bond used to be a male ideal, but now his hirsute appearance would cause him to be nicknamed Monkey Boy. The trend for metrosexual manscaping means smoothie Cristiano Ronaldo is much more the way forward - and, if you ask around, most men will now

Loafers by **Dr Martens**, £100. drmartens.com





admit to trimming their chest hair (Except me as I am the least hirsute man on the planet and as I have said before, this is probably because I am just that little bit further up the evolutionary scale than some I could mention.) Joshua Higdon, master barber at London's Man Made salon, says, "Waxing is great if you want to be hairless, as it lasts longer, but with beards being so on trend a lot of my clients are keeping the chest hair, albeit in a groomed fashion. For this, use clippers such as the Philips Bodygroom TT2040. This can be used in the shower and has a pivoting head for hard-to-reach areas." Higdon adds that he has a lot of clients who wax but still want to keep hair in certain areas, so this is a more subtle approach. He recommends that if Jay visits a salon, he should go with a selection of tops that he likes to wear to help the barber understand what he wants. If vou trim at home vou should do your chest on a No2 setting, but if using scissors, use a comb with small teeth against the skin as a quard.



TT2040 body groomer by Philips, £49.99. philips.co.uk

guru: styleshrink@cond

The author of our Letter Of The Month will receive a stylish black and rhodium Townsend fountain pen worth £190 from Cross. Cross is the maker of quality writing instruments and has a range of distinctive lifestyle accessories. cross.com



The chicest links

Deakin & Francis has been in business for more than 200 years – and, at last, it is launching in the UK as a cufflink brand in its own right, says **Nick Foulkes**

"SOME time ago, we took a visitor around our factory and he was amazed. He said we were one of Britain's best-kept secrets - and when you are trying to launch a brand, that is about the most annoying thing that you can hear," says Henry Deakin. Given that he and his brother James are the sixth generation of their family to run Deakin & Francis, founded in Birmingham 228 years ago, one might say that they have taken their time to get round to launching, but the chances are that if you have bought cufflinks on Bond Street in the last half century, then you are already a customer. And now, for the first time, you can buy cufflinks under the brand's own label.

Deakin & Francis is what they call the brand behind the brand. Years ago I bought a couple of pairs of gorgeous enamel cufflinks from Tiffany; one with a pair of tiny gold polo mallets crossed against a turquoise background, the other a silver anchor depicted against wavy blue vitreous enamel. And, as I still wear them today, they are the definition of the maxim that quality will be remembered long after the price has been forgotten. I decided to find out who had made them and discovered they were the work of a silversmith in Birmingham rather than a jeweller in New York.

Indeed, our American cousins have an affinity for fastening their cuffs the Deakin & Francis way; it was in New York that the firm stepped out of the shadow of its famous customers and became a brand in its own right with its skull cufflinks. In the noughties Manhattan men bought 42 pairs of the \$5,000 skull cufflinks between Thanksgiving and Christmas. What made

these cufflinks stand out was that they moved, so when the jaw was pulled open, diamonds popped into the eye sockets as if by blinged-up voodoo magic. Since then, the moving cufflink method has been applied to several different designs.

The Deakin family got into the silver business at the dawn of the Industrial Revolution, and by the apogee of the Victorian era their factory was turning out table centrepieces and candelabras that were le dernier cri in interior design. In the Sixties, however, the bottom fell out of the silver business and so David Deakin, father of James and Henry, decided to focus on men's accessories. The firm already had some experience in this area. A popular Deakin product in the Fifties was

the condom holder, disguised as key rings and decorated with the owner's family crest

presumably to make things more convenient for car-key parties.

However, these were but a sideline compared to the cufflink business in which Deakin & Francis decided to specialise. What makes the brand so remarkable is the sense of continuity: same location, same family ownership and, in some cases, the

same products. One popular enamel cufflink set has not been out of production since the Forties: it combines two different colour enamels and given that there are 102 different colours to choose from, the scope for variety is huge - and this is just one of about 5,000 cufflink designs that the firm has made. Moreover, this continuity means that should a cufflink or stud go missing, a replacement can be easily made – perhaps even by the same craftsman who made the original. deakinandfrancis.co.uk





AMONG the things that make London unique as a fashion capital is the role of national retailers in supporting young talent and the willingness to take risks and break boundaries in their own businesses.

The latest example of this marriage between talent and business is the James Long collaboration with River Island. Since his debut in 2007, Long himself has been considered one of London's most exciting menswear designers, working closely with *GQ Style*'s Luke Day to produce some of the most eagerly anticipated shows of London Collections: Men, with

fans including the likes of the head of Lanvin menswear Lucas Ossendrijver. He already has a number of collaborations under his belt, including with achingly hip Parisian fashion store Colette.

River Island started life as a shop selling wool on an East London bomb site in 1948, and through its various incarnations has grown to become one of the high street's most recognisable names. It has also had a well-earned reputation for its collaborations with London designers such as Katie Eary and Baartmans And Siegel.

The latest collaboration, with Long, is launching this month

and the collection itself bears many of the designer's classic hallmarks, including doodle prints, neoprene jogging pants and block-striped sweatshirts, as well as a nylon hooded bomber featuring his handdrawn designs. "I thought it was a good time to try to translate what we have been doing for the past few years into a high-street setting," says Long. "And it was a pleasure to work with River Island and the result is really exciting."

It seems that supporting British talent has never been easier – or looked so good. RJ @ riverisland.com

Jumper, £55. Trousers, £45.

Both by River Island Design

Forum X James Long. Blue

River Island. riverisland.com

top by **James Long**, £130. iameslonguk.com. Sandals.

£20. Socks, £3. Both by







Dsquared2 spring/summer 2015 collection

Square route

This just in: a Dsquared2 flagship finally lands in London

DESPITE having arguably the coolest corporate headquarters in Milan, complete with rooftop swimming pool and restaurant replete with the best mid-century-modern furniture money can buy, Dean and Dan Caten, the duo behind Dsquared2, have long chosen to make their home in London rather than the rather more staid Italian city.

But until now the twins have not had a stand-alone British flagship in the capital. Finally this oversight has been rectified with the opening of the Dsquared2 flagship in the heart of Mayfair (below, right). Spread out over 4,600 sq ft and three levels, the store has

been imagined as a constantly changing set to showcase the complete collection to its best advantage. Reflecting Dean and Dan's love for a night out on the tiles, the ground floor will include the Classic collection – a line-up of tailored Italian suits and dinner jackets produced for Dsquared2 by the famous Neapolitan tailoring firm Isaia.

Dsquared2's design offices are located on the second level above the store, ensuring that the Catens have more reason than ever to have the best time in London. RJ Dsquared2, 49 Conduit Street, London W1. dsquared2.com



Bag by **Dsquared2**, £395. dsquared2.com





you just by your first name, and this is definitely the case with Manolo Blahnik the king of shoes. A favourite of everyone from Carrie Bradshaw and beyond, he is, of course, famous for his women's shoes. But now, having dipped a well-shod toe in the waters before, he is again moving into the men's arena. As in all things in the world of Manolo, expect the extraordinary.



Black and white shoes, £600. Purple suede brogues, £585. Both by **Manolo Blahnik**. manoloblahnik.com

Revert to stripes

Michael Kors' new nautical range offers a Forties flavour

MAKE way for the matelot – because if there is one trend in menswear you won't be able to escape this spring it will be stripes. They are everywhere, and in more ways than just the classic Breton sailors' jersey – and if you are a trivia fan you might be interested to know that the original top had 21 stripes, allegedly one for each of Napoleon's victories. Rather, the catwalks for this season were a veritable Bridget Riley mash-up of lines and geometry in every colour and width.

Perhaps our favourite examples, however, stuck close to the naval original and were the work of the king of American luxury Michael Kors. Menswear-wise, Kors has been on a roll of late, and while he will always be known for his high-octane take on all-American sportswear, this season his collection has a more casual European feel to it as well, so the luxury is more discreet and the look is more devil-may-care than *Dynasty*.

When it comes to silhouette, he claims that he is having his "anti-Bieber" moment, and trying to encourage men to rise above the excessive low-rise and try a Forties-inspired higher-waisted trouser for size. The feel is very much vintage Bowie – so naturally we love it. RJ michaelkors.com



Jumper, £175. Jeans, £130. Sandals, £160. Belt, £95. Bag, £395. All by **Michael Kors**. At Harrods, harrods.com

Raey of sunshine

A new British menswear brand launches with a collection of perfect go-to pieces



IT'S not easy to launch a menswear label from scratch, but that is exactly what Tom and Ruth Chapman, founders of online retailer matchesfashion.com, asked Rachael Proud to do. And the result is Raey.

"We were trying to think of a positive word and went through so many names," explains Proud. "But it's hard to go anything trademarked, and because it's global and mainly anything trademarked, and because it's global and mainly anything trademarked."

Cardigan, £495. T-shirt, £95. Trousers, £350.

All by **Raey**. Trainers by **Eytys**, £90. All at

matchesfashion.com

through so many names," explains Proud. "But it's hard to get anything trademarked, and because it's global and mainly online it has to work on all those legal levels. Then one day Ruth said, 'What about Ray? I like the word, it's really positive, like sunlight.' And that was my nickname when I was a kid – though to register the name we had to put an 'e' in it."

Before joining the Chapmans, Proud had worked with

Christopher Kane and at Topshop. "I worked for 15 years in retail then went into luxury at Christopher, so I thought Tom would want me to do suits, but he didn't. He told the team if we didn't want to do that we should do what we thought was right."

She describes her first men's outing as a collection of favourite go-to pieces such as a biker jacket and a sweatshirt, but recreated in incredible fabrics. "And they will all be a great fit," she says, "so the body will be long enough that you won't reach up to get something and expose your stomach. That's why I say these are perfect pieces in perfect fabrics in a perfect fit." RJ



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36-PAGE GUIDE TO THE BEST NEW MENSWEAR AVAILABLE RIGHT NOW



EDITED BY JESSICA PUNTER 8 (TIM

Heavy metal

With Icon's rich layers of leather, vetiver and lavender. Dunhill has concocted a new classic with clout

FOR a great menswear label, creating a classic fragrance for men isn't simply a question of picking a variety of smells, popping them all together and giving them a good shake. It can take years of painstaking research – and even argument. But get it right and you will have something that can convey more about a brand in a couple of seconds than almost anything else.

And Dunhill's Icon is no exception. This is the first scent to be created under the supervision of Dunhill's creative director John Ray. "It was a case of simply giving a very little direction to the nose Carlos Benaim," he says. "I wanted it to express what the brand stands for, so I threw a few things at him I liked. I like to layer fragrances, so he created something that mirrored this, but with extra spices and complexities."

Carlos Benaim is one of the most

famous noses in the business and has worked for everyone from Prada to Ralph Lauren. "John Ray had very specific feelings about fragrances," he says, "and he gave me the idea of layering the leather, lavender and vetiver. I'd already worked on a leather note that was very soft and suede-like, so this was the perfect opportunity to use it. The only thing I was missing was freshness. This wasn't the brief, but I thought, 'Why not?' So I added this wonderful neroli that, again, I had worked on in the past and it worked beautifully."

The final person in the process is designer Mark Eisen, who came up with what must be one of the most handsome bottles in the business. Heavy enough to almost kill a man, with a machine-tooled finish inspired by Dunhill's motoring heritage, it's more sculpture than mere vessel.

Then all you have to do is add a campaign shot by one of the world's greatest photographers, Annie Leibowitz, with model Andrew Cooper who can fairly claim to be the best-looking man in Cheshire, and there you have it - a brand new icon. Robert Johnston @ Icon by Dunhill, £55 for 50ml. At Harrods, harrods, com



FASHION ◆ EXCLUSIVE EVENTS ◆ GROOMING ◆ NEWS ◆ COMPETITIONS ◆ WATCHES



Oriving force



reigned supreme throughout the spring/summer 2015 catwalk shows, and this wide collared, check-print shirt by **Prada** is no exception to the rule. £445. prada.com

Bright Old Things

This year, Selfridges has replaced its annual Bright Young Things project with a new initiative that supports a slightly older generation of creative talent. The Bright Old Things scheme runs until the end of this month and showcases fashion, furniture and art collections from newly established creatives who have decided to pursue new careers in their golden years. Featuring a punk musician turned writer, an architect turned topiarist, a chartered accountant turned artist and an optician turned eyewear designer to name just a few. We are particularly excited about former retailer and street-style king Nick Wooster's first fashion collection in collaboration with Lardini. selfridges.com



Tissot time The Quickster is

the latest timepiece to join the **Tissot** family. With a scratch-resistant sapphire crystal face, a Swiss-made quartz movement and a stainlesssteel black case with black rubber strap, this is the perfect chic yet sporty timepiece. £310. tissot.ch



French fancy Born and bred in Nice, fashion brand Façonnable is the epitome of modern French Riviera style so if they say it's cool, we say, "D'accord."

Prints charming

Seventies styling





Get shorty

Knitwear doesn't have to be winter-specific. This short-sleeved, grey, chunky knit by **Michael Kors** is the perfect summer sweater. £305. At harrods.com



£195. faconnable.com



Don't mess with the boss

With ingredients including green apple, bergamot, lavender, geranium and sandalwood the new HUGO MAN fragrance by **HUGO** is a veritable fusion of floral, herbal and musky scents. Housed in a sleek, frosted-glass bottle this scent will look just as good on your bathroom shelf as it will smell on you. £55 for 125ml. boots.com

12

Desert dreams

The desert boot is the perfect trans-seasonal shoe. March is that time of year when you want to delve into your spring wardrobe but it's not warm enough to go for loafers and no socks and not cold enough for heavy boots, so go for a desert boot - a Timberland pair perhaps - and vou're sorted. F110. timberlandonline.co.uk



Flex it
Created using a
unique combination
of Lycra, Poly and
cotton the Hyperflex
jean is Italian brand
Replay's latest
innovation in denim
design. Available in
white, black and grey
the super strechy
jeans are a wardobe
must-have for any
denim enthusiast.
£125. replay.it

13

New vintage
This season high

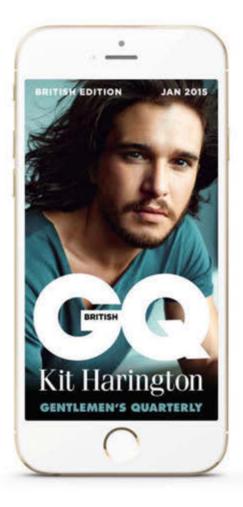
street giants Next have taken inspritation from the fashion of days gone by with this fifties style button-down polo T-shirt. Team with khaki chinos and penny loafers for an authentic retro look or with slim-fit jeans and trainers for a current take on a classic piece. £28 next com



Skinny fit

Now into his third
season, golfer turned
accessories designer
Christian MacLeod
has added a skinny
style to the ever
growing luxury belt
collection. £150.
christianmacleod.com









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Harrods' head of menswear Jason Broderick indulges in some high-end retail therapy of his own



WISHLIST

Cardholder

I only really carry cards. This Prada cardholder is all you need, and it doesn't make a big dent in your pocket. £145. prada.com

Suit, shirt and tie

These are from Brunello Cucinelli's spring/ summer collection. I chose the suit because it's lightweight – it's a cotton and linen mix, so great for the summer. Double-breasted jackets have become one of my signature pieces. The shirt is chambray, and it softens the mood – it's not super-formal and gives a relaxed element to the look. Suit, £2,510. Tie, £180. Shirt, £320. brunellocucinelli.com



Fragrance

This Jo Malone cologne is my favourite - the lavender and amber are masculine, but not overpowering. I wear this all the time. £82. jomalone.co.uk



WISHLIST

Moped

My vintage Vespa is the only way I get around - there's no such thing as a traffic jam when you're on a Vespa. Its heritage is outstanding. £13,950. At retrospectivescooters.com



WISHLIST

Travel adaptor

When you travel a lot, you need a variety of sockets. Mulberry have created a beautiful piece - it's the perfect travel accessory. £125. mulberry.com

Watch

Audemars Piguet is one of my favourite brands. This is its Royal Oak Offshore. It's a statement piece – brilliant quality, and the brand's heritage is very strong. £19,000. audemarspiquet.com



WISHLIST

Skincare

I couldn't live without Kiehl's Ultra Facial Moisturizer. I've used it for decades: being inside air-conditioned offices and cars, it covers all my needs. £24. kiehls.co.uk



WISHLIST

Bag

Prada has a great utilitarian approach, and I regularly use backpacks they're perfect for when I'm riding my moped. £680. prada.com

Shoes

I love Prada shoes. It's a monk-style shoe, and there are a multitude of tones to it - it isn't quite brown, not quite black. £660. prada.com 🐼



James Anderson

England's No.1 wicket taker of all time*

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*England's all time highest international wicket-taker, 343 test wickets correct at 23 May 2014.
Source: www.jamesanderson613.com ** UK's No1 men's supplement brand. † (IRI value data. 52 w/e 6th Sept 2014).













Business

Knowing how to create great fashion lines is no longer enough to set yourself apart in the world of menswear. **Christopher Shannon - the rising** star who won the first BFC/GQ Designer Menswear Fund, sponsored by Vertu - talks us through the fund's business mentoring that has helped him build his brand

STORY BY NICK CARVELL

Man of the cloth: (clockwise from top

left on opposite page): From concept in his London design

studio to catwalk, the

BFC/GQ Designer Menswear Fund winner Christopher

Shannon (above, right, January 2015) reveals his A/W 2015

range at January's London Collection:

Men showcase

n 8 June last year, Christopher Shannon became the first ever designer to take home the inaugural BFC/GQ Designer Menswear Fund, sponsored by Vertu – a £150,000 cash prize with more than £50,000 worth of mentoring in kind intended to support an up-and-coming British men's label

However, despite beating off competition from four of the most talented designers in the country – Lou Dalton, Patrick Grant, Richard Nicholl and Christopher Raeburn – earlier in the day, he thought he'd blown it.

While the entire process for Shannon and the other prospective designer nominees had officially started months before, securing the fund rested on presenting their business plans – honed with a mentoring session from some of Vertu's finest minds – in front of an all-star panel of *GQ* Editor Dylan Jones, British Fashion Council CEO Caroline Rush and Vertu CEO Massimiliano Pogliani; Alexander Fury, fashion editor of the *Independent*; Charlie Porter, fashion critic at the *Financial Times*; Jonathan Akeroyd, CEO of Alexander McQueen; Ben Banks, founding partner of Fourmarketing; and John Schofield, head of fashion merchandise at Harvey Nichols.

"It wasn't that I didn't have the strongest case, it was just that there were a lot of big personalities in that debating room," says Shannon when he thinks back to that final presentation. "It was very *Dragons' Den –* in fact, it's worse on the day, because the feedback is just... nothing. You do your presentation and walk out again – it's quite cold. And I came out thinking, 'Oh shit, I haven't managed that particularly well.'"

And it wasn't because he didn't think he had a solid business plan ("I thought I had worked really hard"), it was because he was eager to show he listened and learned – and was enthusiastic to learn even more.

"I realised I was using my hands too much to talk. They got higher and higher. I just wanted to make them realise that I had made the effort and that I had really enjoyed the mentoring."

But when he won, it was a different kind of mentor that came to mind. As he accepted his prize at the luxurious City Social restaurant in London's Tower 42 last June, surrounded by the judging panel and the press, he dedicated it to Louise Wilson, head of the Fashion MA course at Central Saint Martins who had died only a month before. She had not only been responsible for guiding Shannon in his formative years after he moved to London from his native Liverpool, but also designers such as Christopher Kane, the late Lee McQueen, and fellow Fund nominee Richard Nicholl. It is to Wilson that he openly credits his ongoing successes.

"She has such a profound effect on my life that she's in everything I do, even if that's



'To stand any chance of success in a global, or even domestic market, young designers must be able to manage the commercial aspect of their business in what is a very competitive environment'

MASSIMILIANO POGLIANI, CEO, VERTU



Kit awards (from top): Vertu CEO Massimiliano Pogliani; Shannon's BFC/GQ gong

decorating my flat or buying a book. She tells me to always push myself, and [says that you should] always stick to your point of view because it's the only thing you have."

What's telling is that even now, almost a year after Wilson died aged only 52, he still talks about her in the present tense – a sign that the kind of advice a mentor gives resonates for years after it's initially given. This is the sort of life-changing thinking that the BFC/GQ Designer Menswear Fund hopes to nurture.

For a designer looking to build his brand. £150,000 is a substantial amount of money, but without the correct execution it can be easily frittered away. That's why, even though the cash-in-hand sum is a lure, it's the £50,000 worth of mentoring from industry insiders that's the real prize. Shannon knows this, especially when he looks at his peers: "A lot of younger womenswear brands, mostly CSM graduates, have crashed in the past few seasons, because they haven't had that commerce training. That's one of the good reasons this fund exists: you're given the cash, but this whole [mentoring] process has made me think a lot harder about the business side of [the Christopher Shannon brand]."

With more designers expected to be the financial brains behind their labels as well as the creative font – a trend that calcified in May last year with the promotion of Christopher Bailey to the position of Burberry CEO after serving for ten years as the brand's creative director then chief creative officer – this change is happening rapidly and it's affecting everyone across the industry.

"The current generation of 'younger' designers is far savvier than their Eighties counterparts," says Dylan Jones, *GQ* Editor and chairman of London Collections: Men. "Every designer these days understands that in order to have a successful business you actually need to have a 'business'. You simply can't get by on talent alone."

It's a view echoed by his fellow BFC/GQ Menswear Design Fund panellist, Vertu CEO Massimiliano "Max" Pogliani.

"To stand any chance of success in a global, or even domestic market, young designers must be able to manage the commercial aspect of their business in what is a very competitive environment. As well as a sound foundation of basic business skills – budget planning and management, employment law – to compete on a larger scale, a designer needs to understand his brand, its potential and the route to market."

That change and pressure of expectation is happening so rapidly that many new designers on the block don't have ten years to absorb the necessary skills that Bailey learned so masterfully on the job. They need an accelerated course – and that's just what the BFC/GQ Designer Menswear Fund was designed to be.



"One of the things we've tried to help improve over the past few years is that boom and bust effect," says Caroline Rush. "[That's] where British designers were being given the platforms to show, and the media attention, [but] then couldn't follow through [because] they didn't have the know-how or support to commercialise their businesses."

This is where the expert team of winner's mentors comes in. Assembled with help from the BFC, these include not only members of the Vertu team (such as Pogliani, who has helped advise Shannon on the importance of social media), but a spectrum of people from the behind-the-scenes world of the fashion business.

The first has been Jonathan Akeroyd, CEO of Alexander McQueen, who has given him pointers on the style of his business and best practice around brand associations they have had in the past – for example, what has worked when it comes to collaborations.

"Talent such as all those involved do not necessarily need mentoring as they have already got to where they are now through a lot of intuition and skill," says Akeroyd of his input in the process so far, "but what they can find useful is to have someone to call on when they have any questions or need help. In Christopher's case he [already] has a great brand and is doing well, and all he needed was constructive advice from us as to how to set himself up for the next steps. Also it was important for him to meet a few of our department heads who could give him more technical feedback on certain areas like pricing and range planning.

"It is fairly light but constructive and Christopher knows that he can always pick up the phone and call me if he needs any help. We still keep in touch now, which is great."

Shannon adds: "[Akeroyd] also made me see that there's so much we can do with the brand, so many directions we could go in. It means so much to have people in high positions give you that sort of validation for your business."

The second is Barry Mulholland, CFO of Victoria Beckham – an interesting coincidence considering the designer closed his spring/summer 2014 London Collections: Men show with her True Steppers/Dane Bowers song "Out Of Your Mind" (a choice that led to the finale's standing ovation to become a fist-pumping, dancing one).

"I first met Chris through Caroline [Rush] in August 2014," says Mulholland. "My first impression was that he was really funny, very engaging, very bright. He has an eye for the commercial as well as the creative which is incredibly important for an up-and-coming designer."

And Mulholland should know. He started out as an accountant and only moved into the fashion industry around six years ago after advising his friend Christopher Kane on how to grow his then-foetal label. It was this that

'As designers we usually spend so much energy being creative that it's hard to think of all the logistical stuff'

CHRISTOPHER SHANNON

lead him to transfer on to the style scene fulltime with a job at Burberry before moving to work with Kane after the designer won the BFC/Vogue Fashion Fund in 2011. In fact, he was the first person Kane employed with the prize money.

"Through Burberry and my time with Christopher I gained a lot of insight into how a small business works and how you take it from a bedroom in Dalston to being bought by a major luxury group," says Mulholland.

According to Rush, Mulholland's job has been to sit with Shannon over a period of three or four days and help him to look at his business strategy and what he needs to look at in terms of his finance team. In other words, making sure those books not only balance, but will continue to do so as the brand grows. "[My role has] been in the less glamorous side of the business," says Mulholland, "making sure [Shannon] has the appropriate funding structure, being able to say whether the business is sustainable for the next 12 months, 24 months, three years and beyond."

Shannon says it has been the best help he's had in six years of business. "It was amazing being around someone who has that kind of energy to come up with cool new strategies. As designers we usually spend so much energy being creative that it's hard to find the energy to think of all that [more logistical] stuff as well at the end of a day," he says on his time with Mulholland so far. "As I'm quite a stubborn person, this process broke me down."

And while all this valuable advice is being given to Shannon in a condensed time period, having worked with women's designers through the course of the BFC/Vogue Fashion Fund, Caroline Rush knows it takes time to settle in – but once those lessons are learned they will last a lifetime.

"There's a lot of information that he's received at the moment and he's processing. It will take him a good 18 months to take all of it on board and put the structure in place for him to see a real change in the business," she says. "On the womenswear side of things we've seen that it usually takes about a year before you start to see the benefits, but by the time you get to that year point and you look back, [the designers] can see they've really come a long way."

While the mentoring is not intended to touch on the creative side of his business, changes are already taking place that will have manifested themselves in his physical collection by the time this article goes to press – especially following Akeroyd's advice on merchandising the collection.

In addition to around ten more looks than usual in his January catwalk, there was a shuffled-up selection of items on display with Shannon paying attention to what truly works for him with buyers.

"It's not just about what's in the show – it's about what's in the showroom. I've done extra pieces for certain stores that I know perhaps the show pieces won't work as well for," says Shannon. "Shirting is something that did well for me a few seasons ago and I presumed other people got bored of it. But you can't think like that – you've still got a customer who comes back every season to buy them."

owever, there have also been sacrifices along the way due to the mentoring process, the most notable being the shuttering of his Kidda offshoot – Shannon's more affordable jersey line that was sold to a younger audience in places like Topman, Urban Outfitters and Asos. While the line was making money, according to Shannon it was necessary to let it go in order to concentrate on the strength of his main line – and to give him more time to apply the newfound skills he is currently developing.

After all, the mentoring process is not an easy one – it's one that pushes you, challenges you and sometimes the things you've put a huge amount of work into, such as Kidda, are the casualties of that. It's something Shannon is all too familiar with from his time with his original mentor Louise Wilson.

"I remember she came backstage at one of my shows where I didn't do the casting — I got a casting director to do it — six or seven shows ago. She looked at the models and said, 'Those were the ugliest boys I've ever seen,'" he recalls, laughing. "She completely tore it apart. And you know, I looked back at that show a couple of months ago and she was completely right. At the time it hurt, but you absorb it. Then I upped my game and next season she came backstage and said, 'Now you're ready for Paris.'"

With the monitoring and money as the first BFC/GQ Menswear Designer Fund winner we can only imagine where he'll be ready for next. World, meet Christopher Shannon.



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OCTOPUS PUBLISHING GROUP



It should have been the American road trip: a punk poet and New York's hippest photographer coast to coast in a Cadillac. But Richard Hell's tour was a car crash waiting to happen...

STORY BY PAUL GORMAN

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Behind the brown columnar façade of the New York University Archives on Washington Square South in Greenwich Village resides the Fales Library, repository of the university's "special collections".

Here, amid 350,000 rare books, 11,000 feet of manuscript materials and 90,000 audiovisual elements of English and American literature, the visitor may access the Richard Hell Papers, 74 boxes containing letters, notebooks and ephemera relating to the creative output of the writer-musician born Richard Lester Meyers, who rose to prominence as the most talented and handsome blade of Manhattan's grimy downtown punk scene of the mid-Seventies.

One of these – box ten – is tagged "Subseries I: 1980 Road Trip". This contains an apparently random selection of material: some newspaper cuttings; a few Polaroids; and a journal titled "Triptik; diary notes, a postcard from William Randolph Hearst's San Simeon castle in California, gas station receipts, papers pertaining to a 1950s shark-finned classic car..."

These scraps are all that remains of a quixotic voyage, one which evokes the spirit of derring-do from the pre-digital age when handsome rock-star poets, gorgeous, talented photographers and visionary punk-rock label owners felt they could take on the Western entertainment complex with little more than combined chutzpah and a 1959 Cadillac Eldorado.

The excursion – a cross-country journey from Los Angeles to Manhattan undertaken by Hell and his fellow New York punk pioneer Roberta Bayley with the brief of collaborating on a book that catalogued diner and motel culture – speaks to the period of popular culture's greatest potency, when the idea was the thing, the bolder and crazier the better.

And if it didn't work out – as, in many respects, this bravura venture did not – then so what? Another idea, just as off-the-wall, would soon be heading down the pike.

The escapade was masterminded and

sponsored by the third member of the triumvirate, absent for the trip but essential to its conception and realisation: Bayley and Hell's patron and friend, the great British music maverick Jake Riviera.

It was Riviera who had bought the Eldorado on a whim in the San Fernando Valley a couple of years earlier and commissioned from the duo a book, one specifically designed to entice the LA film barons into optioning rights for an amped-up punk-rock road movie.

"I was thinking *Two-Lane Blacktop* mixed with *The Last Picture Show* and a great soundtrack, a road movie against the backdrop of lost Fifties America," said Riviera over a reunion lunch with Hell last year at the Chelsea Arts Club. "At the centre of the action would be Richard, this charismatic guy who had the potential to become a fabulous movie star, and Roberta, the glamorous photographer who dressed like Jackie O in a leopard-skin pillbox hat when she ran the door at CBGB."

By 1980 Riviera had made his bones as the quick-witted, cigar-chomping "Vinyl Mogul", the passionate presence behind Stiff Records – favourite for the title of greatest independent record label of all time – and the careers of Elvis Costello, The Damned, Nick Lowe and others. "My view was that I had made a success out of Stiff with a £400 loan, so why couldn't I be a film producer? I'd seen interviews with Louis B Mayer. He could hardly string a sentence together. How hard could it be?"

Hell was ripe for the shift into film, his qualifications as a cineaste enhanced by a spell dousing himself in movie lore while working at the famed Cinemabilia scripts and book shop on W 13th Street. Meanwhile, Hell's pole position as a cornerstone of punk had been enhanced by an arsenal of biting songs and associations with the likes of Tom Verlaine, Johnny Thunders and Robert Quine, through the original line-ups of The Neon Boys, Television and The Heartbreakers, and then fronting his own collective, The Voidoids.

Hell was further elevated above the pack by the dynamite combo of an effortless air of narcotic indulgence and highly literate sensibilities expressed in the body of work – including books and poetry collections and editorship of a literary magazine and pamphlets – published over the preceding decade.

This cultural equity was capped by Hell's standing as the artfully dishevelled embodiment of the romantic dissolute; a Lettrist

As Hell sank into drug withdrawal, Bayley was forced to take the wheel flâneur, sunglasses masking wired eyes, he stalked the Lower East Side in dime-store rat stickers, shredded tees and safety-pinned suits. Hell had also designed the white shirt emblazoned with the exhortation "Please Kill Me" and worn by Television guitarist Richard Lloyd.

"Here was a guy all deconstructed, torn down, looking like he'd just crawled out of a drain hole, covered in slime, looking like he hadn't slept or washed in years, and looking like he didn't give a f*** about you! He was this wonderful, bored, drained, scarred, dirty guy," exclaimed the late Malcolm McLaren, who factored Hell's appearance into the visual language which emerged via his charges, Sex Pistols, on the streets of London in the mid-Seventies.

McLaren had briefly courted Hell in the Pistols' formative months, but it was Riviera, antennae attuned, who played a more significant role in bringing the artist's talents to a wider audience, releasing tracks such as "Blank Generation" and "The Kid With The Replaceable Head" and placing him and The Voidoids on a UK tour with Costello, supported by John Cooper Clark.

Importantly, Riviera, whose lasting contribution to visual culture was sealed by championing the graphics genius Barney Bubbles, had seen the *fumetti* (comic book) edition of *Punk* magazine's sixth issue, *The Legend Of Nick Detroit*, which featured Hell leading a cast including sundry Talking Heads, David Johansen of New York Dolls and Debbie Harry (as the machine gun-toting "Debbie Nazi Dyke").

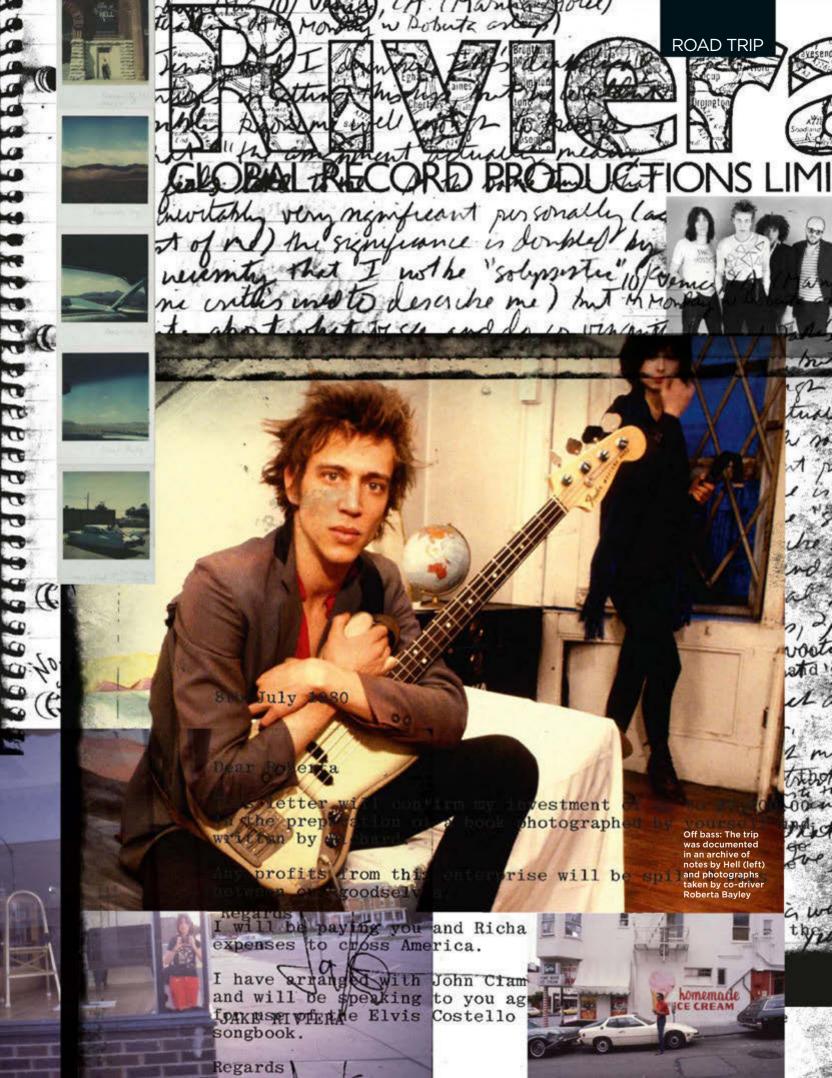
Cleverly photographed by Bayley and others in a noir style, this posited Hell as a world-weary, mercenary-cum-private detective figure. "Translate that to the screen and you'd be on to a winner," figured Riviera, who had also logged Hell's self-portrayal in *Blank Generation*, the Ulli Lommel film which took its title from Hell's best-known song.

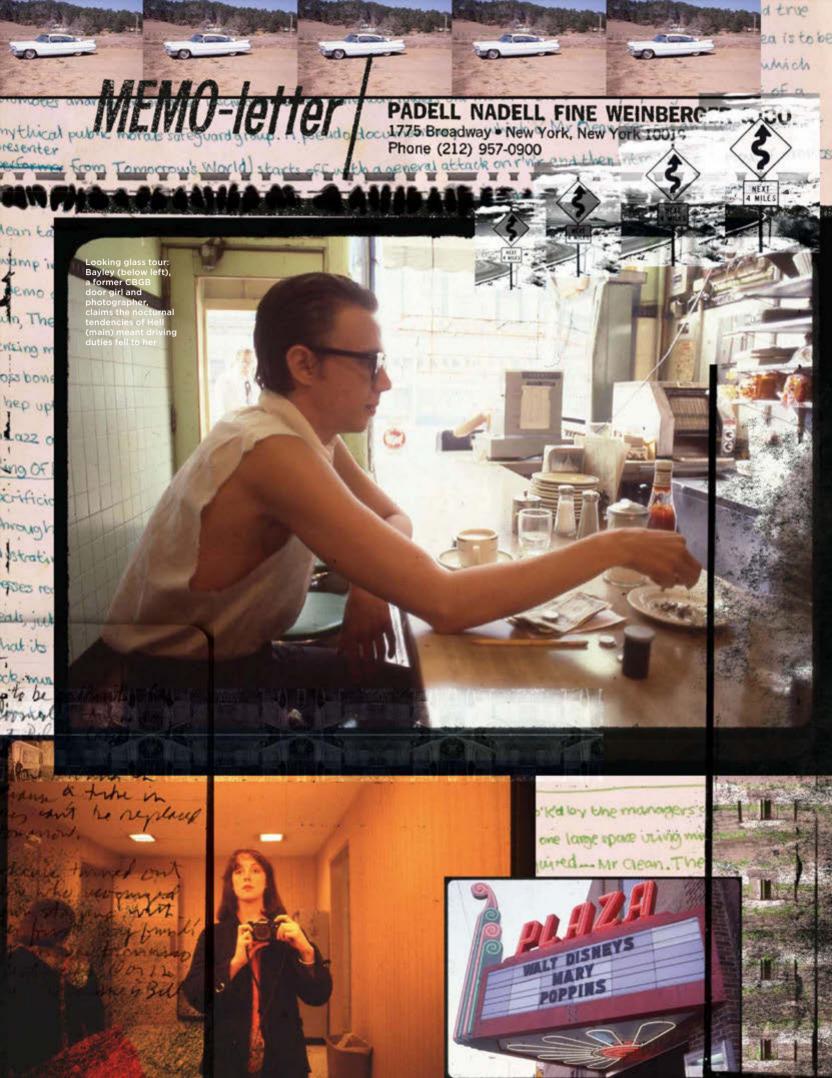
As it is, the road trip came up short. As Hell sank into drug-withdrawal torpor, Bayley was forced, she said, to handle the driving schedule at the expense of exploiting photographic opportunities. Hell countered, "She was always trying to grab the wheel, and then she'd speed, driving the car into the ground."

After less than a fortnight, the Cadillac finally came to a halt somewhere in the Midwest, its bickering occupants limping back to New York in a U-Haul truck via a stopover at Hell's family in his home town of Lexington, Kentucky.

"In the end it came to nothing," said Hell, who touched on the episode in his autobiography *I Dreamed I Was A Very Clean Tramp*. "Eventually, I wrote not a travelogue but a novel, *Go Now*, where the plot is based around a cross-country road journey modelled on what Jake had proposed in 1980. But that was just the pretext. *Go Now* is very definitely not taken from the experiences of the trip with Roberta, because nothing really happened on that."

The roots of the adventure may be tracked to one night in early spring 1976, when >





Riviera was introduced to Bayley and Hell outside CBGB after a gig at the birthplace of New York punk by The Ramones. Riviera was in town in the company of Dr Feelgood and had seen Hell with Johnny Thunders in the original line-up of The Heartbreakers at Max's Kansas City the previous evening.

The trio immediately hit it off, and repaired with Feelgood's frontman Lee Brilleaux to an Indian restaurant on E 6th Street. The meal proved to be a flashpoint in each of their lives.

Chafing at the tour grunt's toil, and in particular uncomfortable with having to deal with the unpredictability of Dr Feelgood's manic guitarist Wilko Johnson, Riviera expounded on his idea for helming a truly rocking record label. This would reach fruition within three months, backed by a £400 loan from Brilleaux, when Riviera teamed with fellow music entrepreneur Dave Robinson to launch Stiff.

For his part, Hell was preparing to exit The Heartbreakers – the gig at Max's was to be one of that line-up's last – and follow his musical vision of launching himself in his own right, backed by The Voidoids.

And Bayley was weeks away from breaking out of her twin roles as CBGB Sunday-night door girl and in-house photographer of *Punk* magazine; her epoch-defining image of The Ramones slouching against a Bowery brick wall was to appear as the cover of their debut album.

"I liked Jake from the off," says Bayley down the line from the apartment she has occupied since the mid-Seventies (just as Hell has lived in the same place for four decades) in the nowgentrified East Village. "Jake was funny, smart and opinionated, very dynamic, the opposite of any record company person I had come across."

Fast-forward four years from that downtown curry to Riviera's discussions with David Puttnam. In the intervening years, Stiff had provided the launch pad for all manner of music activities, and by 1980 Riviera was engaged in a schedule which proved frenetic even by his standards: that year he oversaw the release of a slew of singles and LPs, including Elvis Costello And The Attractions' *Get Happy!!* and Rockpile's *Seconds Of Pleasure*, which both brought with them chart hits and world tours.

Still, Riviera found the time in that 12-month period to engage in the launch of two record labels: F-Beat for contemporary artists and Demon for the reissue market. He also represented producer-in-demand Clive Langer, who was busy working with Madness, and encouraged Barney Bubbles through the career turn from graphic design into promo video direction, which peaked with the "Ghost Town" clip for The Specials.

Yet the road movie idea was an itch Riviera couldn't stop scratching, and on a visit to LA in the early summer of 1980, he became reacquainted with the Eldorado he had bought two years before and left parked at the apartment of his first wife, Antoinette Sayles.

To Riviera, the car's dangerous curves and

After less than a fortnight, the Cadillac finally ground to a halt

lipstick rear lights represented the apotheosis of Fifties US trash culture, though Sayles had long since balked at its size. "She had a point. It was like driving your front room around," he said. Could the Caddy be the MacGuffin around which the road trip narrative would revolve?

"I realised this was a gift; I could seed the movie idea by flying Richard and Roberta out and paying for them to drive it back to New York," said Riviera. "That way I'd have material to pitch to a major studio and the car would be that much closer to ship back to London."

Soon Riviera was in New York, where he put his proposition to Bayley and Hell. "My memory is that we met for lunch at The Gramercy [Park Hotel], where Jake always stayed when he was in town, and he told us that he had the car and wanted us to come up with the book," says Bayley. "To me it seemed really nuts. I was up for the adventure but I was worried about Richard because he was using and my personal relationship with him was over, though we still liked each other."

Bayley has retrieved the letter commissioning the trip for her own archive ("I have a problem. I never throw anything away," she admits). Dated 8 July 1980, this confirms Riviera's payment of \$1,000 advance and coverage of expenses to a total investment of \$7,000. This was no mean sum, comparable to more than \$20,000 today.

Per diems set up, Riviera flew Bayley and Hell to LA. Before he left New York for the European leg of a Costello tour, he ensured the venture was underwritten by AAA car insurance.

This was prudent. "My enjoyment of aspects of the trip was dented by the fact that Richard slept during the day, so I handled most of the driving, and the car broke down, if not every day, then twice a day," sighs Bayley.

The Eldorado journeyed first from Marina Del Rey up the Pacific Coast Highway to Bayley's mother's house in northern California, stopping off at the Hearst castle to buy a postcard; the queues were deemed too long for the itinerary.

Wending their way east through the arid landscapes of Nevada and Utah – in Bayley's words, "really boring states" – provided little relief. "The car did eight miles to the gallon and we didn't have a radio," she says. "I got some photos of outhouses and some shots while we waited in Kansas City for the car to be fixed and in Denver for Richard's heroin to arrive by Federal Express, but that was about it before the Cadillac gave up the ghost in Missouri."

So Bayley and Hell made their way home; the latter to publish a draft chapter of the book as a column in the *East Village Eye* a couple of years later. When Hell got clean he traversed the States three times while writing *Go Now*, which was published in 1994. The novel's central relationship is based on that conducted between Hell and French singer-songwriter Lizzy Mercier Descloux, who succumbed to cancer in 2004.

Riviera had another go at growing the road movie idea back in the UK in the early Eighties, when he came up with the title *Elephant Dollars* (music-business lingo for big bucks). Barney Bubbles drafted a one-page handwritten outline, describing the project as "a pseudo-documentary featuring rock'n'roll, but incorporating a love of trash movies, pulp sci-fi, bad true romance and the dumbest of humour. Its aesthetic is cheapness, surface flash and hipness".

But this was the last of it; *Elephant Dollars* was never formally pitched and there the project ended. "It seemed like a good idea at the time," said Riviera, shaking his head ruefully. "It didn't crash and burn on the runway, but it didn't exactly take off either!"

And the Eldorado? From Missouri, AAA towed it to Norfolk, Virginia, where it was picked up by Riviera's brother-in-law. He took it to his home in Austin, Texas. Fixed up, the Caddy was looked after by Riviera's rock'n'roll friends Jesse Sublett and Lois Richwine, who drove it around until it was sold in the mid-Eighties.

"I got \$2,250," said Riviera. "Exactly what I paid for it. Haven't heard nor seen hide or hair of it since."

Riviera bears no animus over the failure to deliver the project, nor Hell's publication of *Go Now* (Hell had consulted him when he embarked on the novel). "By that stage I was just pleased he was alive," said Riviera. "I'd been expecting him to turn blue in the bath, but he'd gathered together the pieces of his life and started afresh. Good luck to him. Richard's a talented guy."

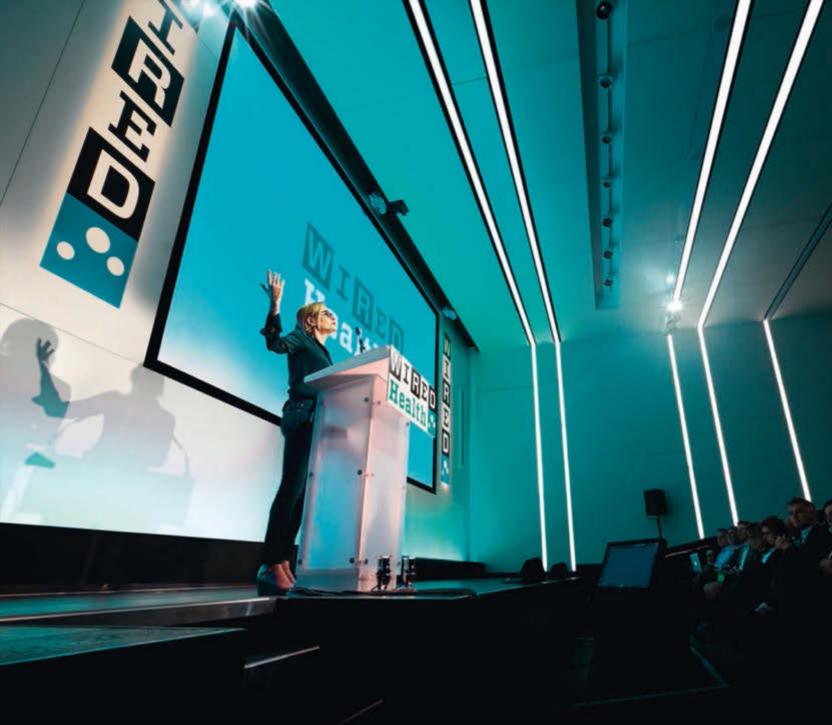
Such affection and respect was reciprocated over lunch in London last spring. "I'm forever grateful for Jake for giving us the opportunity," Hell told me as we strolled the King's Road after the reunion. "It was magical that he wanted to encourage Roberta and me to use our abilities in a new way. Just another example of his beautiful style."

Paul Gorman's book Derek Boshier: Remake/ Re-Entry will be published this autumn by Thames & Hudson. paulgormanis.com



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The dark heart of smart cities

Corporations are selling civic utopia, but the reality is far more worrying By Edwin Heathcote

interpret and influence

every facet of urban life

The city is the smartest thing mankind has ever invented. It is the zenith of civilisation. But suddenly we are being sold the idea of a "smart city". It is the new buzzword of the tech giants and corporations that have latched onto the citizens of the city as massive sources of untapped data. What's so bad about a smart city, you might naturally ask. Surely a connected urban framework can only make everything more efficient, more seamless, more convenient? Well, perhaps. Power tower: The South There are smart cities being built Korean 'smart city' Songdo (above) may from scratch at Songdo in South soon be able to log, Korea and Masdar in Abu Dhabi.

But beneath the good intentions lies something else. The idea of the smart city is not propagated by benevolent planners and architects, by NGOs or civil society, but by corporations, by the manufacturers of the hardware and the software that will become indispensable once the smart city gets going. And corporations demand profit.

This is no longer science fiction.

Cities are arguably the last great untapped resource on earth. Sure their residents are already worked to the bone, but what about all that leftover time they spend idling in cafes, or stuck in traffic jams, or commuting, or just walking around? Every coffee, every car or subway journey, every chance encounter, every shifty glance, every flirtatious look – and every f^{***} (sex raises

the temperature in a room; the thermostat can check it) - is loggable. It is a statistic. It is data. And data, as we now know, is money.

The smart city is about the collection of that data. But data is treated as if it were neutral information, only code. Data is never neutral. It is always collected by someone and for a purpose. Behind its collection lies an agenda. The late Labour MP Tony Benn used to say that if you wanted to interrogate power you

> should ask five simple questions. What power have you got? Where did you get it from? In whose interests do you exercise it? To whom are you accountable? And how can we get rid of you? Once, those questions needed to be

asked about governments, now they need to be asked of the global tech corporations who wield extraordinary lobbying power.

To understand the nature of the problem with data, American writer and academic Adam Greenfield cites the extensive surveys undertaken by the Dutch government in the Thirties. This took huge amounts of personal but seemingly harmless information about the nation's population, storing it on Hollerith cards (the punched cards that were the forerunners of digital information, Herman Hollerith being the man whose company would become IBM). The intent was to use the information to make infrastructure work better and to be better able to target

government investment and so on. Entirely benign. But when the Germans invaded Holland, that same information became lethal. leading to the deportation and death of Jews, homosexuals, communists and others deemed undesirable by the Nazis.

Cyber-cab firm Uber recently caused a furore when an executive suggested digging up dirt on journalists who had been critical of the company – a media storm that was compounded by the revelation that they had been noting individuals who had hailed a cab to take them to an address between 10pm and 4am on a Friday or Saturday night and then another from the same address back home a few hours later. They termed the customers "RoGers" (from "rides of glory"). Our sexual habits are being logged along with the temperatures of our rooms, the amount of time we spend in the shower, the websites we visit – just about everything. What was once a refuge, your home, becomes a device to gather information on your lifestyle. It spies on you. What if a crime is committed there? Could your home be turned into a witness against you? Once even the sanctuary of the home is defiled, you are left truly naked.

Dave Eggers chillingly described the situation in the only-slightly exaggerated dystopia-posing-as-utopia The Circle, a novel in which the employees of a Google-like internet giant live on campus and are hounded into spending every second of every day online. The failure to respond with a "smile" to a colleague's post is tantamount to abuse.

The thing to remember about the smart city, is that all this innovation is directed towards skimming. The companies that have learnt to use the internet most effectively, like Uber, do not produce anything, they outsource and take a cut, like a pimp or a dealer. The smart city will tie us in to a series of business relationships reliant on these digital dealers. It is fully wired and connected – but what happens when technology shifts, as it inevitably will? How do you change your infrastructure? The smart city revels in a future in which telepresence replaces meetings. But surely the point of the city is contact, serendipitous encounter. In providing everything, in switching lights on for you and bringing things to your door, the smart city makes people less aware that their actions have consequences. Online maps are magical but the skill required to navigate is being lost through the proliferation of sat-nav and our physical connection to place is disappearing.

It is not just that we are less aware, we are also left less able to enjoy the serendipity of the city, the surprising sights it can throw up if we look around.

The final irony of the smart city is that it not only binds us more intimately to rapacious corporations but that, ultimately, it is making us more stupid.



In the game of the father

Forget favouritism – coaches often endure painful moral dilemmas over their gifted children

Bv Martin Samuel

s a rule, the coaches of youth sport fall into two categories. There are the ones whose kid is the best player on the team and the one whose kid is the worst. You don't find too many Steady Eddies among the offspring of those giving their time to little league. Either junior is exceptional and dad is there to mould a team to further these high ambitions, or junior is useless and only gets in because dad picks the starting XI.

A generalisation, maybe, but anyone who has stood on a touchline or behind the boundary ropes will recognise the type. When my boys were not men they played cricket for a local club. At that age, under-12, there was no league and the aim was simply to get the kids engaged. Real ball, real equipment, real rules, but batsmen retired at 30 to give everybody a chance. No point one player hogging the game while the rest stand idle losing interest. But there was one club. "We don't retire here," said the coach, and it quickly became apparent why. His son was outstanding, his team not so. If he had to guit at 30, they would lose every game. So he batted on. And on. He may still be there for all I know. He really was very good. So that's a bestcase scenario.

The worst? Well, there's been a few. There was one lad who wasn't the most athletic figure. Despite this he batted number three, kept wicket and captained. His dad ran the team. Then he took over the district XI. too. One day, he picked six players from his own club, batted them all at the top of the order and claimed he hadn't noticed when parents complained. What a coincidence. Stone me. Never even occurred. The coach of the district football team had different motivations. He set up the trials, found the best players in the area and promptly nicked the two centre-halves for his own club, which was short in

It's not right, but it's the way the grass roots grow. Sadly, youth sport needs that sprinkling of self-interest to get it off the ground. Every club, team, league and cup competition is, at some stage, in hock to a driven parent, to raise funds, make tea or put on a session for 16 that is really for the benefit of one. Some catch the

coaching bug and stay on after junior has graduated to better things or been found out once too often. Most don't.

Professional coaches, of course, are different. They see the bigger picture. They look beyond that one kid, even if they have watched him grow, shared every glory and misstep, seen the hours, the sacrifice and the dedication. Still, they're human, too. Beneath the ruthless, unflinching exterior of the consummate international athlete, Andy Farrell is still Owen Farrell's father. As England enter the last Six Nations championship before the 2015 Rugby World Cup, will there not be one small

part of him that hopes starting fly-half George Ford does well, but not so well? That he is good enough to see England to their first Grand Slam since the days of Sir Clive Woodward in 2003, but not so good that he makes his inclusion in the starting line-up unquestionable?

The same with Billy Twelvetrees at No12. Good. Good enough. But not great. Great means that Farrell Jr may not get a starting place when the tournament begins later this year. Great means Farrell Sr will have to put on his professional mask as assistant to Stuart Lancaster while

> father knows the truth. To coach a successful England rugby team is the pinnacle of Andy Farrell's professional ambition; to coach one in which son Owen plays a key role? Well, that crosses into a very

> > personal fantasy realm.

suffering quietly. He would deny this, of course. But every

The common assumption is that the son of the coach gets into the team through his family connections. That was the accusation levelled at the Farrells

when Owen lost form during the autumn internationals. In fact,

the opposite is more likely true. Among Sir Alex Ferguson's few regrets from his time at Manchester United was the failed career of his son. Darren. Ferguson felt that, far from getting preferential treatment, he was too often inclined to make Darren the scapegoat to show fairness. If the whole midfield played badly, his son would be the one dropped for the next game. Darren played the opening 15 matches of Ferguson's first title-winning campaign at Manchester United in 1992-93, then was injured for three months and did not start a league game for the remainder of the season. In 1993, dad bought Roy Keane; in 1994 he sold his son to Wolverhampton Wanderers. Ferguson says his wife

And it will no doubt be those occasions that play on Andy Farrell's mind, too. The team meetings in which he might have said more, the times he buttoned it for fear of being compromised, or over-compensated with his criticism. It is not as if Owen is out of his league. This is a dip, a blip; it is not as if he has survived under

false pretences. A year ago, he was England's best flyhalf option by a mile. That's the flip side of nepotism. George Ford, Farrell's replacement at fly-half, plays under his father,

Mike, at Bath. Mike Ford says that he has told his coaches to intervene if they ever believe blood ties are clouding his judgement. So the word of the head coach is final on 35 of 36 players, but there is one whose future is governed by committee. It is not always as advantageous as it would first appear being the boss' son.

never forgave him.

Popular support: England assistant coach Andy Farrell's help will not always be enough to get son Owen ahead of the scrum

Martin Samuel is the chief sports writer of the Daily Mail and the 2014 NPA Sports Writer Of The Year.



No prizes for old men

In a fragmented and nervous industry, awards ceremonies should be a bold showcase for new talent

By Dorian Lynskey

nce a year, around this time, I feel a pang of envy towards film critics because they have an awards ceremony that people actually care about. Even when the Academy screws up by, say, awarding Best Picture to Crash or allowing Seth MacFarlane to sing that song about actresses' boobs, the Oscars is at least trying to honour the most talented artists of the year. What's more, the Oscars' gravitational pull has created an entire season of ceremonies leading up to it. The big night is the locus of a rolling conversation about the state of an art form.

Music fans should be so lucky. Unless you work in the industry, you could be forgiven for missing the announcement of nominees for the Grammy and Brit awards, two shows that are deeply flawed in opposing ways. The Grammys is a dinosaur. Its perverse October-September eligibility window means some nominees are a vear-and-a-half old by the time of the ceremony. Grammy voters seem terrified of the present day. Last year, the two big rock awards went to Led Zeppelin (for a live disc) and Nirvana (for a collaboration with young hotshot Paul McCartney). Fusty and slow, the Grammys rarely spots new talent unless it's shouting from the top of the charts.

The Brits wants to be the Radio 1 Roadshow in suits. We fondly remember the colourful mid-Nineties ceremonies because Britpop brought outsiders into the mainstream. Now, the outsiders don't care enough to create dramatic friction. Last year's nonevent was summed up by the Arctic Monkeys' contemptuously passive-aggressive acceptance speech, like cool kids forced to return after graduation for a school prize-giving. And where was the fun? Neither as earnest as the Grammys nor as garishly populist as the MTV Video Music Awards, the Brits manages to be both lightweight and dull.

Anyone who criticises these awards should have the humility to acknowledge that they are fiendishly difficult to get right. Music is far more divisive than film, fraught by visceral prejudices. While Daft Punk and Lorde united critics and the public in 2013, the two kinds of listeners last year were opposing tribes and populism always wins. According to review aggregator Metacritic, the most acclaimed albums of 2014 were by The War On Drugs, St Vincent, FKA Twigs, Run The Jewels and Angel Olsen, none of whom should waste their time clearing a trophy-sized space on the mantelpiece. While no Oscar voter would hold it against 12 Years A Slave for not grossing as much as Transformers: The Age Of Extinction, a ring-binder of adoring reviews is no replacement for a platinum disc.

So what's the answer? Certainly not last December's inaugural BBC Music Awards, a bizarrely misconceived pageant with just four categories that ALSO NOTED



Mark Ronson Iptown Specia

Uptown Special (RCA, above) Like Daft Punk's last album, Ronson's fourth is a virtuosic homage to a golden age of pop craftsmanship with a alittering cast (Stevie Wonder, Tame Impala, Michael Chabon). A vividly realised labour of love.

Sleater-Kinney No Cities To Love (Sub Pop) After an eight-year hiatus which spawned some impressive projects (The Corin Tucker Band, Wild Flag, the sketch show Portlandia). Olympia's alt-rock heroines reunite with their ferocity and glee undimmed

Ibeyi
Ibeyi
(XL)
The Franco-Cuban
twin daughters of
a Buena Vista
Social Club legend
team up with XL
boss/producer
Richard Russell for
an affecting debut
of unpredictable

pan-global soul.

aimed no higher than being a Brits cover version. What's needed – and what the Mercury Prize does well – is to reckon honestly with the fragmentation of pop music.

The Grammys and Brits both cling to the illusion that we live in an age of consensus giants. There are just enough titans left (Beyoncé, Taylor, Adele) to sustain a ceremony, but not a credible one – especially when too few alleged stars have star quality. Ed Sheeran and Sam Smith are evidently nice blokes but seem to have worked exceptionally hard to attain a platform from which to say nothing.

If you want charisma, you have to look beyond daytime-radio playlists. Firstly, move faster to bring exciting new artists into the conversation while they're just breaking through. Secondly, allow independent labels and critics more of a voice so the best smaller albums don't get ignored. (I'm invited to vote for the Brits each year. but the process is so weighted towards industry power brokers that I might as well tie my ballot to a brick and throw it into a lake.) Thirdly, spread the love. The monoculture illusion tempts voters to honour an elite few, making for predictable ceremonies. Did Macklemore need to win four Grammys last year, shutting out Kendrick Lamar? Does it make any sense that U2's How To Dismantle An Atomic Bomb won across two years? And who lost out as a result?

Obviously you can't pack primetime TV shows with hip outliers, but the top-heavy approach isn't producing TV gold either. Artists with an audacious sense of theatre, such as standout Grammy performers Daft Punk, are few and far between. St Vincent, FKA Twigs and Future Islands all delivered mesmerising talking-point TV performances in 2014, so why not give one of them their awards-show moment?

Risky? For sure. But aversion to risk is killing enthusiasm for pop awards ceremonies and making music look smaller and duller than it is. Being conservative only works when the mainstream is in rude health. When the music industry is diffuse and uncertain, its showcases must throw their arms as wide as they can.







Beyond the sea

Curator Omar Kholeif is redefining art from the Mediterranean

By Sophie Hastings

ow and then, the art world produces a game-changer, someone with a completely new vision and the energy and intellect to see it through. Often. it's an artist, sometimes a collector. but curators – not much celebrated outside the art firmament - can have an impact that reverberates for generations. Omar Kholeif is one of these people and, as I arrive at the London restaurant he has chosen for our lunch, I spot the tell-tale signs of his insane appetite for work: on the table sit a cup of black coffee and a glass of Diet Coke; his skin is pallid and his eyes are hooded with fatigue, yet his inner drive is palpable.

"I think this next year might kill me," he says, brightly, having explained that he is addicted to caffeine and therefore can't sleep. He will not reveal his age, beyond admitting to being under 35. "I'm just back from Cyprus, via Paris. I have six jobs on the go and I always want to test the limits of what's possible, otherwise it's boring for me, for the artists and for the public."

Kholeif is curating the Cyprus pavilion for the Venice Biennale in May, but it won't just be in Venice, he says. "Every month [this summer] there'll be another platform or satellite event in Alexandria, Beirut, Cyprus. I want to be active in the region."

By "the region", Kholeif means the new artistic map he has outlined for New York's oldest contemporary art

fair, The Armory Show, next month. As curator of the Focus section, a platform for galleries worldwide, Kholeif has sourced participants from his new art territory, MENAM: Middle East, North Africa and the Mediterranean. "I think it's romantic to anchor it around the Mediterranean sea. We're thinking about artists from Greece, Morocco, Algiers, Egypt, Syria, Lebanon. Who are the key figures, how did they shape art in the region, who will shape the future?" Many of the artists showing have studied or live in southern Europe but are ghettoised because of their birthplace, he explains. Even an artist as well established as Beirut-born Mona Hatoum, who lives in London and is represented by the Victoria Miro gallery, is "foreign" because she identifies as Palestinian. "How do we take them out of the ghetto?" asks Kholeif. "All these artists have responded to colonisation, migration, isolation. They have a shared language, but traditionally art from this region is didactic: conflict and resolution stuff. In this show, we have humour, satire, political subversion and a mix of Western and local techniques. Boundaries are blurred."

Kholeif is curator at the Whitechapel Gallery, London, and senior visiting curator at Cornerhouse, Manchester, which he is relaunching this year as Home cultural centre.

Born in Egypt, he moved to Glasgow

Rashid Johnson: Smile

Hauser & Wirth London Until 7 March hauserwirth.com

The Modern Lens: International Photography And The Tate

Tate St Ives Until 10 May tate.org.uk/stives

Britain Can Make It

Hayward Gallery 10 Feb - 26 April southbankcentre. co.uk/venues/ hayward-gallery



Magnificent Obsessions: The Artist As Collector

(above) Barbican Art Gallery 12 Feb - 25 May barbican.org.uk

Cornelia Parker

Whitworth Art Gallery, Manchester 14 Feb - 31 May whitworth. manchester.ac.uk

Salt And Silver: Early Photography 1840-1860

Tate Britain 25 Feb - 7 June tate.org.uk

Alexander McQueen: Savage Beauty

V&A 14 March - 19 July vam.ac.uk



as a baby then on to Los Angeles and Saudi Arabia. Learning art history, Kholeif was perplexed by the way his experiences were not reflected by the artists he saw. "All our books were American. Then I went to Glasgow University to read film and politics, and we never studied anything from the Middle East. It became my mission to give a platform to voices that are rarely heard or seen and I became interested in audiences that are not usually exposed to art and culture."

As The Armory's guest curator, Kholeif also chose the fair's artist commission. Lawrence Abu Hamdan. "His mother is from Yorkshire and his father is Lebanese-Jordanian. Lawrence is what this is all about. His background is in DIY music and his work is about the politics of listening. He once did a project about refugees and asylum seekers who'd come to the UK and had to do an "accent test" in which a computer determined whether they were telling the truth about their origins. Lawrence thought: 'What does this say about our divesting of accountability on to machines?""

Abu Hamdan's project for The Armory, the "Visual Microphone", has been inspired by research by Massachusetts Institute of Technology, which seeks to recover speech from objects. "Because speech hits the air, it impacts on objects too," says Kholeif, "so it must leave a mark [and may] be used for surveillance. Does it work? Who knows? But the research is real. Lawrence is creating surveillance crisp packets and he'll devise a performance."

I wonder what the US will make of all these "Arab world" artists on their turf. "It will be the first time the region has been brought together as a whole. It's no longer good enough just to look west or north – we need to look south." This changing of perceptions is now a preoccupation in the art world, says Kholeif, and the reason the next Documenta show (2017) will take place in Athens as well as its usual home in Kassel, Germany. Kholeif just got there first, and the reason is simple: "I want to live in a world where a foreign name is exciting, and difference is part of the adventure of learning about art."

The Armory Show, Piers 92 & 94, 12th Avenue at 55th Street, New York City. 5-8 March. thearmoryshow.com. Venice Biennale, 9 May - 22 November. labiennale.org



Holy robes

Fashion's legends brought to life

By Jonathan Heaf

s author Dana Thomas concedes in the introduction to her new book, Gods And Kings: The Rise And Fall Of Alexander McQueen And John Galliano (Penguin, £25), fashion loves a "moment", a term that's come to embody a flash of sycophancy aimed at one particular designer, trend or colour palette currently in favour with the front row.

Thomas – a diligent, decent fashion writer perhaps lacking the bite of, say, Cathy Horyn, formerly of the *New York Times* – has taken this premise of a fleeting instant to examine what she feels was the industry's last great creative window, beginning with John Galliano's Central Saint Martins graduation show in 1984 and ending, in two parts, with Lee McQueen's suicide in February 2010 and Galliano's dismissal from Dior one year later.

In Thomas' view, fashion's final, unprecedented creative surge, as generated by the two British designers, has – due to the democratisation and rapid commercialisation of the industry over the past two decades – been vanquished indefinitely, leading to all art and genuine creativity not only being snuffed out of the clothes (and the process of designing them), but also, tragically, out of the human talent supplying the very art, craft and romance that fuels fashion's myths and spirit.

For Thomas, her "Gods" are the ghost-like financiers and the enigmatic tycoons – Bernard Arnault and François-Henri Pinault mainly – who during the late Eighties and early Nineties bought out (through friendly acquisition or hostile takeover) ailing, decrepit fashion houses such as Dior and Givenchy, seeing in them vast untapped heritage and profit. The businessmen, of course, got it spot on, injecting the stuffy, starched companies with raw, wild, untamable, marketable talent (McQueen and Galliano) who transformed the clothes, the houses and the history of fashion as we know it.

In turn, the designers – Thomas' "Kings" – were wooed, enabled and indulged, earning inexhaustible amounts of money and being allowed to behave – whether it be with drugs or parties or private jets – however they wished, so long as the designs, the ideas, the increasingly demanding collections and the well of creativity never ran dry. Of course, in hindsight this structure could never be

sustained indefinitely and the cost, argues Thomas easily, was too great – especially for McQueen who killed himself five years ago this month.

"During their 20-year reign," she writes,

"they [Galliano and McQueen] poured their creative souls into fashion, helping companies turn into not only megaconglomerates but also names that will stand for decades to come. In return they were sacrificed in the name of capitalism. They were indeed kings, the sort history later hails as The Great. But kings come and go. And gods remain."

Thomas' perhaps all-too-tidy book is certainly a worthwhile read,

if only for some of the more phenomenal details of the vying designers' whims and tantrums. But you may find that her reporting doesn't go nearly deep enough – particularly

if you already have a decent knowledge of the leading characters. It also feels a little too simplistic to pin the blame on the tyrannical businessmen – there's no doubt that both McQueen and Galliano were vastly ambitious and driven towards success, just as much as they wanted to design beautiful clothes.

Still, much like Alicia Drake's *The Beautiful Fall* (2007), whose subjects were the excess of Yves Saint Laurent and the fashion stars of the late Sixties and Seventies, Thomas provides an understanding of a time – a fleeting moment – within the industry that will, no doubt, never be seen again. Despite Galliano's cooed-over return as a designer for Maison Martin Margiela last year, and the stunning McQueen retrospective, *Savage Beauty*, starting at London's V&A in March, the business – in the boardroom and in the ateliers – has changed for good. Now, whether gods, kings or customers, we all have the same monster to reckon with. Digital.





GQ BOOK CLUB

Hanif Kureishi's anarchic spirit makes him a punchy and provocative

essayist. Pieces collected in **Love + Hate** (*Faber & Faber, £14.99*) include both fiction and commentary, not least a powerful account of being swindled out of his life savings. As a columnist and editor at the *Village Voice* from 1966 to 2004, Richard Goldstein was present at more iconic Sixties and Seventies counterculture moments than Forrest Gump and his memoir, **Another Little Piece**

Of My Heart: My Life Of Rock And Revolution In The '60s

(Bloomsbury, £16.99), is essential reading. And while there's plenty of recent history to savour, as one of the first gay commentators, Goldstein's work as a polemicist is never done. That generation's disenchantment takes centre stage, too, in scientist Dylan Evan's extraordinary new experiment with himself, recorded in The Utopia Experiment (Picador, £14.99). After attempting to live in an eco-commune in the Scottish Highlands, Evans immersed himself in the question of why utopias turn into dystopias and

the resulting book is both frightening and compelling. Not unrelated. Nothing Is True And **Everything Is Possible: Adventures** In Modern Russia (Faber & Faber, £14.99) by Peter Pomerantsev is a gripping piece of reportage, exploring the high-octane lives of Russian exiles in London and the terrifying corruption in the country they left behind. And finally, if you need a fiction fix, Sarah Bannan's Weightless is an engrossing and sophisticated literary thriller, inspired by modern daemons from cyber-bullying to our recklessness in giving away our privacy online. Olivia Cole





Send in the frowns

Awards success is plain sailing for leading ladies prepared to do dowdy

atch **Cake** this month and you'll notice something strange about the usually pixel-perfect **Jennifer Aniston**: she looks like, if not something the cat dragged in, then someone a squirrel has had a go at.

Her character is trying to put her life back together after a car crash, and it's not a coincidence this film is out in awards season. After all, just below Ricky Gervais' much-parroted truism from *Extras* that "you are guaranteed an Oscar if you play a mental", the other is this: you're guaranteed a nomination if you play an ugly.

Result: Aniston's been nominated for a Golden Globe and a Screen Actors Guild Award. Hold that make-up, Jennifer!

Aniston comes in a long line of razor-cheeked leading ladies bravely muttering to their personal beauticians, "Not today, Juan": **Charlize Theron**

(Monster, Oscar win), Salma Hayek (Frida, Oscar nom), Hilary Swank (Boys Don't Cry, Oscar win), Halle Berry (Monster's Ball, Oscar win), Nicole Kidman (The Hours, Oscar win) or Anne Hathaway (Les Misérables, Oscar win).

The male-actor equivalent is weight, either loss or gain: **Matthew McConaughey** (*Dallas Buyers Club*, Oscar win), **Robert De Niro** (*Raging Bull*, Oscar win) or **Christian Bale** (*The Fighter*, Oscar win, and *American Hustle*, Oscar nom).

So why, then, did Aniston fall at the final hurdle and fail to get Oscar notice? Maybe she didn't go far enough. After all, Hayek sported a monobrow, Swank and Hathaway chopped all their hair off, Kidman stuck on a false nose, and Theron virtually went reptilian. The hotter you are, it seems, the further you must fall. Stuart McGurk Cake is out on 20 February.



Love Is Strange ★★★★

The odd couple

"When you live with people, you know them better than you care to," says John Lithgow's (above, right) character, Ben, in this sage, funny insight into relationships and living arrangements. When Ben and his husband, George (Alfred Molina, above, left), lose their New York home, they must find temporary digs with family and friends. Performances are top-notch in this wry look at city life that's also a moving tale of a resilient partnership. Anna Smith Out on 6 February.



Selma ★★★★

Long live the king

Director Ava DuVernay's Martin Luther King drama is a late but outstanding Oscar contender. In 1965, a post-"I have a dream" MLK continues to campaign for equal voting rights, leading a march in Selma, Alabama, to catch the attention of President Johnson and force a change. Despite shocking scenes of brutal racism, Selma has a vibrant cinematic soul. It may be history, but following last year's events in Ferguson, it's depressingly relevant. Ben Travis Out on 6 February.



Monsters: Dark Continent ★★

The monster hash

The first Monsters film was made on a shoestring and was an unexpected jolt to the Hollywood system, proving you can make a smart micro-budget monster flick with the sensibility of an indie drama. Only now, we have a sequel that jettisons almost everything that was sharp about the first. Humans still coexist with the squid-like aliens, but we don't get the focused tale of the first of a couple trying to survive, but instead America sending the troops in and a by-the-numbers Monster Movie 101. Shame. SM Out on 27 February.

For your consideration...



What's that? There's a film version of Fifty Shades Of Grey (13 February), you say? Why weren't we informed? OK, so yes, it's perhaps the most talked-about sex film since 1 Night In Paris, but with, you can only hope, slightly more plot (well, just). Despite being directed by a genuine talent like Sam Taylor-Johnson – and featuring Jamie Dornan (above) as billionaire bondage-botherer Christian Grey in what should be a star-making turn there's no denying that if they keep to the source material (in brief: sex, bad dialogue, more sex) this ain't gonna be an Oscar-winner, Elsewhere the Wachowski siblings - the duo famous for the Matrix films and not a lot else (any good) since - finally bring their much-delayed space opera Jupiter Ascending (6 February) to screens. But approach with caution, mainly due to it being mysteriously delayed for six months, but also because it possesses a plot that sounds like a mad man's fever dream. Mila Kunis is a down-on-herluck caretaker (um...) who meets a genetically engineered interplanetary warrior (Channing Tatum), and the film sees them out to foil an ancient alien dynasty (Eddie Redmayne, Tuppance Middleton and Douglas Booth), who apparently created life on earth to harvest us for a youth serum that will allow them to live forever. Sure...

Blackhat (20 February), meanwhile, does at least have a solid talent foundation on which to build. Directed by Michael Mann (Heat, The Insider, the ill-fated but excellent HBO horse-racing series Luck) and starring Chris Hemsworth (below), it pitches the latter as a convict helping the authorities capture a mysterious cyber-criminal threatening to take down the world banking system, and along the way visiting/crashing cars in/ shooting up Chicago, Los Angeles, Hong Kong and Jakarta. It's Bourne crossed with Taken, basically, and by far the most manly piece of cinema your multiplex can handle SM (





Prince and the revolution

A new book reveals how Charles may change the monarchy – and hints at the risks this entails

By Matthew d'Ancona

or decades, we have grown habituated to the idea of the royal family as stars of the world's most glamorous and obsessively followed soap opera: Downton Abbey with a crown, a Commonwealth and the power to sign laws.

In the Nineties, the institution of monarchy collided with celebrity culture at its most intrusive – with ugly consequences. But each character still plays his or her part. William and Kate exemplify familial contentment, while Prince Harry dutifully falls out of night clubs.

At the apex of the clan – or the "Firm" – stands the Queen herself, studiously apolitical, the very incarnation of her realm. On a June evening in 2012, I watched the concert to mark her Diamond Jubilee from the stands outside Buckingham Palace, and could not quite believe my eyes as Madness played "Our House"

from its roof. More striking still was the wave of unqualified affection that coursed through the audience, down The Mall and across the nation.

It is this affection – or, more precisely, one of its by-products - that has prompted Catherine Mayer to write Charles: The Heart Of A King. In an era of dwindling trust in our institutions (parliament, the press, the City), the monarchy is one of only three in which public trust is increasing (the other two being the NHS and the unions - and the unions naturally started from a low base).

In this respect, at least, the next occupant of the throne will face a more intense and burdensome task than Princess Elizabeth did when she became Queen in 1952. In the intervening 63 years, Britain has become less deferential, less homogeneous, more pluralist. And a good thing, too. But there are fewer experiences we all have in common, fewer institutions towards which we feel at least some common allegiance. The monarchy, to the surprise of many, is more important than ever.

So there are two principal reasons why Mayer's book is a must-read in 2015. First, she is one of the best journalists in the country. Second, we have grown used to coverage of rocky royal marriages, psycho-babble about this or that duke or duchess. But Mayer's express intention was to explore Charles's convictions and intellectual hinterland, the roots of his beliefs and their content. This important book is nothing short of a manual to our future King's world-view.

Why is such a book worthy of note in GQ's politics column? For the simple reason that Charles is a very different kind of monarch-in-waiting. According to the 19th-century constitutionalist Walter Bagehot, the sovereign has "the right to be consulted, the right to encourage, the right to warn". Which sounds clear enough, until

you realise that it encompasses just about any form of action, from a polite nodding of the head while the new prime minister tells you about his plans to build an eco-skatepark in every town, to a furious late night telephone call from Balmoral to Number Ten, reminding the PM that civilian-political control of the armed forces is trumped by the monarch in his capacity as "commander-in-chief".

Bagehot's mantra is only translated as "back off, Your Majesty" if

everyone signs up to that interpretation. The King might feel that a proposed air assault on a Muslim theocracy – clearly linked to a terrorist cell responsible for a recent atrocity – was unjustified, or would be a breach of international law, or a "recruiting sergeant" for radical Islam.

There is no sure sign, of course, that the next monarch would do anything so overtly threatening to the immensely delicate relationships that preserve constitutional stability. The difference is that one simply cannot envisage the Queen picking up the phone. In Charles's case, it is not such a stretch - is it?

Mayer's point (or one of them) is that in chasing the prince's lovelife or quirkiness we have taken insufficient notice of the seriousness with which he holds his views and his determination to do something about the causes dearest to his heart.

> Some may chuckle over his views on architecture. for instance. But he does not. One culture secretary made the mistake of pointing at a Canaletto and asking the Prince of Wales: "Wouldn't it

> > look better with the Gherkin in it?" The minister was rewarded not with a selfdeprecating smile, but an expression of Arctic disapproval.

> > > In 2002, the Prince wrote to Tony Blair that if country dwellers were "any other minority" they would be treated with much greater respect. In private, he is sympathetic to the rights and beliefs of conservative Muslims, including the traditional covering of women head to toe.

Yet the caricature of Charles as an eccentric reactionary isn't correct either. The Prince's Trust, founded in 1976, is now a familiar and muchadmired part of the charitable landscape, offering help to disadvantaged, vulnerable and out-of-work young people. But in the Eighties it was the focus of controversy, perceived as a royal reproach to Thatcherism and untamed capitalism.

Essential to all this is the case of the "black-spider memos" – not the name of a Sherlock Holmes story, but an application under the Freedom of Information Act 2000 by Rob Evans of the Guardian for the release of letters sent by the Prince to ministers in seven Whitehall departments. "Black spider" referred to the Prince's handwriting, but it hinted in a more sinister fashion at a web of secret influence and intervention. The request was turned down, triggering a test case unresolved at the time of writing.

Constitutional practice is never static. Who would have thought, five years ago, that the country could be governed with stability by a coalition? The next monarch will be very different to his mother, and Mayer's book is the first comprehensive attempt to explore and explain what may lie ahead. Like all such experiments, it is both unsettling and exciting; for this is a king-to-be who will not settle for symbolism. He demands a voice.

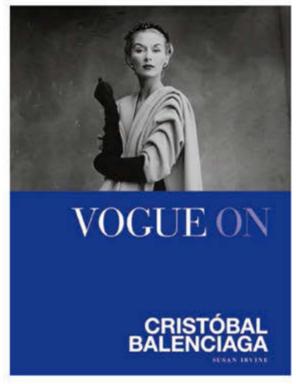
Charles: Heart Of A King by Catherine Mayer (WH Allen, £20) is out on 5 February.



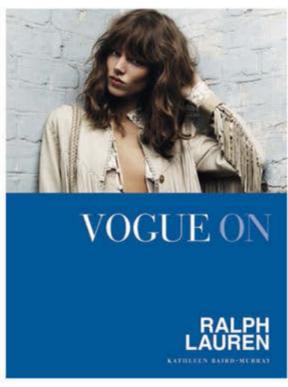


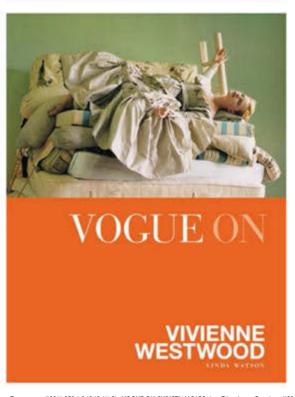
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Lead and they will follow



BEING CONNECTED in 2015 is about a lot more than being able to work a room (I say this as a tolerably experienced room-worker; I don't want to downgrade my traditional skills!). It's

about more than knowing hundreds of important people face-to-face, the stuff of those framed pictures-of-me-with-Bob Geldof/Alexa Chung/Tinie Tempah/David Cameron (take your pick) that line the shelves of a certain generation of out-there types. I'm not bad at that either, but it's just not enough now.

I thought I knew *everyone* before I got involved with Editorial Intelligence, the "knowledge networking business" with which *GQ* has collaborated on its third Most Connected list. It was mortifying but marvellous to learn about a raft of people I *didn't* know and to learn a whole new grammar of connection and influence, a new way of evaluating people for their total outreach.

These days, you can be very significantly change-your-life connected to people you've never met. We all know that. People talk forever about technological kinds of connectivity: people blogging and vlogging and tweeting away, sharing their lives on Facebook, Instagram and Pinterest. But the roots of all that go much deeper, into the globalised way in which the world is now organised, and the ways in which people work. Fragmented, portfolioed, collaborative, innovative – all those good long words. What it boils down to is making your own luck, because the state, the firm, isn't going to do it for you now. And that means you have to be proactive, working a two-way street with new and different people. Being connected is a matter of professional necessity rather than mere social kudos.

There are men here who say, quite explicitly, that it's their job to connect others – people like Oli Barrett, the social entrepreneur, meaning he does networking for start-ups, or Alex Hoye, who organises secretive networking expeditions for the tech elite. But there are others whose influence functions in apparently quite familiar ways. Dead-tree media is well represented on this list because, regardless of its readership volume, it often has more clout than the

new. Sure, we feel we know its characteristic voices better – literally where they're coming from – but here's the key thing: so much of the origin of ideas, reliable statistics and powerful arguments still come from old media before being plagiarised/cited and promoted in the other places.

That's why, say, we selected Tony Gallagher from the *Daily Mail*. MailOnline is one of the most popular news sites in the world, yet here's an inclusion from the print side. Not simply because he knows such a broad sweep of the media landscape (he's been at *Today* and the *Daily Telegraph* too – he's not a *Mail* lifer)

but also because the paper edition of the *Mail* still has more day-to-day impact on the powers-that-be than its electronic version.

So, yes. Look at the 2015 list and you'll see a few Establishment figures: people who seem to be defined by their one important job; people who are at the known centre of things; people who have to meet people, have to respond, have to be on their feet, opining every day. But there are so many more who are - here's that word again - "portfolio": a fancy way of saving they've a lot going on, several jobs, several commitments often in radically different spheres. Combining "old" and "new" and, crucially, "diverse" networks makes vou think faster and better (take Marc Sands, the digital whizz helping take Christie's into the future) and many now have huge international connections, which means you think bigger (look at Vittorio Colao of Vodafone, who is constantly making things happen across the company's vast global empire). It means that what you heard from a twentysomething-year vintage friend in the Groucho or the House of Commons Tearoom yesterday, or from a Google Alert this morning, links back to what you heard last month in Berlin or Beijing. Connections today know no borders and no delavs.

A fair few of this year's Most Connected Men have job descriptions that would have sounded totally made up a decade ago: "vlogger",

for example. Many more have roles and ways of working that would have been pretty much inconceivable back in the Nineties, such as Rohan Silva who operates a "co-working" space for disruptive companies. Or Paul Staines and Harry Cole who edit Guido Fawkes – an independent political gossip site that is loved and feared in equal measure by everybody in Westminster. It's testament to how clever people have run with their new opportunities.

I say clever deliberately, because there are men here who approach it in such different ways. Some are those ostensibly confident stereotypical room-workers, glad-handers,

list-builders, party-givers we all imagine. But some are what we'd almost call... shy. Certainly not fitting that old-school picture. But driven people aren't shy in front of a keyboard, especially when they're driven by enthusiasms they can share around the world, or driven by ambitions to go altogether larger with their businesses, charities, whatever.

There are men here who've never clustered in Chiltern Firehouse but connect with people, influence them, collaborate with them and help them constantly.

Yes, help them. The emerging generation, the make-your-own-luck, promote-your-personal-brand generation, know that helping, mentoring and sharing doesn't just sound conference-platform good. It actually works for them. Call it market research. outreach or curiosity, hardened entrepreneurs of all kinds have found helping others allows them to understand, to get inside new milieu and markets and to store up useful goodwill for the next decade. It stops them becoming "silo-ed" (that favourite business writer word of the Nineties for people trapped in corners of big rigid organisations).

I'm saying you've got to do it, you've got to get out there. You've got to tell your story and listen to others'. You've got to develop your emotional intelligence. But it's more than that. Learning about the world through networking is absolutely the most fun you can have with your clothes on. Peter York is a cultural historian, broadcaster and British GQ Contributing Editor.

A USER'S GUIDE TO THE 100 MOST CONNECTED MEN

Leader

APPARENT FROM THEIR FRONT-AND-CENTRE POSITION IN ORGANISATIONS. THEY HAVE PROFILE AS WELL AS PURPOSE

Spider

AGENTS, LEADERS, SPOKESPEOPLE – THEY OPERATE IN MORE THAN ONE SECTOR

Campaigner & Change Agent

THEY CHAMPION
CAUSES TO HELP OTHERS
WITHOUT A VOICE

Socialite

RENOWNED FOR THEIR
HOSPITALITY AND
GENEROSITY, THEY OFTEN
HAVE THE FASTEST
TRACK TO MANY

Connector

AN ENABLER. THEY INTRODUCE OTHERS, THEY ARE "HELPERS" AND "GIVERS"

EDITED BY
Bill Prince
Charlie Burton
Julia Hobsbawm
PROFILES BY
Charlie Burton
Julia Hobsbawm

Business



VITTORIO COLAO

CEO. VODAFONE GROUP, 53

Connector, Leader

Vodafone has hooked up more than 434 million people worldwide, including 18,000 Somali refugees, and Colao stands atop that superstructure. Famed for his hands-on approach, he personally travels to every single corner of his 21 country-strong empire to manage daily operations (he also famously squeezes visits to multiple territories into a single day): that's how he's keeping his contacts warm in China, in case a change in Chinese law means Vodafone can operate there again. His emphasis on networking extends outside the company, too. It's said that the smoothness with which Vodafone sold its stake in Verizon came down to Colao cycling regularly with the company's CEO.

LORD STEPHEN CARTER

GROUP CHIEF EXECUTIVE, INFORMA. 51

Leader

Yes, his reputation did not blossom while working for former prime minister Gordon Brown, but since smartly ducking sideways into Europe, his network has bloomed. He built an arsenal of corporate alliances at the telecommunications company Alcatel-Lucent and then media ones at Informa, the global events and publishing business which he now leads and has re-domiciled in the UK (he recently hired Andy Mullins from the *Evening Standard* to run his brand new events division). Relaxed and friendly though he may be, Carter doesn't miss a trick.

BEN PAGE

CHIEF EXECUTIVE, IPSOS MORI. 50

· Connector, Spider

The most genial of pollsters, whose bespectacled face is familiar to many from election nights. He moves effortlessly across political parties although will have pushed, like everyone else, to consolidate his UKIP networks ahead of May's election. He also has a giant corporate database thanks to the European work Ipsos does, but despite his tiring day job is often seen winding down at dinner parties displaying his hidden talents as a magician.

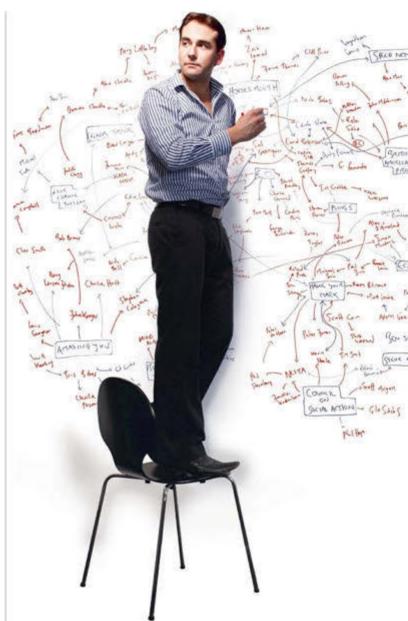


KESTER SCROPE

CEO, UK, ASIA AND MIDDLE EAST, ODGERS BERNDTSON. 46

· Connector

Widely regarded as the most powerful headhunter in the United Kingdom, Kester Scrope, the CEO of Odgers Berndtson, set up his offices in the City, rather than following industry tradition and going



OLI BARRETT

CO-FOUNDER, COSPA; CO-FOUNDER, STARTUP BRITAIN. 37

❖ Connector, Change Agent

The hardest-working man in networking, Barrett is a relentless, charismatic connector – and former Butlins Redcoat – who has earned an MBE for his business activities. He runs "missions" to San Francisco to put UK start-ups in touch with the tech scene out there; operates social-action projects for government and charities; and introduces new entrepreneurs to seasoned pros. This year, he was also a boot-camp mentor for Pitch At Palace (with the Duke of York) and chaired events at Silicon Valley Comes To The UK.

Photograph Tom Stockill

to Mayfair, so he could be closer to all the action. While he shoots people to crucial positions in the Square Mile - senior faces at the Bank Of England and the chief executive at Lloyd's all have him to thank - he isn't only networked in finance, but also found the new head of NHS England. for example, and filled 50 key positions required by the London Olympics in 2012. Having the socially accomplished Baroness Virginia Bottomley on his team is an asset, as are the stress-coping abilities that he has learned from his hobby flying daredevil aerobatics.

DAVID GIAMPAOLO

CHIEF EXECUTIVE, PI CAPITAL. 55

· Connector

To see the clout afforded Giampaolo by running this toptier investment club, which is as much a think-tank as a hive of moneymaking opportunities, look at the private talks that he organises at Claridge's. He consistently pulls heavyweight speakers out of his mental Rolodex, from Henry Kissinger to Jeb Bush, Bill Clinton to Iain Duncan Smith. The occasional woman comes too: Theresa May for instance, who could well be a future prime minister.



TUNJI AKINTOKUN

DIRECTOR, CISCO SYSTEMS. 49

Connector, Change Agent

Through Cisco's Connected Black Professionals group, Akintokun set up the Your Future, Your Ambition initiative to get young people interested in science, technology, engineering and maths through presentations by big corporations (inspired by an IBM demo he saw at school). The event brings together execs from companies including Barclays, BA, Deloitte and Thomson Reuters to meet future leaders from more than 80 schools. Akintokun is the catalyst that fires it all up.

LUKE JOHNSON

CHAIRMAN, RISK CAPITAL PARTNERS. 53

❖ Spider

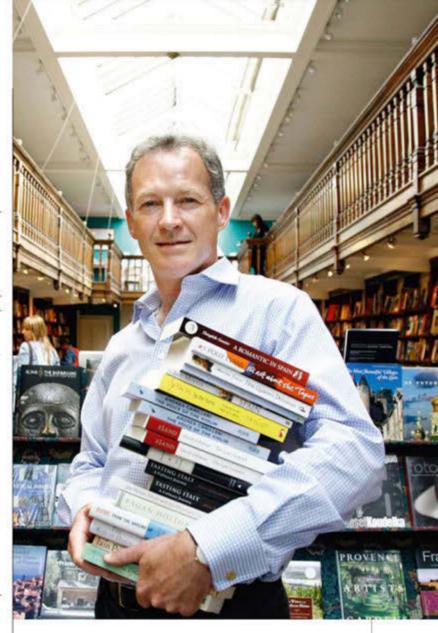
We call him a "spider", but Johnson prefers the term "projector", a 17th-century word for someone with many projects. He is known especially for his food interests - he once owned PizzaExpress, Strada, The Ivv and Le Caprice and has now invested in Gail's Artisan Bakery and Patisserie Valerie - but also runs a private equity house, as well as two theatre production partnerships, an art publisher, and sits on the board of Metro Bank among a host of other companies. He also finds time to write a column for the FT. chair the Institute Of Cancer Research and write books that get lauded in the Economist. We can only imagine his coffee expenditure.

BRENT HOBERMAN & JONNIE GOODWIN

FOUNDERS, FOUNDERS FORUM. 46 AND 42

Connectors, Spiders

Founders Forum might be a community for entrepreneurs, but when Hoberman and Goodwin expanded their corporate connections last year with the birth of FF Innovation Consulting (which advises companies such as Sky), their launch party was testament to their broad network: the clipper they sailed down the Thames on played host to everyone from Grayson Perry to the Queen's press secretary James Roscoe. And then there's their investment vehicle Lepe, which casts a roving eve on the new deals in media. All that, and they still manage to be popular with anyone you ask.



JAMES DAUNT

MANAGING DIRECTOR, WATERSTONES; FOUNDER, DAUNT BOOKS. 51

♣ Leader

True enough, Waterstones sells Kindle e-readers, but Daunt believes that physical books are still the future (here's to hoping). To keep people coming through his doors, he has realised that he has to offer what Amazon can't: a bricks-and-mortar networking space. So he's ratcheted up the number of reader events and talks (harnessing his connections with authors such as Alexander McCall Smith, who he discovered), and has refitted the shops with larger café areas. Highly regarded by publishers, Daunt is credited with reversing the chain's misfortunes. Much of that is down to his strong relationship with its new owner, the Russian billionaire Alexander Mamut.

Culture, art and food



STEVE MCQUEEN

DIRECTOR. 45

Spider

Rarely does a director straddle the disparate worlds of highconceptual art and mainstream film-making and make it work. Now, having scored the first Best Picture Oscar ever won by a black director, the former Turner Prize winner is bromanced-up with Michael Fassbender (who he says he "loves deeply") and thinks nothing of shooting the breeze with Kanve West or partying with the prime minister of Grenada. But for his HBO series this year, Codes Of Conduct, he has installed a cast of relative unknowns you can take the man out of the arthouse...

STEPHEN BARBER

FOUNDER, PRIX PICTET. 60

. Leader, Spider

Barber (twin of FT editor Lionel) heads up communications for one of the wealthiest Swiss private banks, Pictet. That, counterintuitively, has made him a lynchpin of the art world, because he also runs its Prix Pictet scheme, the highest-paying photography award in

the world (worth £65,000). It now has global reach, and has put him in circles where his fondness for carrying around a huge leatherbound sketchbook, or palling about with liberal arts academics such as Professor Simon May ("the professor of love") at King's College London, reveals him to be a new kind of capitalist: the corporate artisan.

HARVEY GOLDSMITH

concert organiser; founder, harvey goldsmith entertainments. 68

♣ Leader

Goldsmith continues to reign over live music. You name them, he's staged them: Bob Dylan, Oasis, The Rolling Stones. Despite almost 50 years in the business, he shows no signs of letting up. Last summer, despite massive opposition and three years of delays, he organised a 15,000-capacity festival on Blackheath Common that attracted Massive Attack, and Grace Jones. His next major project? Bringing *The Hunger Games* to the stage in 2016.

CHRIS CORBIN & JEREMY KING

RESTAURATEURS, REX RESTAURANT ASSOCIATES. 62 AND 60

♣ Leaders

There is no stopping the golden boys of the London restaurant scene. Last year they pulled off two triumphs with Fischer's, their Viennese-themed spot in Marylebone, and then the Beaumont, which brought them into hotel land. A hotel that contains the hottest

post-Chiltern restaurant in the capital: the Colony Grill Room, which is packed with power lunchers eager to see and be seen.

KEVIN SPACEY

ACTOR. 55

Spider

Spacey's clout is quiet but substantial. Professionally, the secretive actor has become a cultural nerve centre, with a hand in theatre (as the artistic director of the Old Vic), TV (House Of Cards), film (next up: erm, Boss Baby) and even games (he starred in the latest Call Of Duty). His personal life is just as diverse, with many allegiances outside Hollywood's immediate sphere ranging from Bill Clinton to Andy Murray.



PETER FLORENCE

FOUNDER, HAY FESTIVAL OF LITERATURE AND THE ARTS. 50

· Connector

The crowning event of the British literary-politico year, Hay is, as Bill Clinton once described it, "the Woodstock of the mind". Whether it's Steve Coogan or Alex Monroe, David

Starkey or Hilary Mantel, Florence gets them all to Wales year in, year out – and then around the world at Hay Festival Cartagena, etc. Don't forget, though, that he is also one of the literati himself. Last year, he collaborated on a series of crime stories with Ian Rankin.

ANDRÉ BALAZS

CEO ANDRE BALAZS PROPERTIES. 58

Leader, Socialite

For most of last year, if it didn't happen at the Chiltern Firehouse, did it even happen at all? The popularity of Balazs' new restaurant with celebrities the world over made him a one-man hub. When he opens a Standard in London this year (the first outside the US), his position in the capital's power matrix will be future-proofed. And here's the incredible thing – let's not forget that the man who everyone wants a piece of is a hotelier.

CHARLIE GILKES

CO-FOUNDER, INCEPTION GROUP. 30

Socialite

With his ever-growing galaxy of artfully themed London nightclubs – his latest, Beaver Lodge, is the seventh in a group co-owned with Duncan Stirling - he provides lavish playgrounds for the Kensington/Chelsea in-crowd. Gilkes is a longstanding friend of the Middletons, and his marriage last year to Anneke von Trotha Taylor was attended by Prince Harry, Pippa and Princesses Beatrice and Eugenie. No wonder it was covered in everything from Vanity Fair to Hello!

JAMES RUNCIE

HEAD OF LITERATURE AND THE SPOKEN WORD, SOUTHBANK CENTRE. 55

Connector

Few are so closely aligned with the culture's fringes as Runcie. His experimental approach sees him put on 500 events per (S)

vear – readings, debates, talks, performances, even walks - so if you want to know what's happening at the cutting edge of theatre, or find out which young artists are bubbling under, he's the man to ask. While he is not taken in by fame or status, he is not snobby about it either: he unites luminaries such as Hilary Mantel and Stephen Fry for his London Literature Festival, and recently oversaw the memorial tribute to America's unofficial "poet laureate", Maya Angelou.

JOHN GORDON

CO-FOUNDER, HOW TO ACADEMY. 62

· Connector

John Gordon made his money in advertising and his connections through ideas. Having cut his teeth with Intelligence Squared, a forum for debate that attracted everyone from Werner Herzog to Sir Salman Rushdie and Eric Schmidt, he founded the TED-like 5x15 where he invited well-known thinkers such as Brian Eno to give 15-minute presentations. Now, he has created the How To Academy for which he leverages his Hydraheaded address book to corral the likes of Martin Amis to teach short, practical courses. He often works simply from a laptop in the Arts Club on London's Dover Street, so he can hightail it to whichever must-go intellectual event is happening that night.



DAVID ADJAYE

FOUNDER, ADJAYE ASSOCIATES. 48

Spider

Adjaye's Tanzanian heritage gives him a widely celebrated position in the Eurocentric world of starchitecture. His innovative designs have won him substantial public projects such as the Presidential Palace in Gabon and Smithsonian National Museum Of African American History And Culture alongside private-housing commissions for the likes of Ewan McGregor, Alexander McQueen and Jake Chapman. His practice spans Accra, New York and London – but our clincher? The man knows Obama.



BERNIE KATZ

FRONT-OF-HOUSE MANAGER THE GROUCHO CLUB. 46

· Connector, Socialite

The Groucho is being radically refurbished this year to celebrate its 30th birthday, but one fixture remains constant: Katz, the long-established, statement jacket-wearing "prince of Soho". Having been at the club for 21 years, looking after everyone from Jaime Winstone and Sienna Miller to Noel Gallagher and Damien Hirst, he knows all the secrets of the A-listers that call the place home - and has earned a fearsome reputation as a fixer. Ask him nicely and he'll tell you nothing about any of it.

ERIC FELLNER & TIM BEVAN

CO-CHAIRMEN, WORKING TITLE FILMS. 55 AND 57

♣ Leaders

At the top of the country's most important production powerhouse, which has put *The World's End, Rush* and *The Theory Of Everything* against its name in the past two years alone, Fellner and Bevan have thrived in a land

where film is meant to be in the doldrums. Much of that depends on sustaining their closest relationships: the Coen Brothers (they have produced *Fargo* and *The Big Lebowski*), Richard Curtis, Stephen Daldry and Rowan Atkinson.



SAM YOUNG

D.I. 3

· Socialite

For a budding DJ, it can't hurt to be the son of Richard Young, one of the world's most prolific celebrity party photographers. Since Sam's first break playing for Donna Karan, he has spun the wheels of steel at private events for Sir Elton John, Guy Ritchie and Justin Timberlake. But his career coup d'état came last September when he was selected to DJ at George Clooney and Amal Alamuddin's wedding. They say DJs don't share needles; clearly they do share business cards.

CHRIS DERCON

DIRECTOR, TATE MODERN. 56

Leader

Dercon is on this list for one connection: his boss Sir Nicholas Serota, Whisper it, but when Serota leaves as director of Tate, Dercon apparently has his blessing to take over. It's the biggest job in the industry – Tate Modern, which Dercon currently runs, is the most visited gallery in the contemporary art world and yet this would be just one aspect of his future purview (alongside Tate Britain and the other Tate projects both at home and internationally). To be shown by Tate is to be

accepted into the grand tradition of British artists, and Dercon will be the kingmaker.

EDDIE PEAKE

ARTIST. 33

Spider

The sheer variety of media in which Peake operates – photography, performance, sculpture, painting, installation - has positioned him on a Venn-like overlap with other industries. He's most famous for staging naked football matches and sculpting cartoon giraffes (all in the name of art), but such work has also taken him into the heart of the creative scenes in Los Angeles, London, Italy and Brazil, and into collaborations with heavyweights in music including Kendrick Lamar and cuttingedge fashion designers such as Agi & Sam.



RICHARD AYOADE

DIRECTOR, WRITER, ACTOR. 37

Spider

Some people are hooked into the glitterati; Ayoade's notable for his links to culture's intelligentsia: smart actors (Submarine's Craig Roberts, The IT Crowd's Chris O'Dowd), say, and arch musos (Vampire Weekend's Ezra Koenig, Yeah Yeah Yeah's Karen O). His closer friends include The Mighty Boosh - aka Julian Barratt and Noel Fielding – and Arctic Monkeys' Alex Turner. While his prominence has amplified this past year, it has done so in a way that entirely speaks to his interests: he has presented the delightfully nerdy Gadget Man on Channel 4, written a book that sounds like an artist's monograph (Ayoade

On Ayoade: A Cinematic Odyssey) and directed an adaptation of *The Double* by Fyodor Dostoyevsky.

DAVID MITCHELL

AUTHOR 46

Leader, Spider

David Mitchell may share his name with the Peep Show actor, but he lives a much quieter life. Nevertheless, his reach is profound. His bestselling novels, most recently The Bone Clocks - which was long-listed for the Man Booker and celebrated throughout the media's books pages - have given him a serious profile both in the UK and elsewhere (the New Yorker's James Wood once ran a feature sub-titled "What can't the novelist David Mitchell do?"). Indeed, his social-media following is so loyal that Mitchell saw fit to write an entire short story – The Right Sort - in tweets. Through the

British Stammering Association, of which he is a patron, Mitchell also mixes with Margaret Drabble and Ed Balls.



MAX LOUSADA

CHAIRMAN AND CEO, WARNER MUSIC UK. 41

Leader

Known for his cautious approach to signing new acts, and commitment to those that he does, Lousada has launched the careers of a select and diverse bunch in his time

as head of Atlantic Records – Plan B, James Blunt and Ed Sheeran among them. Newly installed at the helm of the whole group and all the artists it supports, from Damon Albarn and Muse to Lily Allen and Kylie Minogue, Lousada is bringing that same sense of judicious relationshipbuilding to its other labels.

SIR NICHOLAS HYTNER & NICK STARR

ARTISTIC DIRECTOR, THE NATIONAL THEATRE; LONDON THEATRE COMPANY. 58 AND 57

Leaders

After eleven years at the top of the NT, staging such hits as *The History Boys* and *One Man, Two Guvnors* (both of which turbo-charged the careers of its actors, bringing Russell Tovey to the world and eventually

affording James Corden a US career), Hytner will leave the organisation in rude health. Many put it down to his collegiate, democratic leadership style, inviting all staff to open meetings and sharing the big decisions. His media and arts network is, obviously, extensive (he's now on the BBC executive board), but it's his close affiliation with its former executive director Nick Starr that will be vital this year as the pair set up their own production company to bring innovative plays to the West End.

MALCOLM MCDOWELL

ACTOR. 71

❖ Connector

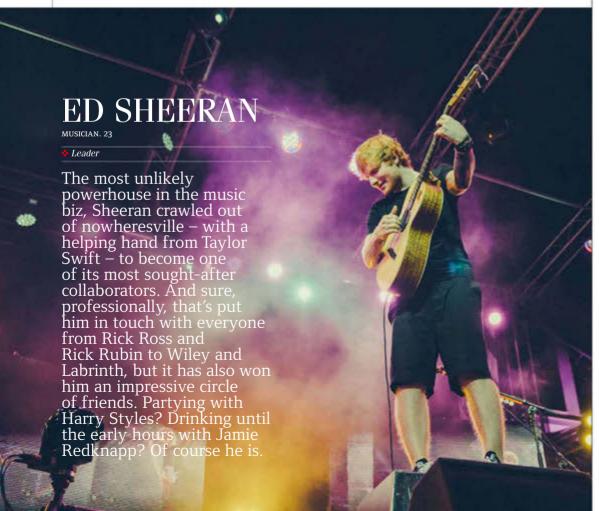
Wondering why McDowell made the mostconnected list? According to a recent study which analysed IMDb to discover who had the fewest degrees of separation from other people in Hollywood, McDowell was the highestranking British person (with 2.87606 degrees), just ahead of Sir Michael Caine (2.88245) and John Hurt (2.89242). Perhaps that might explain why the 71-year-old was in a whopping total of ten films (and three TV series) last year alone.

TOM WELDON

UK CHIEF EXECUTIVE, PENGUIN RANDOM HOUSE. 51

♦ Leader

Following the merger of Penguin and Random House, Weldon is at the top of the world's biggest publishing company, giving him control of 15,000 writers. When he was an editor, he worked with everyone from chefs (Jamie Oliver - the second most profitable British author of all time) to fiction writers (Ian McEwan) via media big dogs such as Jeremy Clarkson. He's an optimist and an innovator, credited with taking Penguin into the most successful financial years in its history. From where he's standing, publishing isn't dying; in fact, it's never had it so good. 🔊



Photographs Rex

Politics and public life



NICK CLEGG & ED MILIBAND

LEADERS, LABOUR AND LIBERAL DEMOCRATS. 48 AND 45

Leaders

These two seem to be jettisoning friends like a plane dumping cargo: Jenni Russell of the *Times* keeps criticising Miliband, even though he is godparent to her child; Colin Firth used to be a Clegg fan but no longer supports the Lib Dems. Yet there is one connection that is the best chance of success for both of them: each other. Rumour is that plans for a Lib-Lab pact have been drawn up, in which Miliband would allow Clegg to keep his job as deputy prime minister, undoubtedly much to the chagrin of Labour activists.



MARK FERGUSON

EDITOR, LABOURLIST. 29

Leader

Ferguson is friends with all the significant Labour MPs, including Ed Miliband, who use him as a conduit to get messages from the leadership to the rest of the party - and indeed to find out what the party is thinking in return. Popular for his clever but un-metropolitan manner (he loves Irish pubs and is happy to eat sausages and chips at the football while training for the Great North Run: "I've run it a couple of times; neither was quick"), he's so often on the move that he carries a spare phone battery with him at all times. He might be Labour, but even the Conservatives like the guy.

BORIS JOHNSON

MAYOR OF LONDON. 50

Leader

It might seem that Johnson's most obvious wheelhouse – outside of politics – is the media. He served many years at the Times, Telegraph and Spectator, so is not short of allies there, which will help him in a future Westminster putsch. But he also has links to big business. Michael Bloomberg, the former mayor of New York City and business magnate, is one of his circle, as is Bob Diamond. The latter, the former chief executive of Barclays (though perhaps better known for *that* photo of him making the Roc Nation diamond gesture at a Jay-Z gig), was reportedly the driving force behind the mayor's iconic cycling scheme.

DOUGLAS CARSWELL

UKIP MP FOR CLACTON. 43

❖ Connector

As UKIP's first elected MP, the maverick, green-fingered, quince-jelly-making Carswell is a vital junction box between the party and the House of Commons. "Popeye", as he's cruelly monickered, is used to having a powerful network: before moving to UKIP, he was influential in the Conservatives through his co-authored book The Plan, a treatise on reforming British democracy that helped shape David Cameron's thinking on the Big Society. His recent defection, though, has cost him that tie.



LYNTON CROSBY

CO-FOUNDER, CROSBY TEXTOR GROUP. 58

Spider

The "Wizard of Oz", as he is known for his masterful abilities at helping others win elections, was brought on board by the Conservative Party for a considerable sum of money to oversee its election strategy. That has afforded him influence throughout the operation, as it did on his previous campaigns for former Australian prime minister John Howard and in the run up to Boris Johnson's mayoral victories in London all these men are familiar with his battle-hardened, forthright (and highly effective) approach. And it's not just politics his company Crosby Textor does campaign work for big business as well as advisory work for foreign governments. The farmer's son from South Australia was described by Tory peer Lord Marland as the "best campaign manager in the world"

MICHAEL GOVE

CONSERVATIVE MP FOR SURREY HEATH. 47

♣ Leader

As chief whip of the Conservatives, the former education secretary is in the enabling position of having no department to run. Even if he did lose his first vote in the new role while talking to a Labour backbencher in the loos, it has, nevertheless, freed up his time to ingratiate himself to the media and also cultivate strong relationships around Westminster. He knows the Notting Hill set as well as he knows Rupert Murdoch (Gove was previously a leader writer and news editor at the Times). That could be useful to set things up for an Osborne leadership bid after the general election.

LORD HENNESSY

ATTLEE PROFESSOR OF CONTEMPORARY BRITISH HISTORY AT QUEEN MARY UNIVERSITY OF LONDON. 67

Spider

The main brain on MI5 and government. Hennessy has built serious relationships in a world averse to the public sphere. He has extensive knowledge of the British state and how it keeps its protocols and secrets: Cameron's director general, Chris Martin, went to see Hennessy for advice about the job. Plus he knows what records the National Archives will release before almost any other non-spook. Unassuming, genial, Hennessy enjoys cutting about the House of Lords - he is widely liked in Westminster as much as he does the groves of academe.

STEPHEN KINNOCK

LABOUR CANDIDATE FOR ABERAVON. 44

Leader

Son of Neil, Stephen has been selected for a Labour safe seat, which is almost certainly down to his dynastic influences, and he has spent the past year forging connections with the steelworkers' union Community to consolidate his chances. He will likely add Westminster to his two current power bases at the British Council and World Economic Forum (he is director for Europe and Central Asia at the latter). His international creds were well established long before, though: his wife of 19 years is Helle Thorning-Schmidt, prime minister of Denmark. At dinner parties he is surprisingly up for discussing the likeness of his marriage to the fictional version in TV Scandi-series Borgen.

JOE CERRELL

MANAGING DIRECTOR OF GLOBAL POLICY AND ADVOCACY, THE BILL & MELINDA GATES FOUNDATION. 45

Leader, Spider

An American in London, Cerrell used his previous role working for US vice-president Al Gore to spring himself to senior positions across varied organisations. He's currently on the board of directors at Comic Relief, as well as the Bono-founded ONE Campaign that fights extreme poverty and preventable disease (largely in Africa). His work for the philanthropic Gates Foundation sees him liaise with bodies in the UK, Germany, France and elsewhere.





SIMON WALKER

DIRECTOR GENERAL, INSTITUTE OF DIRECTORS. 61

❖ Connector

Previously, the South African, once the president of the Oxford Union, held some of the highest communications jobs in the land at British Airways and later as communications secretary to Her Majesty The Queen among them - then narrowly missed going into politics to preside over one of the most influential and ancient business lobby bodies in the UK. Representing his membership across government and media, as well as fostering talent in countries such as Hong Kong, Saudi Arabia and Nigeria, Walker has a black book that would be as interesting to Debrett's as it would the Financial Times.

CONRAD BIRD & DANIEL WALPOLE

DIRECTOR; HEAD OF ENGAGEMENT AND COMMS, THE GREAT BRITAIN CAMPAIGN. 54 AND 32

· Connectors

Think of the GREAT campaign as a fixer for Britain itself. Now active in 144 countries, it promotes the UK's businesses, education and tourism under a single banner throughout China, Hong Kong, India, Brazil and Russia. It is the government's most ambitious international promotional campaign in history, and hundreds of British businesses, high-profile celebrities (such as Stella McCartney and Gordon Ramsay) as well as cultural institutions are now involved. It is expected to bring £1bn to the country in 2014-15.



WILLIAM HAGUE

LEADER OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS. 53

Leader, Spider

He is well respected on both sides of the house, but his close allies take him far beyond. They give him lines into sport (through his pal Lord Coe) and the Lords (he's on good terms with House leader Baroness Stowell) as well as business (Hague was best man at the financier Guy Hands' wedding) and the US (via Hillary). Now unsaddled from the foreign office, he has also found time

to make inroads with celebrities such as Brad and Angelina, who refer to him as a friend. He even managed to get Angelina to show up for his former chief of staff Arminka Helic's installation in the Lords.

LORD HILL

EUROPEAN COMMISSIONER FOR FINANCIAL STABILITY, FINANCIAL SERVICES AND CAPITAL MARKETS UNION. 54

Leader, Spider

Low profile but extraordinarily well-connected within the Tory party. A former special advisor to former chancellor

Ken Clarke, he became a senior staffer during John Major's administration, getting to know the likes of Ed Llewellyn, Steve Hilton and David Cameron in the process (Cameron later made Hill a schools minister and appointed him to the Lords). But unlike certain career politicians, he has built robust bridges with the world beyond Whitehall. He spent four years at Bell Pottinger before setting up his own PR and lobbying company, Quiller. No wonder he was made the UK's choice for the EU Commission, where he will take up the chunky financial services post.

SIR EDWARD LISTER & WILL WALDEN

CHIEF OF STAFF; DIRECTOR OF COMMS, CITY HALL. 65 AND 43

· Connectors

The Olympics are long gone, but Walden has managed to keep Boris in the national picture. That's testament to his mediacontact book, borne of 12 years at the BBC. His work wife in City Hall, Lister, also has a powerful network from running . Wandsworth Council, putting him on excellent terms with most of the borough leaders and London MPs. Boris counts on him to ensure those relationships, as well as manage outreach to Whitehall. Together, this dynamic duo has kept BoJo's momentum up despite his only having 15 months left in office. Will they potentially see him into Downing Street?

SIR ANTHONY SELDON

OUTGOING HEADMASTER, WELLINGTON COLLEGE. 61

Spider

A true polymath, often working on several books at once (on topics as varied as the coalition and mindfulness), Seldon made the Berkshire school he leaves after a ten-year reign into an exemplar of progressive education and private-state partnerships. His reputation has afforded him a wealth of political contacts among Blairites and Cameroons alike. A consummate multitasker, a favourite meeting spot is the café above his platform at Waterloo station to which he often hotfoots it straight from Number Ten.

DAVID CAMERON

PRIME MINISTER, UK. 48

Leader, Spider

Pals with the Chipping Norton set, friends with arts luminaries such as Tim Burton and Helena Bonham Carter, Cameron has the kind of easy friendships one imagines Tony Blair envies. He also has extremely strong ties with Obama – not only because the president rates him, but because former White House advisor Jim Messina is now working for the Tories. What's more, the new focus in the party (yes, that's right, on the "long-term economic plan") has connected well with the electorate. And that's his most crucial network of all.



GEOFF MULGAN

CEO, NESTA. 53

Leader

He is the political egghead who has been consistently ahead of his time, whether as Tony Blair's director of policy or writing zeitgeisty books, like the 1997 social-network classic, Connexity. Now at the National Endowment For Science Technology And The Arts, which finances projects in these areas, his fiefdom has diversified. He is to social change and innovation what Peter Thiel is to the internet and investing.

Tech and social media

PETER READ

GENERAL PARTNER, GOOGLE VENTURES

· Connector

Branson lookalike Read was already well tuned in to tech from his 15 years as an angel investor (though he also knows education from his time as a school governor, and charities through his role as digital advisor to Oxfam).

He has a strong nexus in Germany, where he has invested in MoviePilot, Gidsy and EyeEm, and his address book is growing rapidly thanks to his position at Google's new offshoot of its investment arm. With a \$100m brief to invest across Europe, it offers an alternative to the American and Asian sources of funding towards which many entrepreneurs were forced.



ROHAN SILVA

CO-FOUNDER, SECOND HOME; CHAIRMAN, HUBBLE. 34

❖ Connector

When Silva was advising Cameron, especially on his Tech City project, he became a cliché on lists such as these because he was one of the few young, cool people that mattered in government. So when he left in 2013, we wondered what would become of him. As it turns out – a lot: his Second Home provides office space to 23 select companies. Like Blue State Digital, for instance, which ran Obama's web campaign and is now taking up the same challenge for Miliband.

ANDREW KEEN

WRITER, BROADCASTER, 54

♣ Leader

The most famous British tech voice in the US, Keen holds sway over Silicon Valley's state of mind. His 2007 book The Cult Of The Amateur launched the backlash against Web 2.0 and his The Internet Is Not The Answer takes a swipe at the whole thing altogether. Yet his online chat show Keen On – which hosts opinion formers such as David Miliband - is streamed over the house newspaper of the start-up scene, TechCrunch, and is considered required viewing from lowly coders to tech titans.

MARK READ

CEO, WPP DIGITAL. 48

❖ Connector

So influential are the attendees at his conference WPP Stream that it has been dubbed "the Bilderberg of advertising". Since 2006, he has organised over 20 gatherings, collecting more than 5,000 movers and shakers in ads and tech for an off-the-record powwow. But it's not all work. You may have spotted him taking his tour of the Shard with Thomas Heatherwick or even at Sean Parker's Davos parties.

MISHA GLENNY

OURNALIST, AUTHOR, SPEAKER. 56

Leader, Spider, Change Agent

Organised crime is rarely limited to one country. So, through his investigations (for books such as *DarkMarket* and *McMafia*),

Glenny's network of contacts has sprawled across the globe. As a result, he also has plenty of relationships in public life, from his work at Columbia University and London School of Economics to his position on the advisory board of the NGO Global Witness and writing for the London Review Of Books and New York Times. Plus, he is power-married to BBC arts presenter Kirsty Lang.



ALFIE DEYES

VLOGGER, 21

Leader

The biggest celebrity you've never heard of, Deyes runs the YouTube channels Pointless Blog, Pointless Blog TV and Alfie Games. Cumulatively, they have more than six million subscribers. His volume of committed, mostly female, fans puts a powerful network at his disposal. When he published his bestselling The Pointless Book, more than 8,000 came to the signing, most of them deeply jealous of his relationship with fellow internet celeb, the beauty vlogger Zoella.

ALEX HOYE

CEO, LATITUDE DIGITAL MARKETING. 45

· Connector

Running a digital marketing company? Quite interesting. Running a secret society for tech influencers on the side? Massively so. Hoye's side project, International Conclave of Entrepreneurs (ICE), comprises around 90 tech types who like to do winter sports together. The purpose is, of course, networking. Well, when the guest list includes Bindi Karia from Microsoft and Lea Bajc from Northzone Ventures, how could it be otherwise?

Law, science, medicine and academia



PETER TUFANO

DEAN, SAÏD BUSINESS SCHOOL, OXFORD UNIVERSITY. 57

❖ Connector, Leader

A faculty member at Harvard Business School for 22 years – shaping US policy – he now helps run Oxford's equivalent. The Saïd invites the likes of Biz Stone to lecture and has produced such notable alumni as the fashion designer Patrick Grant. Tufano runs regular reunion weekends and he's a regular fixture at the openingnight party, too.

SIR MARK WALPORT

GOVERNMENT CHIEF SCIENTIFIC ADVISOR. 62

Leader, Spider

Sir Mark blazed a trail at the Wellcome Trust, moving across academic, scientific and government circles. His current job relies on connecting strands of scientific and political thinking, and he does this with panache. If he tells you to worry about something, worry. But if he tells you it will all be OK, relax. Every influencer needs a defining look, so his success can probably be credited to some extent to his trademark moustache.

PROFESSOR ROBIN DUNBAR

PROFESSOR OF EVOLUTIONARY
PSYCHOLOGY, OXFORD UNIVERSITY. 67

Connector, Leader

Dunbar wrote the book (well, research paper) on networking. He established that the number of relationships humans can meaningfully maintain is 150 – "Dunbar's number". Major social networks, such as Path, keep him on speed dial and his work has influenced everyone from Facebook to the team-working app Asana. Ever wondered why Path limits your friends to 150? Now you know.

PROFESSOR PETER PIOT

DIRECTOR AND PROFESSOR OF GLOBAL HEALTH, LONDON SCHOOL OF HYGIENE AND TROPICAL MEDICINE. 65

Leader

When the Ebola epidemic broke out in West Africa last year, Piot was enormously sought after. Having helped discover the virus in the Seventies, he successfully called for the early release of the experimental ZMapp vaccine. He also emerged as a trustworthy judge of the threat's severity, holding the World Health Organisation to account.

JONATHAN LAIDLAW QC

IEAD OF CHAMBERS, 2 HARE COURT. 54

Spide

The "Crime Silk Of The Year 2014" isn't only highly regarded in the legal district; as the phone-hacking barrister who got Rebekah Brooks

acquitted, he's now a hero of a certain section of medialand as well. He has also acted for Hugo Boss, the Football Association and the Princes Sporting Club. If you're in a corner, better call Jonathan.

NIGEL BOARDMAN

PARTNER, SLAUGHTER & MAY. 64

Leader, Spider, Change Agent

Tough man Boardman is regularly on legal power lists (he has been named best business lawyer by Chambers & Partners more times than anyone else) - but it's his work outside of the law that brought him to our attention. Alongside gruelling shifts in the office (he reportedly has a reputation among trainees for staying late at his desk), he is involved in the arts as a trustee of the British Museum, and he also has a key role in the charity sector as a vice president of Save The Children.

CONRAD WOLFRAM

TECHNOLOGIST. 44

Leader

A maths nerd who has become one of our most serious tech brains since Tim Berners-Lee, Wolfram has profound reach through his ideas. He's most famous for his factually driven search engine, Wolfram Alpha, which calculates answers to scientific questions, but he has become a campaigner, too. Through his work with the TED community, and his trials with schools and universities in Estonia, Sweden and Africa, he hopes to reform education fundamentals.



Piohotographs Leon Csernohlavek; News Syndication

Publishing, broadcasting and media



JOHN OLIVER

PRESENTER, LAST WEEK TONIGHT. 37

Leader

The Birmingham-born comedian segued from occasional appearances on Mock The Week to running his own talk show in the US following stand-out performances on The Daily Show With Jon Stewart. His style of broadcast imitates a YouTube video - it feels like he's talking to the viewer at home. Need proof it's working? When he called out the Federal Communications Commission on net neutrality, 800,000 people trolled its site, causing it to crash.

LIONEL BARBER

EDITOR, THE FINANCIAL TIMES. 60

. Leader, Spider

When you edit the world's most trustworthy newspaper, you end up winning the obvious contacts in politics – Barber knows Osborne, Cameron, Clegg and Miliband – but his most valuable, arguably, are the friends he has made in Silicon Valley. He regularly spends time there,

either to visit his daughter who works for an SF tech company, or to attend the tech "summer camp" Sun Valley. Fellow guests at the latter include Facebook's Mark Zuckerberg, Google's Sergey Brin and Apple's Tim Cook. They inspired him to boost the FT's digital efforts. Now, more than two thirds of its readers pay to view the paper online.

DAVID DINSMORE

EDITOR, THE SUN, THE SUN ON SUNDAY. 46

♣ Leader

In a world where print media is sinking, the Sun continues to be a success story. Dinsmore's secret? Understanding the importance of connecting: rather than sitting in a lofty editor's office, the mildmannered Scot has a desk on the main floor and he also offers more media interviews than previous Sun editors who always thought it better to let the paper speak for itself. Dinsmore (or "Dins" to his friends) encourages journalists to nurture their own networks in the pursuit of news to feed the two million people who hang on his paper's words every day.

TONY GALLAGHER

DEPUTY EDITOR, THE DAILY MAIL. 51

♣ Leader

It might have seemed more *au courant* to include a *Mail* editor from the web desk – after all,

the site now connects with 189 million readers worldwide – but even in 2015 there's nothing the paper does digitally which has the same clout as the print edition's front page. Whatever they splash on, the political classes take note. Having moved last year from the *Telegraph* to the *Mail*, a paper with about three times the readership, Gallagher finds himself in a powerful role.



IAN BIRRELL

COLUMNIST, FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT. 53

Connector, Change Agent

He has all the media connections you would expect from someone who writes for 17 publications, ranging from Prospect and the Spectator to the Financial Times and Wall Street Journal, but he's set apart by his foreign ties (there are few men who can end up in a personal spat with the Rwandan president) and unexpected affiliations: firstly to David Cameron, for whom he wrote speeches in 2010, and then to musicians including Damon Albarn and Carl Barât, who work with him on the Africa Express initiative to bring UK artists to that continent.

JAMIE RUBIN

JOURNALIST, POLITICO. 54

❖ Change Agent, Socialite

When Rubin gave up his governmental and academic posts in the US to head for London, he didn't forfeit his clout. His new book, about American foreign policy, is keenly awaited by his significant network, which was established through working in Bill Clinton's White House followed by stints on John Kerry and Hillary Clinton's presidential campaigns and senior journalistic positions for Sky and Bloomberg. When he's not mingling in high politics or dragging on his trademark e-cigarette – he has been seen rubbing shoulders with Brad Pitt at film premieres accompanied by his wife, the CNN International correspondent Christiane Amanpour.



MATTHEW D'ANCONA

COLUMNIST, THE EVENING STANDARD, GUARDIAN AND GO. 47

❖ Connector

Ask a Westminster hack which columnists they actually rate and you can put money on the fact they'll namecheck GQ Contributing Editor D'Ancona. Admired for his ability to bring together and make good sense of all the disparate strands of political activity and scuttlebutt, the former Telegraph and now Guardian writer has more men on the inside than any of his competitors. It no doubt helps that, socially, he has gone to card evenings and holidays with Cameron and other senior Tories. But it's the respect earned by his intellect that has really won him such first-rate sources.

Leader

Waugh edits PoliticsHome, but he's on this list for one thing specifically: his morning briefing email, The Waugh Room Memo. Everyone who matters in politics, from David Cameron to backbenchers to civil servants, all subscribe to this look-forward-at-the-day-to-come. It's bursting with insights from contacts forged over 17 years working in Westminster for publications including the *Standard*.

PAUL STAINES AND HARRY COLE

POLITICAL BLOGGERS, GUIDO FAWKES 48 AND 28

· Connectors

Want to see just how impressive this duo's Westminster contact

book has become since the blog began in 2004? Take a look at their ten-year anniversary party guestlist. Present at the dinner were Boris Johnson, Lynton Crosby, Douglas Carswell, Liz Truss. Francis Maude and Michael Hintze – plus there were video speeches from David Cameron, Michael Gove and Nigel Farage. Rather poetically, it was even held at that monument to networking, The Institute Of Directors. But are they part of the Establishment? Their sexting sting on Brooks Newmark MP would suggest otherwise.

JON LAURENCE

DIGITAL EDITOR, CHANNEL 4 NEWS. 26

Leader

When this precocious operator was at Cambridge it was no surprise that he became president of the union. Just as when his pal Eamonn Holmes went on *Who Wants To Be A Millionaire* with Sir

Alex Ferguson, it was no surprise that the duo picked Laurence as their "phone a friend". Having served as the *Telegraph's* head of planning and as a producer on Sky News, he now holds one of broadcast's more powerful positions at an age where many of his contemporaries are cub reporters.

MARK URBAN

DIPLOMATIC EDITOR, NEWSNIGHT. 54

Leader

Urban by name, urbane by nature - he is more knowledgeable than half of the young team at Newsnight put together, and the kind of man diplomats turn to for off-the-record briefings. His work for the show, which has seen him cover the Gulf War, post-Communist Russia, Bosnia, Kosovo and Afghanistan, means that his networks stretch deep into the Middle East and Eastern Europe, while his ten books have brought him into publishing circles through events such as the Hay Festival.



DAVID MORRISSEY

ACTOR, PRODUCER. 50

Spider. Change Agent

Few British actors are so recognisable. He capped 2014 by starring in two major TV dramas – The 7.39 and The Driver – with the surprise announcement that he has joined forces with Bafta-winning Senna director Asif Kapadia and Bafta-winning producers James Gav-Rees and Jolyon Symonds to create a new film and TV production house, On The Corner. The Liverpudlian star also campaigns with Dame Judi Dench against "economic exclusion" for working class would-be actors priced out of

the market, and he is married to the novelist Esther Freud. In his downtime he is likely to be found walking on the beach at Southwold, Suffolk, where he hangs out with a set comprising fellow Freuds Matthew and his sister Emma along with her husband Richard Curtis.



STEPHEN LAMBERT

FOUNDER, STUDIO LAMBERT. 55

Leader, Socialite

Few British media moguls are household names, but Lambert is as significant as Simon Cowell for his influence and his reach across the Atlantic. The man behind hits such as Wife Swap and now Gogglebox, which have changed Channel 4's fortunes, is often seen in The Delaunay huddled with clusters of powerful TV executives. His contacts range from Luke Johnson (see above), who financed one of his documentaries, to Ian Katz of Newsnight, partly through his wife, the Times columnist Jenni Russell. To relax, though, he goes off grid: sailing around the Med in a boat he built himself.

DAN HODGES

COLUMNIST, THE DAILY TELEGRAPH. 45

Leader

Everything about this Blairite gadfly would suggest his politics is fixed firmly on the left: he's the son of Labour MP Glenda Jackson, he has worked for the party as a parliamentary researcher, he is a former GMB trade-union official, and he is a sometime comms director for Ken Livingstone. And yet. His criticism of both sides of the house has turned him into David Cameron's favourite columnist. Now that's influence.



KAMAL AHMED

BUSINESS EDITOR, BBC NEWS. 47

. Leader, Spider

When Robert Peston vacated his seat as the BBC's business editor, the corporation went after Ahmed. In his career, first at the equality and human-rights commission, then the *Guardian, Observer* and the *Telegraph*, he has amassed a contacts book so exhaustive he can pick up the phone to any chief exec in the FTSE. He has an impressive personal life, too – his wife is the novelist and journalist Elizabeth Day, and Alastair Campbell is a friend.



ANDY MURRAY

TENNIS PLAYER. 27

Leader

Rivalling his buddy David Beckham in the celebrity friends stakes, Murray has found fans across acting (James Corden), royalty (Wills and Kate) and theatre (Kevin Spacey). Recently he has branched out into hotels, opening the £1.8 million Cromlix House, a 15-room five-star venue in Perthshire. Through his new coach, Amélie Mauresmo, he is giving himself a clean slate to get back on form in time for this year's Wimbledon.



DAVE GARDNER

SPORTS AND ENTERTAINMENT AGENT. 38

Leader, Socialite, Spider

You maybe don't know him, but you probably know his girlfriend Liv Tyler. Or perhaps his close friend Harry Styles. What about his exes. Rita Ora and Davinia Taylor? Gardner's wellspring of connections draws from two key sources: David Beckham, the boy he once played alongside in the Manchester United youth team in the early Nineties, and Kate Moss, who introduced him to the Notting Hill set and, eventually, Liv. Now a football agent, he's godfather to Brooklyn Beckham and – somehow – still manages to keep a low profile.

STEVE & ANDY MOORE

FOUNDERS, ACT AND HIRO, 42 AND 41

· Connectors, Spiders

The depression suffered by athletes at the end of their relatively short careers is woefully under-managed. Enter former Wales rugby internationals Steve and Andy Moore, a black-ops team that swoop in to airlift sports retirees to new callings in civilian life. Through Athlete Career Transition (ACT), they fix up stars from golf and rugby to cricket and cycling – such as fellow Wales international Gareth Thomas - and, in their new-talent venture Hiro, find corporate gigs for ex-stars including David Platt and Sir Ian Botham.

EDDIE HEARN

BOXING PROMOTER/GROUP MANAGING DIRECTOR, MATCHROOM SPORT. 35

Leader

He's only been in the game for four years, but Hearn has one of the most successful fights in history to his name: Carl Froch vs George Groves part two, which sold 60,000 tickets in less than an hour of going on sale. The son of legendary promoter Barry Hearn, Eddie learned his trade from the very best. Well, it's not easy to get Sky Sports in the palm of your hand.





GARY NEVILLE

PUNDIT, SKY SPORTS. 39

♣ Leader

Whether they're outraged or nodding in agreement, Neville's audience is loyal and large: he has 2.63 million followers on Twitter, and is arguably the sport's greatest pundit. He's no casual observer, either: he's also one of the senior coaches for the England national side. (§)



MARC SANDS

CMO, CHRISTIE'S. 51

❖ Spider

This charismatic Arsenal supporter (and brother of high-profile international lawyer Philippe Sands QC) is leading the global expansion of Christie's into Asia, including mainland China, the most important new art market on the planet. Well, next to the online space, that is, where Marc is drawing on his contacts from the Guardian and Tate to bring the auction house to the web.

ED VICTOR

CHAIRMAN, ED VICTOR LITERARY AGENCY. 75

Connector, Spider

The literary agent of literary agents, Victor has marshalled his transatlantic networks to earn a loyal roster that takes in everyone from music legends such as U2 to literary overlords including Frederick Forsyth.

In the US, his Fourth of July parties on Long Island have become such a mainstay for the Hamptons social scene that when he cancelled it one year he had to notify all the usual guests so they wouldn't get worried. This year he has partnered on a new agency, TMA, with the former CEO of Atlantic Books, Toby Mundy. And more manoeuvring is to come: the man has said he plans never to retire.

ADRIAN MONCK

MD, COMMUNICATIONS, WORLD ECONOMIC FORUM. 49

· Connector, Change Agent

This expat British journalist is the gatekeeper to the most powerful network in the world, attended by politicians (Al Gore, Ban Ki-moon), entertainers (Bono, Charlize Theron) and pioneers (Bill Gates, Sean Parker). Sharp-suited and rake-thin, he is a realist but not a cynic, convinced that government can change the world for the better. While Monck could have every presidential sherpa at his beck and call, the former Channel 5 newsman does not throw his weight around, preferring to fix quietly from behind the scenes.



MATTHEW FREUD

CHAIRMAN, FREUD COMMUNICATIONS. 51

Leader, Socialite, Spider

Famously, Freud knows everyone from Blair and Bono to Jonathan Ive and Jonathan Yeo. But what's changed this year is his business sway. In buying a £4m stake in the PR company Huntsworth and a slice of Simon Kelner's agency Seven Dials, he owns yet more of the mediascape. Freud does that thing a very, very well connected person does in a room: he stands still and lets everyone else come to him.



JONNY GELLER

IOINT-CEO CURTIS BROWN 47

· Connector, Spider

Where he failed as an actor, Geller has thrived as a literary superagent. His clients span John le Carré and William Boyd through to Robert Peston and Matthew Norman. Tight with the Manchester Labour clan, he has, like Ed Victor, ridden a wave in publishing, and forged connections across journalism, politics, media and culture (his closest friends include Jonathan Freedland and Jon Mendelson).

PADDY HARVERSON AND DJ COLLINS

CO-FOUNDERS, MILLTOWN PARTNERS. 52 AND 43

Spiders

In the world of spin, this duo have a fine pedigree: Harverson spearheaded the reinvention of Prince Charles; Collins is ex-Google and a former behind-the-curtain Labour advisor who was close to David Miliband's set. Their joint venture mixes all of their sport, politics, regal, tech and big-business ties into a PR war machine. Their clients are oligarchs, plutocrats and Sir Alex Ferguson. Or so people say: the pair never confirms or denies the list.

Photographs Getty Images; The Picture Library Ltd; Rex





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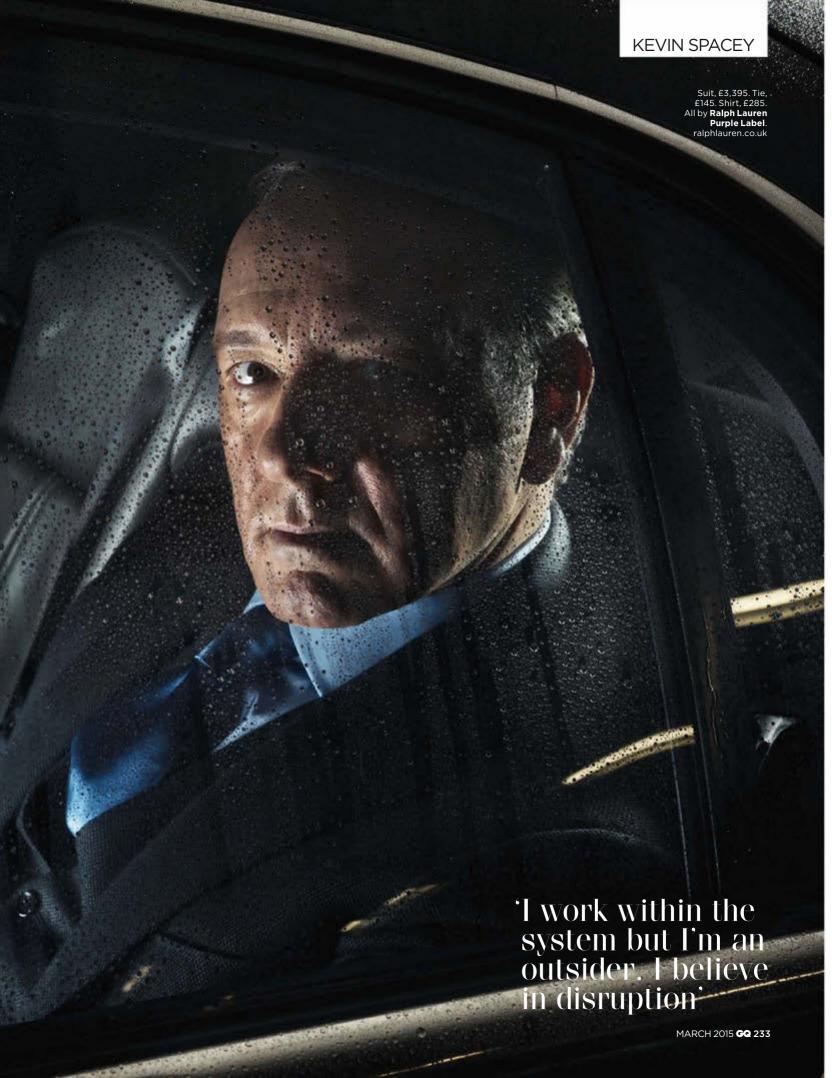
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Official fuel consumption for the Jaguar XE range in mpg (I/100km): Urban 24.4-64.2 (11.6-4.4); Extra Urban 46.3-83.1 (6.1-3.4); Combined 34.9-75.0 (8.1-3.8). CO₂ Emissions 194-99 (g/km). Official EU Test Figures. For comparison purposes only. Real world figures may differ.

TheAlastair Campbell interview

Whether it's winning
Oscars or Golden
Globes, revolutionising
TV drama or calling in
favours from presidents,
House Of Cards' Francis
Underwood has always
known how to make
friends and influence
people. GQ talks tough
with acting's ultimate
power-broker

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARCO GROBB







THERE are worse ways to spend a weekend than hanging out with Kevin Spacey in Boston. For a start he is funny, a great mimic who moves effortlessly from Clinton to Brando to Pacino, all neatly compered by Johnny Carson. Second, he is smart and innovative, the movie star who gave up Hollywood for a decade to run the Old Vic theatre in London, and did it brilliantly; who has been part of the transformation of how we consume entertainment through the partnership between

Netflix and *House Of Cards*, in which he plays the scheming and manipulative US politician Francis Underwood; who is among the first A-list actors to star in a video game, *Call of Duty: Advanced Warfare*. Third he is great company. (Did I mention that?)

One of the most surreal experiences of my life was a night out in McDonald's in Blackpool in 2002 with Spacey and his great friend Bill Clinton. Middle-aged landladies flocked from their boarding houses to gawp. As I saw in Boston though, where he was making a speech to students at Northeastern University and also meeting up with survivors of the Boston marathon terror attack of two years ago, since *House Of Cards* the gawp factor has reached new heights. Everyone seems to be watching it, and everywhere we went – from restaurants to hotel lobbies to sidewalks to student halls – his fame and popularity seemed to have reached levels even greater than when he was winning Oscars.

Now he has his eyes set on books, music (he is a talented singer) and above all using technology to attract more young people to theatre. He is, he says, a happy man. But that is not the same as contentment, he points out. Contentment and curiosity do not sit together well, and it is his curiosity that makes him interested, and interesting. So with a decade as an actor, a decade as a Hollywood star, a decade as an honorary Brit running a theatre, what next for Kevin Spacey? Only one thing is certain – Boston students and Francis Underwood fans prepare to be disappointed – it won't be politics.

AC: Do you like being famous? **KS:** Most of the time. Sometimes someone will be staring at me and it just takes a moment to remember and readjust.

AC: My sense from going around with you yesterday is that it's gone to a different level since *House Of Cards*. KS: People definitely have responded to the character I play and to the show. I felt that everywhere. I thought maybe because it is about American politics, which seems to be stagnating, so much entrenchment, not a lot getting done. Maybe one of the reasons this hit and pinged is that even though it is fictional, and the guy has Machiavellian traits, he is getting things done.

AC: What does it say about the public that they would hate Francis Underwood if he was a real politician but they love him as a fictional one? KS: That is a great question. When we were planning the whole thing, we talked about his history, his influences, who would he admire and look up to? We looked at other political figures who had the reputation of brutes, sons of bitches. Francis Underwood likes Lyndon Baines Johnson, he has pictures of him in his office, those pictures where he is right in someone's face. LBJ was ruthless, tough, he was a guy who twisted arms and he did it from the beginning. And he got things done.

He rightly took a lot of stick for Vietnam, but he passed three civilrights bills.

AC: I can't see Frank as a Lincoln fan. KS: I think he would be. I found the Lincoln movie very helpful. They were willing to show that Abraham Lincoln, our most sainted figure, the man we are raised to revere, was a politician willing to do the things he had to do to get the votes he needed, including things that today would be seen as a scandal.

AC: What would Underwood think of Barack Obama and Vladimir Putin? One doesn't get too much done, the other does too much.

KS: It is a dangerous road to go down – to say what Frank would say.

AC: What do you think? **KS:** That is an even more dangerous road.

AC: If you google "Obama" and "disappointment" it is becoming a given that the words go together.

KS: Have you googled "Obama" and "achievement"? You can't just look at one side of the story. He did say he wished Washington was as ruthlessly pragmatic as on House Of Cards. It must be enormously frustrating for Obama. There does seem to be in the US now an ideology and an entrenchment that has stopped people doing what they are hired to do, which is govern rather than run for office the whole time.

'Politics and acting are closely tied. The job is to convince'

AC: Has House Of Cards made you think about politics differently? KS: Not so much. I've been around politics a long time. I've seen it at its best and its worst, been at so many events, listened to private conversations versus public speaking, understood the game of it, and in many ways the theatrics. The legal profession, politics and acting are very closely tied: the whole point is to have an idea and get it across to a listener, whether it is one person or five thousand in a hall. That doesn't make anyone a liar, but the job is to convince. The most important definition of an actor, the job of the actor, is to serve the writer, not yourself. Way too many actors serve themselves.

AC: Name names.

KS: We don't have enough time.

AC: Yet you've done Shakespeare, and done your own things with it. Is that serving you or him?
KS: What I do is interpret, not create. I may add elements and do something different. That is what is so incredible about theatre. Why do we love it that there are nine Hamlets or six King Lears over two years? We love to watch a different actor attack the same material.

AC: How could Shakespeare have been so much more brilliant than everyone else, then or now?
KS: We can say the same about a great violinist or singer. How could Maria Callas be that good? There is a wonder to it. Talent is one thing, it is how you nurture and develop it, and never walk away from it. You can be rich, successful, you win awards, but it can always be better.

AC: Is there something of you in that? **KS:** Oh God yeah.

AC: House Of Cards was a huge thing for Netflix. How did you get involved and what does it all say about changing power structures within the industry?

KS: The whole notion began when a guy called Reed Hastings [CEO of Netflix] was late taking back a videotape and his wife was pissed off with him and on the way to the gym he dropped it off and he thought, 'Why can't I have this tape for as long as I want at a reasonable rate,





Art imitating life: Kevin Spacey with his friend Bill Clinton at the Dolby Theatre in Hollywood, 2014; the Oscar-winning actor with co-star Robin Wright in the Netflix political drama, House Of Cards





why am I paying a late fee, why can't it be like the gym, I pay a subscription and I go as often as I want?' And that is where the idea was launched.

AC: When you did House Of Cards, did you have TV in mind for it? KS: Yes, it was TV. It seemed to me and [director] David Fincher that one of these companies would get into the game - YouTube or Amazon, or Netflix, someone who made a gazillion dollars was going to start making content. So it didn't surprise me. What surprised me was that I would be involved and that a company would take such a big risk. No one in the history of the medium had ever ordered two series. neither of which had been made. without a pilot, and for a lot of money. **AC:** Why were you so opposed to doing a pilot?

KS: It forces you to establish all the characters in 45 minutes, come up with cliffhangers, to prove it will work. We wanted to have a long runway on which to develop the stories and the characters in the way we wanted.

AC: So the truth is Netflix could probably have got it for less? **KS:** [*Laughs*] They bought it on the basis of their analytics, two scripts, and an explanation of the arc we envisaged for it.

AC: How did the analytics bit work? KS: OK, people have heard of the Nielsen ratings, which tell you what people watched after they watched it. There are a lot of doubts about their accuracy. One box on one TV set recording what you watch apparently represents 500,000 people, so on that basis they say eight million watched such and such a football game, two million watched that comedy show. Yet shows live or die by it and advertising rates depend on it. Netflix has much better data telling you what people watch - they can track when you watch it, when you pause it, how much you watch at once. **AC:** What is this doing to the power

structures in the industry?

KS: The control is shifting because of the democratisation of the internet. My industry is very good at building walls to stop people getting in. Now it is not about whether you are an executive, a studio or a network. If you have a story or an idea you can build a following for it.

AC: What would have happened if you had put it out episode by

episode rather than dumped the

whole series out there?

KS: Artistically it might have been as successful, but I think part of the enjoyment was that people got to go 'do you want to watch another episode?' 'Yeah!' Dana [Brunetti, his business partner] says it showed we have learned the lesson the music industry didn't learn. Give them what they want when they want it in the form they want at a reasonable price and the chances are they will buy it rather than steal it.

AC: Do you not think we are losing something when people are no longer watching something at the same time? KS: There has always been an argument about technology versus tradition. You still have the water cooler conversations, but on a bigger scale. I want to bring theatre to a new generation, using the tools available to us, including taking it out to them on film and with new technology, but that is just so they can discover theatre. I want them to come in and sit in a theatre. This is the way to plant seeds.

AC: So how do theatre and technology come together?
KS: Instead of the experience being one where you sit in a room and watch a flat screen, where something 3-D is reduced to 2-D, I think we are heading to an era where you will be in the experience, you will end up not feeling you watched something, but you will have a memory of being in a place. The technology is advancing so fast, you will be able to put an Oculus Rift on a girl's head in Nairobi and take her to the Louvre, Sydney Opera House, the Old Vic...

AC: Do you not feel as an actor that you are letting go of a lot of your role in a production if you go down this route?

KS: You are still going to capture the play. I think it is exciting and new. I often make the analogy with tennis. Every match the rules are the same, but no game is ever the same. Theatre is like that. Every time is different.

AC: What were the biggest failures in your life?

KS: Mainly plays I have done badly, where I wasn't good enough or I didn't understand what it was about, didn't mesh with the director or I failed the writing. But you know, you learn. I can work on a piece and feel I failed, and then failed again on the next one and then a third play when I got it right, and I think you need the failures to get the success. You learn more from that. I have also done films where we all thought the director

Determined to prove a villain: Kevin Spacey as Richard III, directed by Sam Mendes at London's Old Vic, 2011. Spacey has been the artistic director at the theatre since 2004



didn't know what he was doing and it is going to be a gobble gobble turkey. And you go and watch it and it is great.

AC: Example?

KS: I will never do that. My mother taught me that you do not shit on people.

AC: I am asking you to say something positive about people you thought were wrong but they were right. KS: I have done films where I am so disappointed in myself. Every time we do a take, I am trying to create something new. In House Of Cards I might do a line with a smile, or then do it fiercely, or with irony, and you are giving the editor and the director a choice, and it is like a jigsaw puzzle about how they can fit together the whole scene or the whole story. There is a risk with that if you have no producer role. I have watched films I've been in where the director was sentimental and chose every weepy spineless choice and there is no backbone or strength. I want to f***ing kill this character, and I can say to them 'You completely f***ed up this film, and they say 'Oh we tested it in Burbank and it went through the roof,' and I say 'F** your tests,' but they can say 'F*** off,' because you're just a f***ing actor, so they go ahead and then we are the ones who get killed. Aaargh. AC: Of all the things you do, is acting still your number one? KS: I love producing, I love bringing things together. I am pretty much involved in everything at the Old Vic, the plays, directors, casts, designers, advertising, posters, all of it. In my company I am involved in the big things, not the day-to-day, so Dana and I will fly to Vermont to convince Captain Phillips to give us his rights and make that movie. What I loved most about The Social Network is I am not in it. I never set up my production company as a vanity project. AC: I can't see you as Mark Zuckerberg.

KS: There was no part for me there.

AC: What do you most like and dislike about Britain?

KS: I could go on and on about what I like. I could not go on and on about what I don't like. I love the

'I love producing. I love bringing things together'

'Gaming is going into storytelling. It was a new audience'

architecture, I love that London is a walking city, I like getting to the countryside, I like the people, the politics, the arguments, the theatre and sport, food. I like that there are dogs everywhere. When I picked up my life and moved there it was a risk. I didn't know that many people – my life was completely changed.

AC: Why did you do that?

AC: Why did you do that? KS: American Beauty had come out, 1999, and that was when I made the decision to join the Old Vic. We didn't announce it until 2003. I had just spent 12 years seeing if I could build a career as a film actor. I am a theatre rat - I do not look like guys in movies and I was seeing if I could build that career and it worked way better than I could ever have hoped. So there I was at the pinnacle of success, then the Academy Award, and I could see the change in people's faces, this 'oh boy, now this is serious,' but I was like 'I don't want to keep doing this same thing.' I felt I don't need to be manoeuvring. I don't need to tart myself, I want something different. I don't want to do the same thing for another ten years, I want a new challenge

AC: Do you think in decades? **KS:** No. I am a disruptor.

AC: So what about the next decade? You seem to be going more down the technology route.

KS: I am very fascinated by where storytelling is going and where technology is going. Here is what's true. All the technology doesn't matter if the stories are not good. The audience don't give a shit about the platform – it's about content.

AC: Did you have any qualms about acting for a video game?

KS: None. I thought it was a great idea.

AC: What did you actually have to do? KS: Well, playing scenes, the only difference is normally you go to hair and make-up and costume, only there is none of that, you have a helmet on your head, a camera attached and dots all over your face. It is fascinating because the game industry is going into storytelling. And for me it was an entirely new audience.

AC: But you did other stuff when you were at the Old Vic. **KS:** I didn't get offered a lot. I was

KS: I didn't get offered a lot. I was 'this crazy guy who has run away from

Game for anything: Kevin Spacey in a performancecapturing helmet filming Call Of Duty: Advanced Warfare; the

actor's image in

the game itself





Hollywood'. I was not running away, I was walking towards something.

AC: Do you enjoy the fundraising side of your job?

KS: Listen, this is not ego, but lots of people would like to have breakfast, lunch or dinner with me, so 'Don't send me for lunch, breakfast or dinner unless they are writing a f***ing cheque.' Bill Clinton was a great help. He would be fundraising for his Foundation and he would call and say [goes into Clinton voice] 'Kevin, I've got these business guys at the Cipriani, come over, maybe some of them will like what you're doing,' and I would spend the whole evening getting business cards.

AC: How did you get so friendly with Clinton?

KS: We go way back. The thing is this: I never waited to see which way the wind was going to blow. That is not true of everyone. He remembered that.

AC: And will Hillary win?

KS: It's not sure she will run yet.

AC: She will, and she'll win. When you made that speech last night, to thousands of young people lapping it up, was there not a part of you that thought 'I could be a good politician'? KS: But I love to entertain and make people laugh.

AC: So does Clinton.

KS: I can be more effective behind the scenes. You can say things artistically and culturally that you cannot say politically.

AC: Do you like being wealthy? **KS:** That's like asking how much your house cost.

AC: Not at all, you didn't come from an affluent background and it's asking if you like not having to worry.

KS: I still worry about money. I came from a modest middle-class family. My mother was the main breadwinner, my father was unemployed a lot, and I saw how difficult that was and I saw what it did to him. I was determined I was not going to be like that.

AC: Is there something about hyper-successful people that they are never happy?

KS: Yes. People who are really happy with themselves are f***ing boring. The worst word in the world is content. When I went to London, people thought I was f***ing crazy. Why not sit around a Beverly Hills pool collecting residual cheques? That is not the kind of life I want.

AC: So are you happy? **KS:** Yes.

AC: But not content.

KS: Correct. I am not content because

I have purpose. John Huston was making a film once and there was a dinner with Truman Capote, Ava Gardner, Frank Sinatra and Tennessee Williams. Huston asked everyone to say the one word that summed up the most important thing in life. All the usual suspects came up: family, health, wealth. Then they got to him and he said, 'Interest. The most important thing is to be interested.'

AC: So what's yours? **KC:** Interest. Be interested. Be curious. I am curious. It is so exciting to get out of bed and not know what is going to happen.

AC: Do you have a sense of where you will be in ten years?

KS: Not completely. Books and music will be part of it. I love singing. I want new songs to work with.

AC: And books?

KC: I will be doing nonfiction. I have deals in place.

AC: About?

KC: I am a memorabilia nut. I love letters. I love holding real letters in my hand. To have a letter written by Tennessee Williams, John Wayne or Spencer Tracy, and read about something that is personal but not gossipy, expressing oneself to a friend, unique and funny and compelling, I love that. So I am doing a book about the art of letter writing.

AC: Favourite part? **KS:** I haven't played it yet.

AC: Are you an insider or an outsider? KS: I have learned to work within the system, but I am an outsider. I believe in disruption and seeing things coming. At the 1990 AFI Lifetime Achievement Award for David Lean, he was giving a normal acceptance speech but stops midway and says, 'I am sorry but I want to talk to the moneymen in this room. I am very worried about the film business now. Look at the list of previous winners, everyone was a trailblazer, an emerging artist – studios supported them and you are not supporting them any more. If we continue to support emerging trailblazer artists, the film industry will go up and up and if we don't we are going to lose it all to television. Television will take over.' He said that in 1990, and nine years later The Sopranos changed everything. What is interesting now is listening and looking for other signals. AC: So what is it to be?

KS: I don't know, but I am paying attention.

House Of Cards series three is out on Netflix on 27 February.





POPCORN POCCORN DICTATOR

It was the ultimate odd-couple pairing:
Seth Rogen playing for laughs against North Korea's 'Bond-villain' leader. But the most controversial film of the decade had a twist no one saw coming, and the fallout from history's worst ever cyber-hack could seal the fate of the rogue state's 70-year regime of terror

STORY BY CHRIS AYRES





t is just after midnight in Yonkers, a rough-around-the-edges commuter town that lies north of the Bronx in New York. The streets are empty. The staff of Five Guys Burger And Fries have pulled down the shutters and gone home. And this being the middle of winter – Boxing Day, to be precise (not that Americans have such a thing) – it is bloody cold.

Nevertheless, at the small and grungy Alamo Drafthouse cinema in an otherwise deserted shopping mall, the lights are on – and business could hardly be any brisker.

One by one, patrons queue up to buy tickets and pose for selfies beside a back-lit poster featuring Communist insignia, nuclear missiles and italicised Korean text. Facebook pages are updated. Tweets posted. Then a hesitant procession begins through a tightly sprung door, past the glare of a security man with a bulge under his jacket and towards rows of squishy chairs with narrow, pew-like benches in front of them, on which laminated menus of strong beers and greasy food have been placed. Boozing-and-viewing is normal at this independent anti-multiplex chain. There is nothing else normal about what's happening tonight.

Indeed, as I take my own seat near the glowing screen, I notice there are no trailers playing – only a hijacked feed from North Korean state television, which shows a dozen or so pre-schoolers in shiny blue shirts playing adult-size guitars as though the fate of their nation depends on their every note being

perfect. Next up is a children's cartoon. Or rather, what passes for a children's cartoon in a Stalinist dictatorship: it depicts American pilots dropping poisoned insects over the North Korean countryside, in an attempt to commit an act of entomological-based genocide.

I can't recall ever seeing anything like that on *The Magic Roundabout*.

Finally, with the room close to capacity, the screen goes black and the familiar, ginger-bearded figure of the Canadian actor Seth Rogen appears. "If you're watching this tonight," he tells us, proudly, "you're a goddamn f***ing American hero."

A riotous cheer goes up.

Tonight's presentation, of course, is The Interview, an action-adventure comedy now so utterly notorious, buying a ticket to one of its ultra-limited showings in the US has become as much of a badge of honour as an entertainment choice. Not that watching this farce about a bungled plot to assassinate North Korea's dictator, Kim Jong-un, is anything like the chore that some high-minded critics have suggested. For the next two hours. this room full of 100 or so New Yorkers will cheer and whoop and laugh at its onslaught of iffy Asian accents, anal-insertion gags and cleverly juvenilised political satire, before falling uncomfortably silent for the climactic scene in which Kim's head is melted in slow motion to the soundtrack of Katy Perry's "Firework" - before exploding in a shower of blood and skull fragments and hunks of overly gelled hair.

The Interview, it's fair to say, makes Charlie Chaplin's 1940 send-up of Adolf Hitler, The Great Dictator, look tamer than an episode of This Morning with Richard and Judy circa

1989. (Chaplin didn't even mention the *Führer* by name.)

As for the consequences of Rogen's brazen production: there is simply no precedent. Not even Orson Welles' career-destroying barney with the newspaper baron William Randolph Hearst over *Citizen Kane* comes close.

Thus far, Sony is facing a bill of potentially hundreds of millions of dollars after a crushingly embarrassing computer hack allegedly orchestrated by Kim's elite Bureau 121 cyber-warfare division. President Barack Obama (who was mocked by Sony executives in one leaked email exchange) is threatening a "proportional" counterattack of his own. China is officially appalled at the whole spectacle (although its citizens are said to be finding considerable hilarity in illegal downloads of the film). And in South Korea, a political activist is planning to attach 100,000 DVDs and USB sticks of the Hollywood comedy to giant, condom-shaped balloons, and send them flying majestically over the ironically named Demilitarized Zone and into the reclusive state beyond.

Given that the penalty in North Korea for watching an imported soap opera is reportedly death, one can only imagine the horrors to be visited upon anyone enjoying the spectacle of the supreme leader being portrayed as an effeminate psychopath (with Biblical-grade daddy issues) in the comfort of his own home.

Most staggering of all, however, is the fact that this gloriously unsubtle and unapologetically ridiculous film is allowing even hardened North Korea watchers to believe that after seven decades of unchecked madness and belligerence, the Kim regime's battle with Hollywood might very well be its last.





he decision to greenlight The Interview was either monumentally brave or monumentally stupid, depending on whom you talk to in Hollywood. No one doubts that Kim Jong-un is a richly deserving target of mockery – his government promotes a belief system so diabolically insane, it makes the collective works of L Ron Hubbard seem like a wellspring of common sense – but he is also, at just 32 years old, the world's youngest and least predictable head of state. Of more pressing concern, he inherited a nuclear arsenal, along with the titles of Heaven-Sent Hero. Greatest Man Who Ever Lived. Power Incarnate With Endless Creativity, and Guardian Deity Of The Planet, upon the death of his father, Kim Jongil. in December 2011.

Even before Sony's decision to make entertainment out of his death, the North Korean dictator's behaviour had been growing more alarming by the day. Around this time last year, for example, defectors from the Democratic People's Republic of Korea were reporting that Kim had taken to executing disloyal underlings with a flame-thrower. His state propaganda department had trumpeted the discovery of North Korea's very own "unicorn lair". And the tender-faced tyrant was said to be gorging himself so thoroughly on vintage cognac, Swiss cheese, Yves Saint Laurent cigarettes and the delights of his father's 2,000-strong, all-female "satisfaction teams" that his ankles were beginning to quite literally give way under the weight of his gargantuan, Elvis Presley-like frame.

It is conceivable, of course, that the joint American heads of Sony Pictures Entertainment – Amy Pascal and Michael

Lynton (neither of whom may still have jobs by the time you read this) – were not fully versed in the antics of an obese man-god narcissist on the other side of the world. The studio's Japanese parent company, however, would have been under no illusions about the hermetic state only 600 miles away from its headquarters across the Sea of Japan.

When I call Aidan Foster-Carter, an honorary

North Korea's belief system makes L Ron Hubbard seem like a wellspring of common sense

senior research fellow at Leeds University and Britain's leading specialist on North Korea, he tells me that relations between Japan and the Kims have been "appalling and poisonous" for decades. He also points out that Kim Jong-un's grandfather, Kim Il-sung – North Korea's founder – made his name as a young guerilla fighting Japanese occupation in the Thirties.

"Many Koreans, both in the north and the south, think that Japan has never properly

apologised or provided compensation for the horrendous things they did," he says. "They also suspect that there's still a gut-level of racism in Japan – that they think all Koreans are lazy and that all great civilisation came from them." As a result, he adds, "a good number of Koreans are convinced that *The Interview* is all a Japanese plot".

This, as we shall see, is more or less the opposite of the truth – but before we get to that, it's worth considering for a moment the beginnings of the strange and paranoid Kim regime.

After his stint as an anti-Japanese insurgent, Kim Il-sung aligned himself with Stalin, waited out the Second World War in the Red Army, and then returned to Korea in 1945 to be installed as leader of the Soviets' northern half. A year later, he was calling himself the "Great Leader". A year after that, he invaded the south – assuming, incorrectly, that the US wouldn't get involved. As anyone who has watched old M*A*S*H episodes will know, the resulting war ended in stalemate and the aforementioned 160-mile-long Demilitarized Zone.

As the Cold War began, Stalin and Il-sung grew ever closer. In *The Interview*, the fictitious version of Kim Jong-un (who is played by the Los Angeles-born actor Randall Park) claims that his grandfather was once given a tank as a symbol of friendship by the Soviet tyrant. In fact there were two gifts: a luxury train carriage and a bulletproof limousine. (The US, for its part, sent over a fruit bowl.) It was Stalin who encouraged Il-sung to fill the void created by North Korea's state-enforced atheism by turning himself into a deity. Hence the Great Leader's airbrushed, Big Brother-like visage was plastered over every government building, hundreds of statues were erected in his honour;

and North Korea's propaganda department declared proudly that the People's ruler was so holy and pure he didn't need to defecate.

His cult-of-personally duly established, Il-sung set about creating a state philosophy, "Kimilsungism" — also known as "Juche" — based on self-reliance. It was almost comically at odds with the suffocating control over people's lives that his government demanded.

urprisingly, the Kims didn't feature at all in the original idea for *The Interview*. Instead, Seth Rogen was reading about meetings between journalists and some of the world's most wanted men – the *Independent*'s Robert Fisk and Osama bin Laden in the Nineties, or US news anchor Dan Rather's interview with Saddam Hussein a month before the 2003 invasion – and got to thinking about what would happen if one of those same reporters became a reluctant CIA assassin.

"Journalists are in a weird position to get closer to these dictators than anyone else," the actor explained in one of the few statements he made about *The Interview* before its Manhattan premiere and publicity tour were abruptly cancelled. "You also hear that these guys [like Hussein] are fans of Western movies and pop culture. So we thought that an entertainment journalist might be a funny way into that."

Thus was born Dave Skylark (played by James Franco), a cross between Kelvin MacKenzie at the height of his *Sun* editorship and Harvey Levin of TMZ – only much, much dimmer.

Rogen, who is best known for *Superbad* (which he wrote) and his roles in the Judd Apatow comedies *Knocked Up* and *The 40-Year-Old Virgin*, also made sure to develop a part for himself – as Skylark's producer Aaron Rapaport. He worked on the concept for years before pitching it to Sony with his childhood friend and collaborator, Evan Goldberg, and a screenwriter, Dan Sterling.

The plot, essentially, is that Kim turns out to be a Skylark's biggest fan, so grants him an interview in Pyongyang. Then the CIA intervenes and hires the two men to kill the dictator when they meet him – a mission that goes awry when Skylark bonds with Kim over Katy Perry songs and margaritas.

That the film is a lot sharper under its crudeness than some have given it credit for is in large part due to Sterling, a typically soft-mannered, balding and middle-aged comedy writer who is well-known for his work on *South Park* and the *Daily Show With Jon Stewart*. (He has a cameo in the film as a CIA baggage-handler.) As you'd expect of an alumnus of those shows, his script is almost as scathing about US media hysteria and foreign policy as it is of Kim. "How many times can the US make the same mistake?" an exasperated North Korean official asks, upon discovering the murder plot. "As many times as it takes!" replies Skylark.

I have known Sterling for years and joked

with him at a party last summer about the prospect of Kim Jong-un kidnapping him from LA. Unfortunately, Sony's legal problems prevented him from commenting for this article.

When Sterling first began work on The Interview, incidentally, he had no idea who the target of Skylark's assassination plot should be. As he told the Jewish Journal before Sony's publicity blackout, "We already knew our dictator couldn't be Osama bin Laden, because Sacha Baron Cohen was already heading towards production with The Dictator, and he was going to own all the jokes about Middle Eastern tyrants. But if I wanted to write about a world leader who had that Bin Laden level of mythological evilness, who was it going to be? It could have been maybe [Vladimir] Putin, but North Korea is just so hidden and so remote that there's just this shroud of mystery about it. And in some ways, they're fair game for attack."

In the first draft of the script, the North Korean dictator was an invention. But at a

Kim Jong-un's head melts in slow motion – before exploding in a shower of skull fragments

meeting with Sony executives they "realised [it would be] so much more exciting, provocative and funny" to base him on the real thing.

Back then, the real thing was Jong-un's father, Kim Jong-il – he of the grey utility suits and goldfish-bowl spectacles. Jong-il had already been sent up relentlessly in the 2004 film *Team America: World Police* – a marionette of him sang a song entitled "I'm So Ronery" while pacing next to a shark tank – and he had also appeared as a waiter in the Tina Fey sitcom *30 Rock*. No diplomatic crises had arisen over either of those portrayals. So it didn't seem like a big risk – any risk at all, really – to go back and have another go.

When Jong-il died suddenly of a heart attack at the age of 70 – while aboard one of his beloved luxury trains – the premise of *The Interview* became obsolete overnight. And the dictator's successor, Kim Jong-un, was such an unknown quantity his very existence had been doubted for years by the CIA. (The only person to accurately predict his rise was the

Kims' former sushi chef, who wrote a bestselling memoir in Japan.) Would he carry on with his father's tradition of parading around in a front-zipped romper, issuing "field guidance" as he inspected goat farms and mushroom patches and sang rousing ditties about the bean harvest — all while blowing the country's income on personal luxuries and nuclear weapons instead of food for its starving people? Or would he try to bring North Korea into the modern world? There was another possibility: that the young ruler would be quickly toppled and killed in a bloody palace coup.

Given the impenetrability of the regime, Sterling could only sit back and wait for the headlines to appear. Finally, after a few months, a portrait of Kim began to emerge.

The new Supreme Leader was educated in the Swiss town of Bern, according to most reports, where he went by the fake name of "Pak-un". Former classmates alleged that he was a poor student ("Dim Jong-un" as one quipped) who would wear Nike Air trainers and Chicago Bulls sweatshirts and spent most of his time playing video games, eating pizza, watching Jackie Chan movies, and producing meticulous pencil drawings of his all-time hero, Michael Jordan. Those same school friends recalled that the teenage Kim was once driven to Paris in an armoured Mercedes to see a basketball game, and was followed around at all times by a "dwarf ninja" security detail.

Then one day Pak-un vanished, without a single qualification to his name. His friends thought he was ill – until a few years later, when they turned on the news, and there he was, considerably fatter, and looking very much like his grandfather: shoulders back, paunch out, double-breasted greatcoat over a military uniform that was less onesie-like than his father's – and in a darker shade of grey. Some analysts swear that he must have had hormone shots or plastic surgery to make his features rounder, presumably to make the resemblance to Il-sung even more striking.

Weirdest of all was his hair: a military shortback-and-sides combined with what appeared to be a deeply misguided effort to replicate a late-Nineties boy band "curtains" cut.

By this time, Jong-un was married to a suitably gorgeous cheerleader, Ri Sol-ju, who is now a kind of North Korean Kate Middleton – albeit one who risks being sent to the gulag at any moment. The couple have a daughter, Ju-ae, born in 2012.

Recent defectors claim that Kim's anointment didn't come as a surprise within the regime. He had been a favourite since he was a boy, apparently, thanks to his love of uniforms and hatred of the Japanese. Kim was also considered handsome; he was an aggressive (if not talented) sportsman; and he had an immense capacity for booze. His brothers, meanwhile, had both displeased their father enough to be written off as serious candidates. The eldest, Kim Jong-nam – a half-brother to





S Jong-un – had been caught trying to visit Tokyo Disneyland in 2001 under a fake Dominican passport. And the middle brother, Kim Jong-chol, was declared to be "no good because he is like a little girl." All of which was script-bait-from-heaven for *The Interview* – which doesn't ease up for a second on the gay jokes. Even Jong-un's youth was an advantage: it made the villain more relatable to Rogen's weed-smoking, just-out-of-college fanbase.

The clincher arrived when the Great Successor developed an improbable friendship with the former Chicago Bulls basketball player Dennis Rodman, who is perhaps best described as America's answer to Paul Gascoigne. The 6ft 7in NBA star described his first trip to Pyongyang in 2013 as "basketball diplomacy" and was even invited to unwind with Jong-un on his private island. "It's like Hawaii or Ibiza... but he's the only one that lives there," Rodman marvelled to American journalists upon his return.

With that, any concerns about the plausibility of Dave Skylark being invited to North Korea for a personal audience with its cultish ruler were immediately rendered null and void.

As Sterling worked overtime to get new details into the film, the madness of Kim Jong-un became an almost daily fixture in the press. Half of the country's 218 most senior officials were purged: among them Kim's uncle, Jong Song-taek, who was arrested, declared "despicable human scum", and then put in front of a firing squad armed with anti-aircraft guns. (Rumours suggesting that Jong Song-taek was stripped naked, locked in a cage, and eaten by dogs have been pooh-poohed.) Similarly awful was the fate of Kim's vice minister of the army, who was destroyed with a long-range mortar round, a result of Kim's request that not a trace of him "down to his hair" be left behind. Meanwhile, the UN and others accused the Kims of using kidnappings, deliberate food shortages, and other Stalin-esque horrors to maintain total control. Then came Kim's talk of a pre-emptive nuclear strike on the US, followed by what seemed like the ultimate publicity gift to Rogen: the regime's claim that any screening of The Interview in the US or elsewhere was "absolutely intolerable", a "war action", and would "invite a strong and merciless countermeasure".

A few weeks later, Kim staged a 40-day disappearing act, prompting a flurry of speculation that he was dying from liver or heart disease, and that his little sister had taken charge. (He was in fact recovering from ankle surgery.) It created an international mystery of such intrigue, the dictator was briefly elevated to Brangelina-grade celebrity.

"It's amazing," laughed Rogen, when asked about it all at a red carpet for an unrelated event. "It's almost as if we gave [Kim Jong-un] a list of, 'Here's what you can do that would help promote our film.' And he's doing pretty much all of it."

He had no idea, of course.

ony knew something was wrong on 24 November, when every computer at its Culver City head-quarters in LA went blank, then rebooted with an image of a skull and long, skeletal fingers. The company was under assault by an organisation calling itself the Guardians Of Peace – the name a reference to a quote by Richard Nixon describing South Korea.

As has since been revealed by emails leaked by the hackers, Sony had already been panicking about *The Interview* at the highest levels for several months. Far from being a Japanese plot, as some Koreans believe, it seems that Sony's 54-year-old president and CEO, Kazuo Hirai, was caught off-guard by his US studio's choice of material. In a testy exchange with Rogen, Amy Pascal said it was the first time she'd known Sony's Tokyo headquarters to get involved in script edits in 25 years. Grudgingly, Rogen agreed to tone down the head-exploding scene, while Sony set about removing its name and logo from all billboards,

As for the consequences, Sony is facing a bill of hundreds of millions of dollars

trailers and credits. A gay orgy sequence was also removed, no doubt ensuring that one day there will be the mother of all director's cuts.

Meanwhile, the US State Department was quietly consulted – it said it wasn't worried about the film and that Sony had to make its own decisions – and the release date was put back two months to Christmas Day, allowing time for the changes.

But Sony's efforts to appease were futile.

After the hack, excruciatingly sensitive internal emails appeared online: as did unreleased films and songs, scans of passports, salary data, Social Security Numbers (the equivalent of National Insurance numbers), the new Bond film script... everything. Kim denied involvement, but called it a "righteous deed". Some remain sceptical that the regime was involved – *The Interview* wasn't mentioned in the hackers' first messages – but the FBI has no doubt.

At first, it looked as though Kim had played a thoroughly evil blinder, using the US's freedom of speech (most news outlets quoted liberally from the stolen emails) as a weapon against freedom of speech (the subsequent embarrassment made it more likely that The Interview would be quashed). As journalists were quick to point out, even if they chose to self-censor newsworthy stories obtained via the leaks, that would also be a blow against freedom of speech. The whole thing began to feel like the episode of Charlie Brooker's Black Mirror in which the prime minister is goaded via YouTube into a televised sexual tryst with a pig. Then the hackers upped the ante, invoking 11 September 2001, and threatening a "bitter fate" to film-goers who "seek fun in terror". Sony all but begged multiplexes to refuse to show The Interview, providing it with some cover to cancel the release - which is exactly what happened. That's when President Obama intervened, saying he wished Sony had "spoken to me first".

By all rights Sony should have had the US's sympathy. Instead it was accused of cowardice.

At this point, Sony, exhausted, paralysed and humiliated by the contents of its own executives' leaked inboxes, performed an epic reverse ferret, allowing independent cinemas to show its film and making it available to download.

By the time Christmas arrived, the worst of the crisis seemed to be over. The press had become so queasy about regurgitating hacked emails, they had largely given up doing it. Kim was suddenly on the defensive, now facing Obama's unspecific counterattack, a new round of sanctions and talk of China finally losing its patience with its recalcitrant semi-client regime. By trying to crush a film about his assassination, some analysts wondered aloud if Kim had perhaps even made his assassination in a Chinabacked coup more likely. Meanwhile, although reviews of The Interview were tepid, word-ofmouth was strong. Hence the film was able to rake in \$15 million (£10m) online during its first four days of release. After that came news of the DVD air-drop – although cooler heads may prevail given that a previous stunt drew antiaircraft fire from the north.

It's anyone's guess where this strange tale will turn next. Nevertheless, when I woke up the morning after that midnight screening in Yonkers, I went downstairs to find my American in-laws – conservatives and churchgoers both – trying to download YouTube on their television so they could buy and watch an obscene Seth Rogen film out of a mixture of curiosity and a desire to poke a stick in the eye of the Kims. Jong-un may have won the first battle, I thought. But if the world follows suit, Hollywood will have won the war.



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Burg

London's naughtiest, juiciest and most downright delicious build of mouth-watering meat is the capital's new culinary cult hero. GQ grills creator Nick Jones on its secrets

STORY BY PAUL HENDERSON

UP UNTIL a few years ago, if you wanted a decent burger in London the place to go was Heathrow... fly to New York, head downtown, get your meat on. Not any more. Where once the option was either an over-priced hotel offering or a homogenised American import, nowadays affordable griddled goodness can be found all over the capital. From MeatLiquor and Patty & Bun, to Tommi's Burger Joint and Honest Burgers, getting your hands on beef pattie perfection has never been easier.

But there is one place that stands out as the ultimate, must-eat meat feast for the stomach-achingly fashionable: Dirty Burger - the naughtiest, nastiest, tastiest "bad boy" beef creation in London (and Chicago, of course). With four "shacks" spread around the city, Dirty Burger has become something of a culinary cult. Beautifully simple (there are only three burgers to choose from), terrifically trendy and utterly delicious, its motto could easily be: if we grill them, they will come.

How did that happen? Soho House founder and Dirty Burger creator Nick Jones charts its journey from ingenious concept to irresistible consumable. And when even Jedi Knights are unable to resist, you know you are on to something...

1 LIGHT BULB

"The idea for Dirty Burger came about because although we had always had burgers on our Soho House menus what I really wanted was a burger shack.. not a restaurant.



2 BAD BOY BURGER

"The name came about because we wanted something that was utterly delicious, but really naughty. A totally bad boy burger.



3 R&D

"We became obsessed with getting it right. My operations director and myself must have tried so many versions that we both must have put on two stone in weight."

4 BURGERS ARE... COMPLICATED

"Everyone thinks they are easy, but they aren't. Everyone can cook one, but very few people can cook a good burger. It is actually easier to cook a steak."



When we were researching, the best burgers were in the States. And the best in the States? N-Out Burge



Years ago I had a small chain of restaurants called Over The Top. We had burgers named after mountains that

came with a sauce 'over the top' and every one was disgusting!'

7 TIME IT TOOK TO GET RIGHT



8 SO... KISS

"Our aim was always to keep it simple. We offer a cheese burger, a bacon burger [opposite] and a vegetarian burger. And we also do a special every month [below]."

GOUDA CHEESE BURGER

DOUBLE SWISS

FEARLESS BURGER

IALAPEÑO BURGER

BBQ & CHORIZO BURGER

Gouda cheese, hash brown, ketchup and salad

Two lots of Emmental cheese, crispy shallots and red onion

Pulled pork, cheddar, salsa with BBQ sauce.

Monterey Jack cheese, jalapeños, lettuce, garlic mayo and our signature beef patty.

Smoky BBQ sauce, chorizo, lettuce and Brie cheese



The first shack came about because we found a site in **Kentish Town** that was too big for just a Pizza East. So we decided to do a Chicken Shop with a Dirty Burger shack around the back in a car park.

10 2012

"Was when we first opened. Then came Vauxhall Whitechapel and Shoreditch. We have more planned for 2015. People love burgers!"

> Total number of Dirty Burgers sold:



Photographs Alamy; Allstar; Dan Matthews; Rex

11 LOCATION ISN'T EVERYTHING

"I like a pretty terrible site! I believe if you are serving anything half-way decent, people will find out about it. You don't need a prime spot any more."

12 COMING SOON...

> ISLINGTON CROUCH END SOUTHWARK

13 IF YOU CAN'T WAIT...

"Look out for the Dirty Burger van. They visit festivals for the mobile burger experience. But you may struggle, because..."



14

THE FORCE IS STRONG WITH DIRTY BURGER

"Star Wars director
JJ Abrams is currently
obsessed with Dirty Burgers,
and the van is almost
permanently on the film
set at the moment."

15 IS THE BURGER TREND OVER? "I certainly don't think people are going to get bored of eating burgers." SO YOU'VE GOT PIZZA, CHICKEN AND BURGERS... **ARE YOU TRYING** TO TURN US POPULARITY INTO A NATION **OF HOMER** SIMPSONS? Average number of burgers sold each weeks

1,750

"Don't worry...
we have some
other ideas
on the way."

DIRTY BURGER BREAKDOWN

IT IS MEDIUM GROUND

"You want it to have some air in there, and a bit of bite."

DON'T SQUASH IT

"People make the mistake of pressing down on the burger. You need to get the balance right between tight meat and loose meat. It's an art."

WEIGHT

807

KEEN ON MUSTARD

"We cook the burger in mustard on the griddle. That way, it melts and infuses the meat to keep it extra moist and flavoursome."

AND IT HAS TO BE COOKED MEDIUM

"As prescribed by Westminster Council, of course."

SAUCE

"We don't add sauces We leave that to the customer. Keep it simple, remember?"

THE WAX

"That was an important part for us. The beauty of the Dirty Burger is that it is messy and greasy, so the wax paper acts almost like a napkin."

SOME LIKE

"We always steam the burger after cooking, melting all the flavours together."

ONION FRIES

"I love anything out of the fryer and these fries are delicious. They come in a beer batter and are fried to perfection."

FRENCH FRIES

"Our chips are cooked three times: steamed, blanched and fried. Why crinkle cut? So that they have a greater surface area and are crispier."

AND TO DRINK

"For me, it has to be a local brewed beer. The kids like a milk shake, but personally I think that is a bit heavy."



'I don't think there is anything better than seeing a pretty girl with a Dirty Burger in her mouth'



THE DIVIDED SELF

As Antony Micallef's new exhibition attacks the artifice of instant culture, this very modern expressionist tells GQ about the fears that forced him to go back to basics. The result? His powerful series of sculpture-like, figurative self-portraits is unsettlingly violent, wildly intense and – unlike those posturing selfies – presented in the raw

STORY BY DYLAN JONES PHOTOGRAPH BY DAVID BAILEY

o judge from his working environment, Antony Micallef couldn't be anything else but a painter. As you walk through his Notting Hill Gate studio, every square inch of the walls, the floor and the ceiling - not to mention the furniture, the lavatory, the door handles and the windows - are covered with paint. In this age of excessive visual information, when we are bombarded with more images than we have the time or inclination to process, there is a tendency to amplify the written word, to exaggerate in order to get noticed... but trust me, Micallef's studio is literally covered with paint.

While his occupation is beyond doubt, his studio doesn't actually look like the studio of most other artists these days, who tend to inhabit unnaturally clean environments as though they were working in laboratories. A lot of artists these days spend so much time in pre- and postproduction, planning and burnishing on computers, that their working environments look like private medical centres. Not only that, but so many artists now use photographic elements in their work, that a lot of it is done by other people, the army of assistants that the 21st-century archivist can't seem to operate without.

Not Micallef. No, as you walk around his studio – trying to avoid paint as much as study it – you soon become immersed in the world in which he appears to spend most of his life. Like his work, Micallef's studio is intense, theatrical, dense.

Micallef himself looks a bit like one of his expressionist paintings, especially his recent work. He moves around his studio in a boiler suit that looks as if Jackson Pollock designed it for one of the big fashion houses. He's a walking billboard, and you almost expect him to have "Painter" stencilled across his chest as though he were auditioning for a part in a Clash biopic. At first sight he reminds me of the painter in the old Dulux TV commercial, who throws tins of paint as a canvas on his studio floor, as a painter and decorator painstakingly decorates the walls around him; as the decorator leaves, the painter looks up and says, without a hint of irony, "No mess,

Micallef is surrounded by dozens of half-filled brush pots, colour swatches, empty wine bottles, pages torn from magazines, a sea of screwed-up bits of paper, and an array of semi-finished canvases. Pornographic images are stuck to the walls, random items of paint-covered clothing lie on the floor. This studio is a real studio, and everything here in these rooms is here because of the work that leaves them. This is no laboratory, and Micallef is no scientist, no dextrous digital wizard. In fact the

physical nature of what he does seems almost as important as the work itself.

"The whole place is literally covered in paint, but that's simply because of the way I work." he says. "It's a really physical way of working. When you're loading up a big brush, hitting the canvas full of paint, paint flies off, paint goes on the floor, it's a very intense way of working. You don't have time to clean up, so once I've finished a series or a show then I'll clear up again and start again. It's really physical, and you're hitting the canvas so hard, it's like trying to break a horse, or tame something that doesn't want to be tamed. You never really know how it's going to take, and it's really draining. It's hard trying to pick up that energy again, it's like trying to jump on a treadmill which is going quite fast."

This working environment contributes to the



In your face: Self Portrait On Grey by Antony Micallef (oil on French linen), 2014, features in Self, opening this month at the Lazerides Gallery

energy needed to paint the kind of pictures that Micallef excels at. He paints and paints and paints until the work in front of him starts to resemble the emotion he wants it to evoke.

"You can trace all your history in here, as the place is full of the mess I've made from all the paintings I've made before. It's like a living diary. It's like getting a hug from yourself when you come in sometimes and that's the really beautiful thing about having and working in a studio."

His paintings are incredibly thick, as the paint is caked up on the canvas. Some pictures are nearly two inches thick, the result of him throwing layer after layer of paint at them. "In order to get a picture to the right place, I've got to disregard all the paint. I've got to throw a lot of paint, scrape it off, just chuck it down and then hit it again really quickly."

Because of the way he likes to work, he prepares various different canvases, paints their backgrounds, and then works on several paintings at once. As he works in oils, he can't just keep painting and painting over the same canvas.

"I get kind of trapped in here, and on the odd occasion I go out into the world, I'll ask for a sandwich and not know how much it costs," says Micallef. "I get so focused. When you're doing all this, and when it's going well, you don't hear the music, you don't feel the cold, you don't miss anyone. You don't see anything but the work."

Micallef has been described, inaccurately, as both "Bacon in Disneyland" and "Caravaggio meets Manga", while his paintings – many of which have been overtly political – are so aggressive that they give you the impres-

sion that the man who painted them might have serious conflict issues. Think psychedelic Rembrandt, think turbulence in oils, an experience Micaleff himself describes as "like watching a Disney movie which slowly turns into violent pornography... The trouble with pop imagery is that it doesn't really go deeper than the surface, you have to drag it down and challenge it to make it interesting." Essentially he is a modern expressionist, like his contemporaries Cecily Brown and Adrian Ghenie.

He is 39. The youngest son of five children born to Maltese Catholic immigrants, Micallef grew up in Swindon. His father was a sheet-metal worker, his mother a cleaner. He started painting while he was in school, and, encouraged profusely by his parents – who built him a studio at the bottom of their garden, even after he told them he wanted to paint the "worst things I could think of", listening to Rage Against The Machine on an hourly basis – trained at Plymouth University under John Virtue, a former assistant of Frank Auerbach. Moving to Brighton – "I painted every night

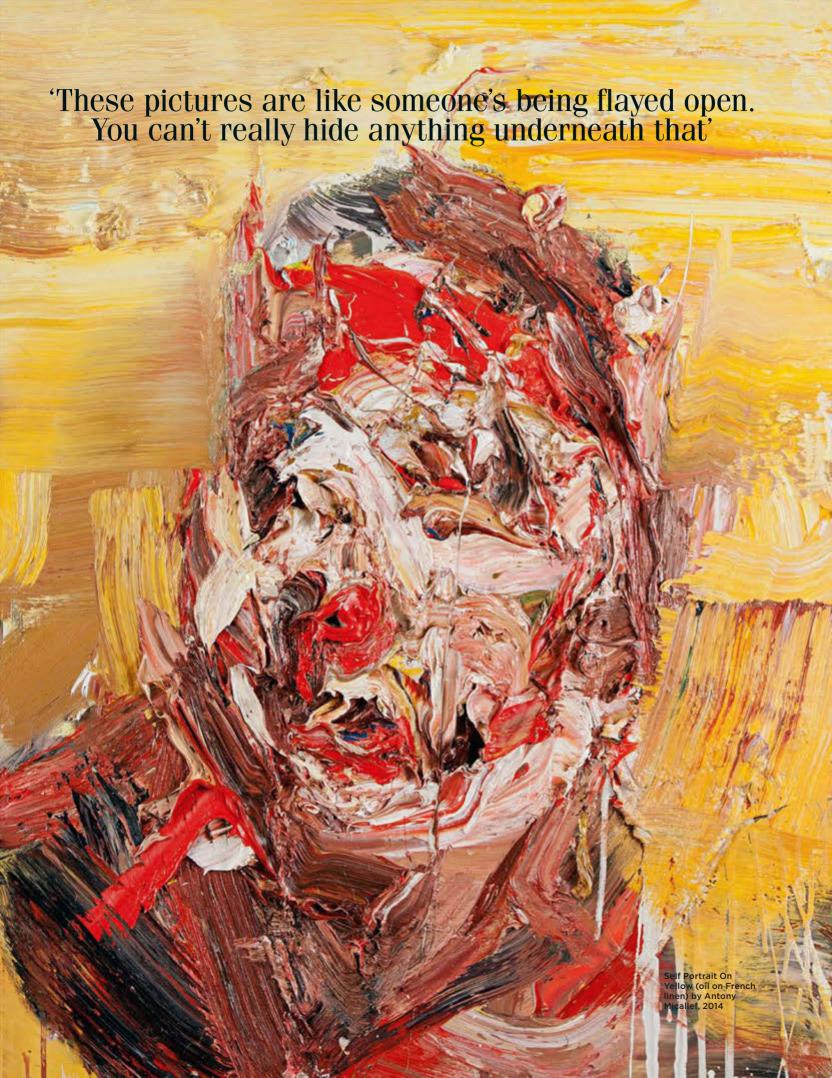
for about three-and-a-half years and went out only at weekends" – he went on to win second prize in the BP Portrait Award in 2000 and showed at the National Portrait Gallery. He has since had six wildly successful shows, and had his work bought by the likes of Damien Hirst, Jude Law, Angelina Jolie (for whom he reportedly refused to paint a family portrait), Christina Aguilera, James Franco and the Olsen sisters. For an artist with such a conflicted attitude towards celebrity and pop culture, is it perhaps not so surprising that many of his most ardent followers come from that world.

"I was the youngest, so by the time I was growing up the rest of my brothers and sisters were quite grown up, leaving more time for me I suppose," he says. "So my parents were tremendously supportive. I think they would have obviously liked me to pursue maths or









engineering, but they knew I had my heart set on painting. They said, 'OK, if you're happy then we're happy.' Though they still say things like, 'Why don't you paint a nice picture of Jesus or a landscape?' I'm terribly dyslexic, so painting and drawing became my way of expressing myself. They know that, and knew it then. I was really bad at maths, really bad at spelling, so I had no confidence and my art class was the only place when I really felt happy. I had people try to copy me instead of the other way round, you know? And as a kid, I think that confidence really matters."

Micallef's new exhibition, Self, is something of an attack on selfie culture. Where previously he has focused on abstract narratives, pop-cultural figures, and images where human figures merge with animals, this new show is exclusively made up of self-portraits - figurative selfies, as he calls them. His rationale for this change of direction is simple: "William Blake said that the road of excess leads to the palace of wisdom - you never know what is enough until you know what is more than enough. I became the very thing I was painting about without me realising. I morphed into this world of excess and it completely took over."

This show is the artist's way of stripping his work right back and getting "back to basics". If we live in an age of self-glorification and self-promotion, he suggests, we are little but advertisements for ourselves in shop windows. And if Instagram selfies are carefully choreographed images meant to deliver particular messages, the paintings in Self "strip away the veneer and show what lies beneath". This is not snackable content.

Micallef's paintings might just be as highly choreographed as selfies, but they are designed to show very different emotions. "These pictures are like someone's being flayed open, like you've just ripped the skin off and you can't really hide anything underneath that. I suppose what I have against selfies is that they are just so fabricated and happy. Everyone is happy in them. They project how they want to be perceived, and after a while you think this is all just faff. These paintings are meant to show warts and all. There is nothing being hidden, so they are a good counterbalance to selfie culture."

Where Francis Bacon went out of his way to show a history of a movement in a face, just becoming contorted in the process, Micallef's torqued features echo internal turmoil. His bruised and swollen faces seem as though they have exploded, portraits where every errant mark contributes to the final image. The critic Richard Dorment says of Bacon that his technique was almost like that of a cubist, reminding him of a sculptor working soft clay

with his thumbs. You could say something similar about Micallef, as his paintings often look like sculptures. Like Bacon, who said that his brush strokes created the form rather than filling it in, Micallef's pieces seem to breathe.

In this sense he is a lot like Frank Auerbach, whose paintings were full of braids and canyons of paint, layer upon layer of great loops of colour. Micallef's paintings look 3-D too, fleshy and full of life. They have a cinematic quality about them, almost as if they are blasting out of the canvas, forcing you to respond. The late, great critic Robert Hughes once said that Lucian Freud used paint to capture the stillness of a sitter, where "every inch of the surface has to be won, must be argued through, bears the traces of curiosity and inquisition". Micallef's portraits encourage a different interpretation of the subject, as



Touch base: Study Of An Embrace by Antony Micallef, 2014. Micallef says painting is like 'your eyes are shut and you've got your hands in mud'

they are bursting with colour, anger and more of a suggestion of what lies beneath.

"I always imagine it's like your eyes are shut and you've got your hands in the mud," he says about painting. "It's like you're trying to unearth something; I go through about ten different heads before I reach the one I'm happy with. They might be great, but it's not saying what I want it to. I'm not trying to say anything different with each one but I'm trying to project a different emotion. When you paint, it's about the conversation you have with the picture, and you've got to meet somewhere in the middle. Sometimes I've destroyed pieces which I shouldn't have done. I've taken pictures of them with my phone, and then looked at them a few days later and kicked myself."

As expressionist portraits, the works in *Self* are exemplary. Where they are really

impressive, though, is the way in which they remove themselves from most of the art noise around them by being so singular, so particular, and so removed from current memes and themes obsessing the London art scene. There is nothing "clever" about these pictures, they are deliberately not "knowing", and - while being a comment on the trappings of – make no reference to popular culture. These are not ironic stabs at the disappearing line between art and commerce, between church and state. between art and design. Like Jonathan Yeo, Micallef is painting faces, they're just not the faces you were expecting. Lucian Freud once said, "I paint what I see, not what you want me to see." One can imagine Micallef saying exactly the same thing.

Not that he carries his success lightly. When I asked him when he first started calling himself an artist, he shuffled his shoes around, and stared at the paint-splattered floor before responding.

"For years I used to say I was a graphic designer, because I suppose that's what I did, at least during the day. It's funny saying you're an artist, and I had a big problem with it for a long time because it felt quite pretentious. Well, my dad's a sheet-metal worker and my mum's a cleaner and it just felt... it just felt... wrong. Even when I started painting full time I never really said I was an artist. It took me quite a few years to say that. And, well, for a start, I would always say I'm a painter – I still say I'm a painter first - then quickly I say I'm an artist. If you just say you're a painter then people ask you to do their walls, and you wouldn't want me to paint your walls."

What Micallef is doing might not necessarily be new, but his style, his technique and his motivation lift him out of any genre he could have found himself in right now. Surely if there is a man to whom Auerbach should pass his torch then it is Micallef, an artist whose paintings don't just evince a

powerful psychological intensity, whose paintings present such a dense crust of colour that they appear to be possessed of life, and whose dedication to his chosen profession seems almost obsessive... but also a man, a painter, for whom painting appears to be everything. All and everything.

Self is at the Lazarides Gallery, 11 Rathbone Place, London W1, from 13 February. 020 7636 5443, lazinc.com. antonymicallef.com. Instagram: @antonymicallef



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Approx (Renly Baratheon, via a shadow-spirit; a handful of

bannermen, burnt to death).

Photographs Cameralink; Management + Artists

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ANDREAS KOCK



SEX: 1
Khal Drogo, the Dothraki chief, who promptly died,



MURDER: 10,000+

Tens of thousands (land of Lhazar, the slave masters of Astapor, the "bed slave city" of Yunkai, the Meereen slave city).

Throne Age

Emilia Clarke

'DAENERYS TARGARYEN'

Ah, Daenerys. Mother of Dragons, Breaker of Chains, the Unburnt, or, to you and me, the platinum-blonde badass bombshell at the heart of the show's appeal. In many ways, *Game Of Thrones* is a throwback, but with its fiercest character female it's not stuck in the past. The 27-year-old Clarke – a virtual unknown when the show began – will also soon be the ass-kicking leading lady Hollywood so lacks by playing a young Sarah Connor in *Terminator* reboot *Terminator Genisys* this summer. Trust us, she'll be back.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY SEBASTIAN KIM

MARCH 2015 GQ 258

Natalie Dormer

If Emilia Clarke represents the rare ball-busting female lead in *Thrones*, then the gloriously Manga-eyed Dormer, 32, represents an even rarer thing: a wily Machiavellian female schemer who, rather than being the victim when married to a boy-tyrant king (internet-troll-in-physical-form Joffrey), is actually the master manipulator. And what could be hotter than that? Also, seriously, just look at those eyes. This year, Dormer will also be seen reprising her role as the semi-shaven-headed guerilla fighter in *The Hunger Games: Mockingjay – Part 2*, where, presumably, diplomacy won't be called for.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY MORTEN LAURSEN

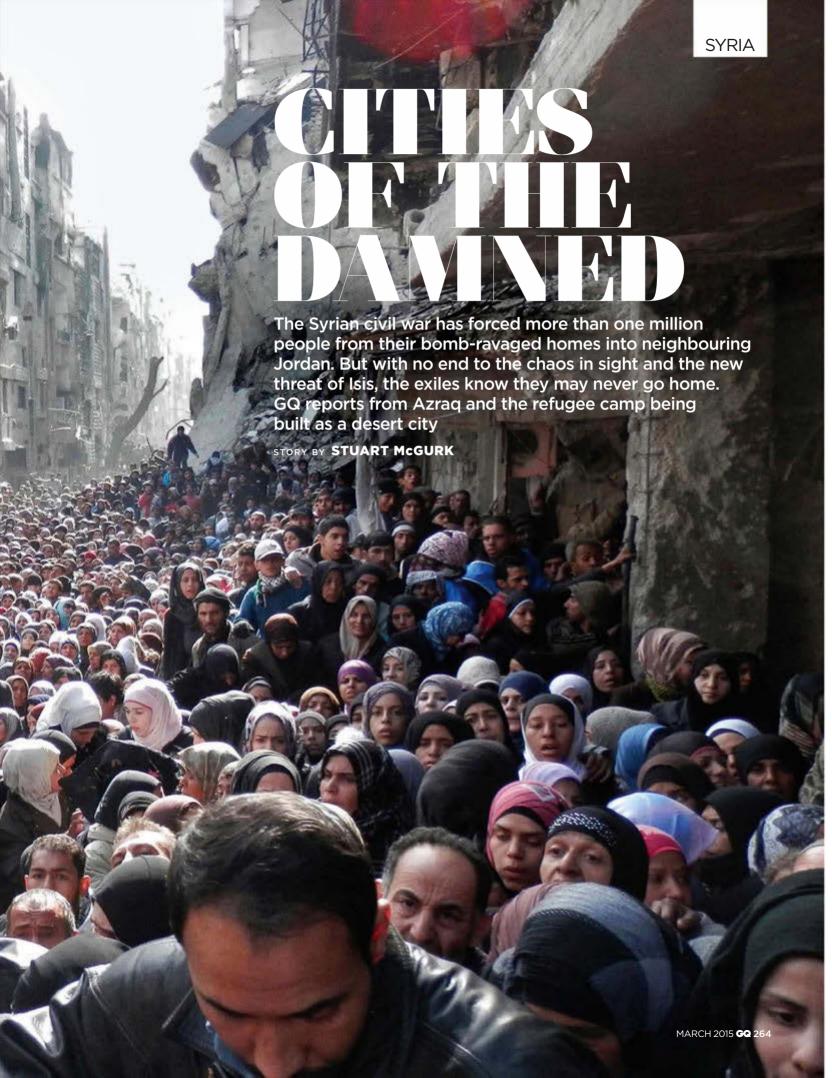














very morning, for more than six months now, Houmam Ahmed, 42, father of three, wakes at first light. It's cold, but not overly so, and he is wrapped warmly in one of the many blankets he managed to save from his home before he fled. It is November now, and the temperature, though it rises to more than 38C in the height of summer, is now a chilly 8C or so. Sometimes he sees his breath, but the first thing he hears, from outside on the dusty veranda that he built himself, is birdsong.

Some days he will remember he bought two canaries, following an arduous three-day journey via smugglers. He will remember being carted from car to van to truck across the Syrian border and into Jordan, along with the eight family members he and his brother took with them; he will remember the journey that wiped out nearly all his savings, the 30 Jordanian dollars he had left, the city they stopped at, and the two caged canaries he bought to remind them all of home. And he might think of the two caged canaries they left behind, the ones his brother tended to, the ones still in his garden, near his olive tree, who surely sing no more.

He will look around his 6x4.5m metal container home, one that he has fastidiously altered and added to and modified in the months since he arrived. He may look to the floor, which he first cleared of stones, then levelled with concrete, then padded with foam insulation. He may look to the walls, which he covered with the 18 grey blankets his family collected when they arrived, and which now act as both wallpaper and insulation, to keep the chill of the cold banished without and the ignoble sight of corrugated metal walls hidden within. He may even look at the kitchen pan holders, wardrobe and cupboard, all of which he made himself after working as a labourer for the Norwegian Refugee Council building the community centre, each day asking if he could take the spare wood home. Back in Syria he was a minicab driver, but he has discovered himself to be a talented carpenter in a crisis. At a pinch, he may think of his new garden, small as it is, created in the half-metre gap between his 27-sq metre home and his brother's, in which currently grows a patch of spinach, and for which his son has big plans, or, at least, as big as it will allow. The soil is not great, the alkaline concentration







makes growing things hard, but he hopes, at some point, for some more seeds, and he hopes they will grow.

He may think of the horrors he has seen; the ones that haunt him still. The brother-in-law arrested by the regime two years ago, and not seen since; the cousin he witnessed tortured and killed; his head put in a vice by soldiers, tightened, he says, "closer, closer, closer" until his skull finally cracked.

Yet some mornings, before he is fully himself, he will forget all this. He will hear the birdsong of the two canaries. And he will think, for just a moment or two, before he remembers he has no hope of return ("Like Palestine, maybe I will never go back. It can't be cured or saved. My country is on fire"), before he remembers he is in Azraq, in the desert, in Jordan, 55 miles from the Syrian border, in what will soon be one of the largest refugee camps in the world, yet one that thinks it's a city; the one where he may live for a few years, the one where he may live forever, that he is home.

militias, an idea rather than an army, teachers and farmers taking up rusted rifles – has since splintered into groups of the original rebels, their more extremist elements, and their more extremist elements still, now all fighting each other as well as the troops of Assad. In all, even a conservative estimate puts more than a thousand warlords, militias, armed gangs and insurgent groups in Syria, all fighting in a war that no longer has a centre of gravity.

Then, last year, came Isis.

Acting far more like a genuine army than the FSA ever did – and with millions of US dollars in funding, partly from horse-trading hostages to the countries who'd buy – they tore through the country, razing villages to the ground as they went, taking women as slaves, murdering anyone who would not convert to their brutal brand of hardline Islamism, making Syria's hell on earth that much hotter.

Finally, the coalition airstrikes began against them – and Houmam Ahmed was of course right. There was no return.

In all, more than three million Syrians have fled the country. It is a crisis not just without precedent in number, but perhaps more importantly, without equal in hope. There is none.

In Azraq, I speak to a Syrian dentist, Tarek, who fled Assad's regime and is now with his wife and five boys, in his own 6x4.5m metal box home. It is a bit chilly – they didn't arrive with their own blankets, so can't use the UNHCR ones as home insulation; the chill desert wind occasionally whips through the gaps between the roof and walls – but they are safe. He is 34, has a sad, careworn face, one that has creased too much, with large eyes, and mostly stares at the floor, but a ready, dry humour when called on.

He fled, he says, when it became clear even medical professionals were targets in this war without sides. His most recent job had seen him working for a hospital on the outskirts of Damascus, in charge of ordering the medical equipment and supplies. His deputy in this post was kidnapped – he assumes by Assad's soldiers, but can't be sure – and hasn't been seen since

To most of the fighters, he says – Assad's men, the rebel groups – anyone treating an enemy of theirs is considered their enemy too. "Some doctors are still there [in Syria]. One of my colleagues, a very close friend, passed away recently because he was helping injured people. They bombed his hospital. They bombed it on purpose." Another colleague, he says, was tortured – his ankles tied so tight with strong metal wire that gangrene set in and his captors had to amputate the feet they had previously been lashing. "And he's still in prison, that man. He's still there. With no feet..."

He pours more tea for us both.

"I will not set foot in Syria again for 50 years," he says. "It's not Assad going. Because what comes after? There are lots of rogues.

Houmam may think of the horrors he has seen and haunt him still. His brother-in-law arrested by the regime and not seen since; the cousin he witnessed tortured and killed



n the week I spend in Azraq, it is clear it is no ordinary refugee camp, but then Syria is no ordinary conflict. A war without end requires a refugee camp without a checkout time. That's Azraq. It's not so much a camp as a city-in-waiting.

When the first refugees fled across the Jordanian border in July 2012, following the 2011 Syrian uprising against the brutal regime of Bashar al-Assad, which had plunged their country into a bloody civil war, the UNHCR – the United Nations High Council for Refugees – had less than a week to set up a camp for them. UNHCR workers tell me how they laboured through the night, pegging up tents in the headlights of their trucks until the batteries ran dry

Situated just eight miles from the Syrian border, the Zaatari camp was meant as all modern refugee camps are meant, ever since the UNHCR's formation in 1950 to aid Europeans displaced by the Second World War: a rapid yet temporary relief. The relief remains rapid, but has often proved less than temporary.

Since Zaatari was formed in 2012, Syria has become a maelstrom of competing wars. The rebel Free Syrian Army (FSA) – in truth, never more than an uncomfortable mash of

Lots of people fighting. There is Isis... I will only go will back to Syria before I die."

o compare the Azraq camp I walk in now to the Zaatari camp for whose sins it is meant to atone is to compare a prison camp to a jungle. The former is barren and soulless – for now at least – but still preferable to lawless anarchy.

Here, the thoroughfares are grid-like, neat and ordered, the white 6x4.5m metal houses stretching off into the distance. In all, there are currently just over 10,000 of them, enough for 50,000 people, but there will soon be many more, with a capacity for 130,000, which would make it the second-largest refugee camp in the world, and Jordan's fourth largest city. At the horizon they become dots. In Zaatari, a tent-city constructed at pace, the current second-largest refugee camp in the world and so close to the border you can hear shelling, the roads are rabbit-warrens, organic like an ancient town, and with all the ancient vices that go with it. I speak to several UNHCR workers from Zaatari off the record in Jordan's capital Amman after they have finished for the week, and they all say the same thing: Zaatari became a nightmare. That, in all honesty, they have no idea how many people are there any more, because they're only really counting them, now, on the way out, as they are moved. The official UNHCR figure of 130,000 at its peak was just a guess. It was probably much higher. The figure now, of around 80,000,

The troubles began with inequality – most refugees received standard UNHCR tents, but others were given solid metal shelters. People who had nothing now had even less. An unwanted class system soon sprang up; there were protests, and at least one death. A black market quickly developed - tents originally worth \$600 (£400) went for \$300 (£200); metal shelters were stolen down to their foundations; smugglers would wait on the camp's outskirts for criminals to steal any UNHCR equipment they could get their hands on. Prostitution became rife, and, without adequate lighting, rape commonplace. Mothers, fearing for the safety of their daughters, started selling them off, some as young as 14, as wives to rich Jordanian men, each of whom would arrive at the camp with thousands of dollars in hand, as if it were a shop for spouses, and the sales were on. In a way, they were. One aid worker tells me of the lesser-known, but apparently popular, practice of families selling their daughters into "temporary marriages", where, for a fee, they would marry a man for two months and then return, perhaps to be married again. Contracts would even be drawn up, and paperwork spirited across the border to ensure it was legal.

With no sense of geography – the camp as one colossal mass spreading out over 1.3 sq miles – it was carved up by rival gangs, rectangular scratch marks in the ground claiming

ownership to each district. Crime was rife. Vandalism was everywhere. Boys without purpose were recruited by the very extremists their parents had fled.

But it wasn't all bad. To understand Zaatari you must first understand that, in many ways, Syrians are not your usual refugees. Many refugees are from poor African countries, often subsistence farmers, with limited education and a basic diet. Syria, meanwhile, has a large middle class; the literacy rate for men over 15 is 86 per cent; many are traders or professionals.

For all its problems, there was an undeniable entrepreneurial spirit to Zaatari. When some street lighting did come – hooked into Jordan's electricity grid – it was immediately hacked into to provide power to the many traders who had set up shop along the camp's unofficial main drag, nicknamed the Champs-Élysées. Sometimes it overloaded, and the power went down. But when it stayed up, the men and women who had carried their business on their backs during their arduous exile

At Zaatari a class system soon sprang up. A black market developed. Prostitution and rape were commonplace

traded again. Take your pick from barbers, coffee and tea houses, baklava joints, roast-chicken shops or beauty salons. You could hire a taxi, a wedding dress, buy a fan or a flat-screen TV. One man carted his candyfloss maker through the Syrian foothills as the shelling rang in his ears, and sells it now to kids who can't believe their luck.

The international press delighted in this – the *New York Times* ran a story last summer titled "Refugee Camp For Syrians in Jordan Evolves as a Do-It-Yourself City" – but behind it lay a darker truth. It was controlled, mostly, by gangsters, who charged as much as \$2,000 for a prime spot, and more specifically, by a slight man with a bushy beard, who went from being a teacher on the subject of air-conditioning repair in peacetime, to a commander in the Free Syrian Army in wartime, to, as a refugee, the Tony Soprano of Zaatari.

Legend has it – the truth gets slippery when it comes to tales of his character – that when he first arrived at the camp, and was presented with his standard ration of two UNHCR blankets, he demanded more, only to be told no. "Give me the stuff now," he replied, "or I will separate your head from your body." He got

his blankets, and now lives in three trailers, all air-conditioned (naturally), with a private water-tank, private bathroom, three refrigerators, a TV, an Astroturf courtyard complete with water fountain, and all electricity unwittingly provided by a nearby Italian hospital; the de facto mayor of the city of the damned. To say he is a headache to UNHCR workers at Zaatari is an understatement.

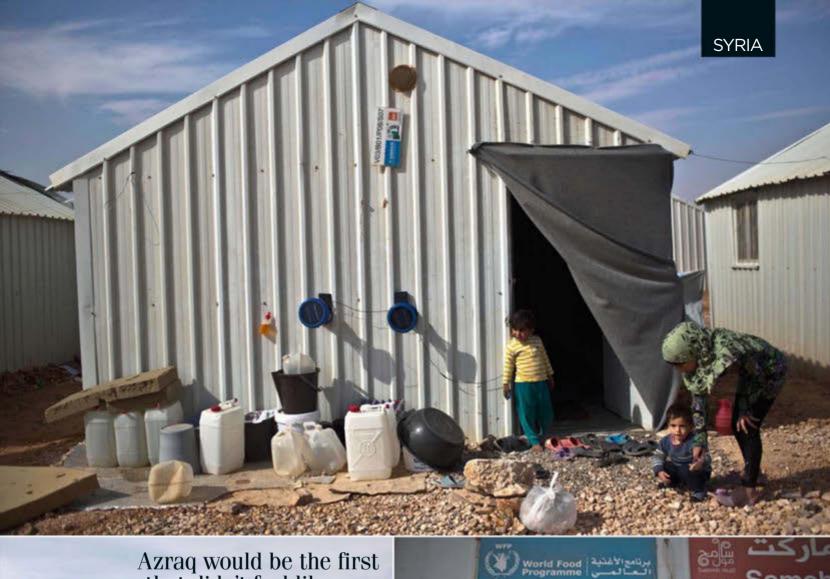
So as the numbers swelled, the UNHCR began thinking of a new camp. One that would learn the mistakes of Zaatari, to be sure, but also build on its unique successes, where traders could trade, and people once again had some small purpose, sons no longer spirited away. But more importantly, it would be the first camp in the world that didn't feel like one. Where there were no tents, just structures. Where there were no temporary measures. They had to build a city.

ernadette Castel-Hollingsworth is in her late thirties, dark, tall, sharply beautiful, impossibly French, and the camp manager of Azraq. Even in the barren bleakness of the Jordanian desert, she wears Dolce & Gabbana sunglasses, and is pretty much glamorous enough to play herself in the biopic of her own life. For Zaatari, the UNHCR dispatched a thickset no-nonsense German named Kilian Kleinschmidt to be the boss - a cross between Bruce Willis and a bulldozer - because they needed someone to stand up to that camp's criminal elements; they assigned Castel-Hollingsworth the task of Azraq, meanwhile, in the hope such force would not be needed. Kleinschmidt was parachuted in at a time of crisis after the camp had already turned sour; Castel-Hollingsworth was standing in this spot a year and a half ago when it was all just desert. Since, she has overseen everything from the camp layout to working with engineers and architects to negotiating with the Jordanian government over where the burial site should be (just as a camp needs a hospital for its births, it needs a burial site for its deaths). It was an almost unheard of level of control for a UNHCR camp manager, but then, of course, Azraq is not really a camp.

"Basically," she says, "my role has been to give the green light or say no to almost anything."

The first thing they learnt, she says, from the failure of Zaatari, was that a camp this size must be planned like an inner city: separated into districts, rather than one homogeneous mass. "So we used the geographic features – the *wadi*, or old natural river paths – to create villages of 10,000 to 15,000 refugees." Village councils of refugees will oversee each.

Second, and most importantly, "We needed to adapt our thinking of the shelter." Syrians traditionally live with extended family, so rather than see shelters as single family units, they allocated them in batches of six whenever possible, putting as many family and



Azraq would be the first camp that didn't feel like one.
No tents. No temporary measures. They had to build a city





Signs of permanence (clockwise from top): A refugee and her children outside their shelter, complete with solar lamps; a couple sit by the gates to Azraq's Sameh shopping mall; leisure time for men on a basketball court; a father escorts his daughter home from school (all 19 November 2014)

Friends together as they could. "The idea is that the more people know each other, the more they will take ownership of the infrastructure, the more they will take care of them." It's former New York mayor Rudy Giuliani's broken window policy, in other words, transposed to the desert.

The elephant in the room in all this, of course, is the x-factor of time. Why go to the effort of housing families together if it's a temporary relief? The answer, naturally, is that you don't.

"You know," says Castel-Hollingsworth, "many times the UNHCR has established refugee camps for three months, or six months, and they're still there 20 years later. And so because of the nature of the conflict, we knew we needed to have better conditions than just for an emergency."

The scale is daunting. The Norwegian Refugee Council led the charge on the 10,000 shelters. Constructed from zinc and steel to withstand high wind and high temperatures, designed specifically for Azraq's harsh environment, they cost more than \$2,000 (£1,330) each, were built pre-fab off-site by three Jordanian companies, and trucked in on mass. That number could triple, but each will last much longer than UNHCR tents, which cost \$600 but have to be replaced every six months to a year. Miles of water pipes were laid. Almost 100 miles of roads, 100 speed bumps, 40 tonnes of medical equipment. A hospital structure was donated by the Italian government, which is modular, meaning wards can be added or removed. Rather than truck in the millions of gallons of water that Zaatari required (more than three million gallons last year), they drilled a borehole in a deep aquifer running under the site, and will draw their own. More than 40,000 blankets have been handed out, 40,000 general-purpose mattresses, 50,000 sleeping mattresses, enough gas canisters to sink a battleship. More than 100 international aid agencies were involved, drawing money from everywhere - direct donations from countries, individual donations across the globe, the UN itself, the International Monetary Fund, and everything in-between.

In just over a year, they built a city in the sand. So far, it has cost more than \$65m (£43m), and it's just the start. It could end up costing triple that.

Walk through Azraq's desert streets, and the permanence is everywhere you look. It's in the spacing between the shelters – Azraq is four times the size of Zaatari but has the same capacity – and the simple fact not a single one is a tent. It's in the sprawling 130-bed hospital, the interior of which could pass for the NHS. "We're equivalent to a community hospital back home," the female French-Canadian doctor there tells me. "We've got an operating room, we've got wards, and because we're here longer-term, we're not operating in tents, which is a quite a luxury." It's in the fully regulated marketplace, which – when

the Jordanian government finally passes the paperwork after months of delays – will see it become something akin to a city centre, Syrian refugees selling to Syrian refugees, not a gangster in sight. It is there in Azraq's solitary bus service, which loops the camp every hour, a piece of comforting banality on an otherwise barren plain.

It is even there in the streets themselves, on which the children have already planted trees, and which the UNHCR plans to fully pave (Zaatari and Azraq are the two first refugee camps in the world to be charted by Open Street Map; or, put another way, the only refugee camps in history you can navigate by sat-nav). And it is there in the street names, which Azraq's residents recently voted to name after prominent Muslim scientists.

It is there, also, in perhaps Azraq's most incongruous sight, that of a giant supermarket at its centre, at the bus' final stop – a tendered outpost of the Jordanian equivalent of Tesco. When I am given a tour by the manager, they

One refugee – six month's pregnant with her eighth – fled when she returned to find her house had been bombed

are doing a roaring trade, the check-out beeps the same as any beeps across the world. They have a great deli counter.

When the World Food Programme opened their standard-issue tent in Zaatari, an aid worker tells me, doling out airplane-like containers of rice and chicken, the Syrians complained. They said food was crucial to their culture; they needed diversity. So the WFP began giving out basic rations instead rice, tinned tomatoes, sugar - and the UNHCR built community kitchens for them to cook in. No dice. They said they wanted to choose themselves; things went missing from the kitchens; one entire kitchen area, Kitchen 77, was built with concrete blocks but stolen down to its foundations. Others were turned into de facto houses. It was not a success. For Azraq, the UNHCR gave out tens of thousands of gas canisters and hundreds of thousands of pots and pans; the WFP struck a deal with the supermarket and gave out top-up cards. The manager even had to order in betterquality olive oil as the Syrians refused to buy the cheap stuff he stocked. And just like that, the residents of Azraq became the first refugees that weren't meekly standing in line and

asking for hand-outs to eat, but catching the bus to their weekly shop. Of all the refugees I speak to, most point to this, after all the horror they have seen, as the thing that makes them feel normal again.

"No," says a women buying chicken and spices with her seven children, almost laughing at the idea. "I did not expect to find a supermarket here!"

She fled when, out with her children, she returned to find her house had been bombed ("I had to flee"). She was also six-months pregnant with her eighth.

It is there in the schools, the community centre, the football courts and the (pre-fab, sky blue) mosque. And finally, it is there in what may finally see Azraq cross the line from camp to city: sustainable street lighting and power for every home. Power is the thing all the refugees tell me they now crave. They currently muddle by on puny solar chargers and lanterns hung on every dwelling.

In Zaatari, with all the illegal hook-ups, the UNHCR has to foot an electric bill to the tune of \$1m a month. With the help of funding from Ikea, the UNHCR recently installed thousands of solar street lights in Azraq. At night, from a certain vantage point, it could be any city.

Paul Quigley, a phlegmatic, follicly challenged Irishman in charge of installing the lights, tells me that when they were first turned on, the Syrian mothers hugged the lamp posts, and some cried. In the dark of the camp, many feared rape just venturing to the toilets. Their daughters didn't have to be afraid any more.

To bring the remaining street lights and a solar farm to provide power in each home will cost just over \$30m (£19.9m), or roughly the electricity bill for Zaatari for two and a half years. Put like that, there's no choice to make. But you have to first accept they will at least be there that long, and the patience of Jordan's people – though the camps are funded internationally – is running out. Currently, with more than one million in camps and the general population, the Syrians make up almost a sixth of Jordan's meagre sixand-a-half million population.

"Why do they need another camp?" was a typical reaction – this said to me by Amman's main media officer. The taxi driver who picked me up from Amman airport told me the following joke: "Did you hear they're setting up a new foreign embassy? This one's in Amman."

For the refugees, there is also a huge irony to face. For each, the more normal this becomes, the more they know something for certain. They are never going home.

In my time in Azraq, I speak to scores of refugees: a farmer in his twenties who was smuggled here on a single truck with 80 others ("I couldn't move for days"); a mother sick with worry for her son, stuck back home, who cries every day at the thought of him ("I am all on my own!"); a 22-year-old student, who

was studying engineering until the regime soldiers came to his university and started throwing students out of the fourth floor windows ("From above, you could see them falling") and who tortured him for a week, finally letting him go without asking a single question ("They sounded drunk"); a blind man whose young son led him to safety amid gunfire, but also away, perhaps forever, from his wife and daughter, both of whom he desperately hopes survived; a farm owner who watched men with rifles walk through his field, and put a bullet in the head of every single one of his 50 cows, just because they could ("I was rich back home. Now I beg").

And for each, I ask the same simple question. Will you ever go back? Some actually laughed. No, they all said, in various ways and in various words, they would not. What would they return to?

here are now more displaced people in the world than there have been at any time since the end of the Second World War. Thanks in large part to the Arab Spring uprisings of 2011, 16.7m people, according to a January report from the International Organisation for Migration, are now refugees, while another 33.3m are displaced within their own war-ravaged countries.

The Arab Spring protests that seemed so modern and new - stoked by the internet, spirited by social media - mostly ended with history's oldest punchline. From Egypt to Bahrain, oppression was replaced with more oppression. From Syria to Libya to Yemen, infighting became all-out civil war. Revolutions, it seems, are actually more like turning a few sides of a Rubik's Cube. In most part, it's just a slightly altered version of what came before; you have to be very lucky for everything to fall into place. Of all the Arab Spring revolutions, only Tunisia's - the so-called "Jasmine Revolution" of December 2010 from which the rest sprung, and which heralded its first democratic elections - lucked out on block colour.

"The numbers," says Leonard Doyle, spokesman for the International Organisation for Migration, "are unprecedented."

"Many have accepted that Syria is a protracted conflict, that there is no return to Syria right now," adds Castel-Hollingsworth. "In their first week of arrival, they register the children in school, they plant trees by their shelter, they settle for the future."

But what is Azraq's future?

Granted, it is a far cry from early UNHCR efforts, such as when they set up the Sa Kaeo Refugee Camp on the Thai-Cambodian border to deal with displaced Cambodians in 1979, but made the mistake of building the camp on a rice paddy, using plastic sheets to make temporary "houses" for them. When it rained, the refugees – exhausted from the journey and severely malnourished – drowned in mere inches of mud, too weak to lift their heads up.

The marketplace and relative proximity to produce, meanwhile, should ensure Azraq doesn't suffer from the nutrition problems of the Sahrawi camps, set up in 1975 in the baking western Sahara desert. According to the UN, the lack of fresh vegetables means 40 per cent of its children suffer from a lack of iron, while almost a third suffer from a chronic lack of nutrition.

There may, indeed, even be unexpected upsides. For all their struggles with food, children's education is obligatory in the Sahrawi camps, and has raised the literacy rate from five to more than 95 per cent.

Even so, the problem remains: what use to make of it? After all, even babies born in Azraq don't gain Jordanian citizenship; they remain Syrian. Twice a week, a Jordanian official comes to check on births. A home will never be home if you can never leave it.

Chances are, they will become another population of the world's long-term dispossessed. A people without place. They need only look to Kenya's Dadaab camp, formed in 1991 and

'Many have accepted there is no return. They register the children in school. They plant trees. They settle for the future'

the world's largest with a population of almost half a million, for their possible fate. It has existed so long there are now tens of thousands of "Dadaab grandchildren" – children of children born there. A generation that has never known home.

or now, there are more pressing concerns. Paul the electrician, along with being responsible for Azraq's illumination, is attempting to solve the camp's rat problem. Over lunch, he tells me he's seeing a vet tomorrow about the possibility of bulkbuying cats ("Young, hungry cats!"), a plan only slightly hindered by a Syrian aid worker telling him Muslims would not keep the cats in their houses ("Hmm, yeah, the cats couldn't stay outside, really...").

But the bigger problem is the border. Ever since Jordan joined the UK and US in bombing Isis late last year, they closed it due to security concerns, leaving thousands of Syrians stranded, desperate to get to a camp for which shelters – and, who knows, cats – await them.

I talk again to Houmam. Of all the people I meet, it is he, more than anyone else, who seems to have accepted his fate, and is attempting

– maybe just for the sake of his family – to make the best of it. He has truly made his shelter a home. He still has plans, he says, for many improvements. More storage is needed.

I ask him again about the canaries. "Actually," he says with a smile, "one of them is pregnant. So we keep them inside at night for the warmth. After two weeks, you will find more."

Could he be happy here?

"Before I was happy," he says. "Living a good life. But not now."

He suddenly gets out his mobile phone, and wordlessly starts playing a video for me. It shows Assad's troops – one even waves at the camera - with two captured rebel soldiers in the ruins of a bombed-out house. Both are blindfolded, and facing the wall. The solders have knives and start stabbing the rebels, almost playfully, in the back and ribs. It rapidly becomes more intense, each strike hitting deeper; prods become slashes. Soon, each man's back is stained red, and the troops are laughing. After what must have only been five minutes, but which seemed like an hour, the men buckle forward against the wall, the solders grabbing nearby chunks of masonry to crush their heads, finishing them off, and burying them in rubble.

Houmam looks at me but doesn't speak. The point is clear. There are worse things than being unhappy. There are worse things than not being home.

And vet, as I leave - watching young children fly kites made out of UNHCR foam insulation, parents having sacrificed their warmth to give their child a solitary toy - I can't help reflect on the most poignant story I heard in my time in Jordan. UNHCR workers at the Zaatari camp told me that, when there was still unfettered movement in and out of Zaatari, they would watch as the refugees streamed in, many of them young mothers, many pregnant, desperate to get somewhere safe for their children. But they also noticed something else - very old men and women, who had arrived months before, walking the other way, out into the desert, back towards the Syrian border, sometimes passing the pregnant women as they went. They only later discovered why. These people had decided they didn't want to die here, in a refugee camp, in the Jordanian desert where nothing grew. They didn't want their bodies buried in this earth. They wanted, simply, come what may, to walk their bones back to the land of their fathers, where the olive trees grow, and, finally and forever, return home.



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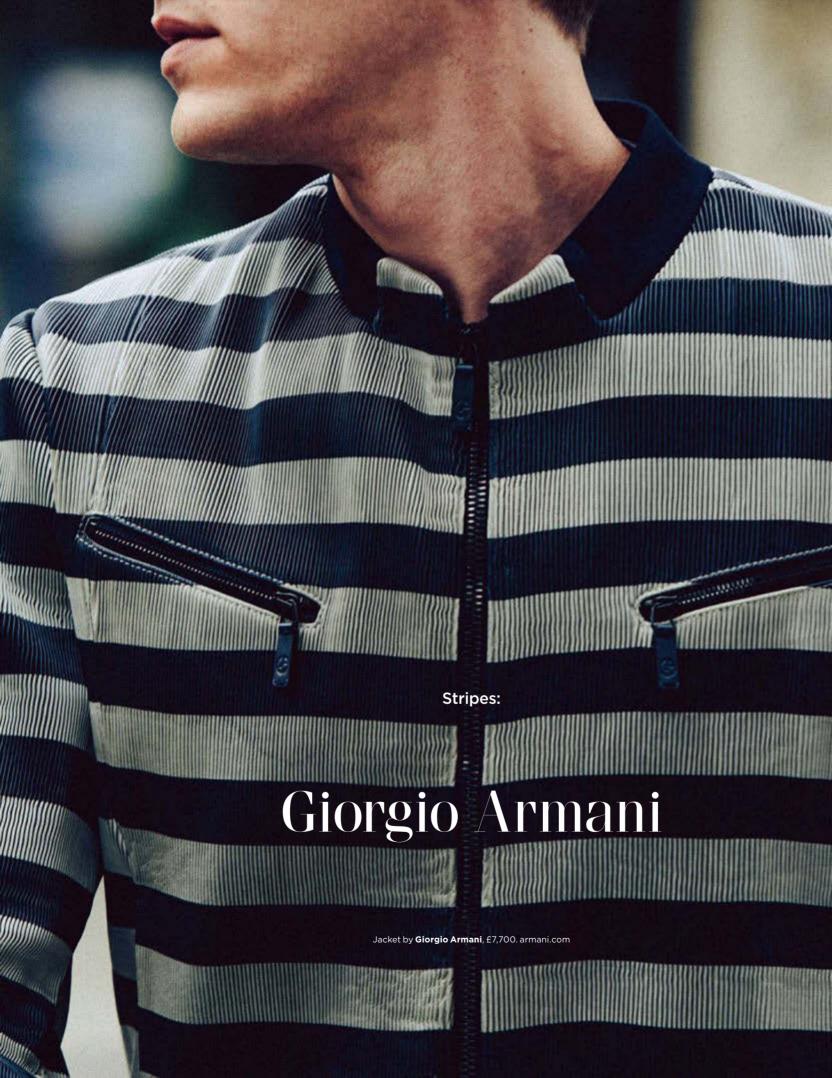
The word on the street is in: from stripes in the city to the new trousers about town, this season's trends are putting the urban in urbane

The blouson jacket:

Calvin Klein Collection

Jacket, £765. Shorts, £112. Trainers, £532. Socks, £22. All by **Calvin Klein**. calvinklein.com













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Jumper, £985. Shorts, £440. Shoes, £215. All by **Bottega Veneta**. bottegaveneta.com

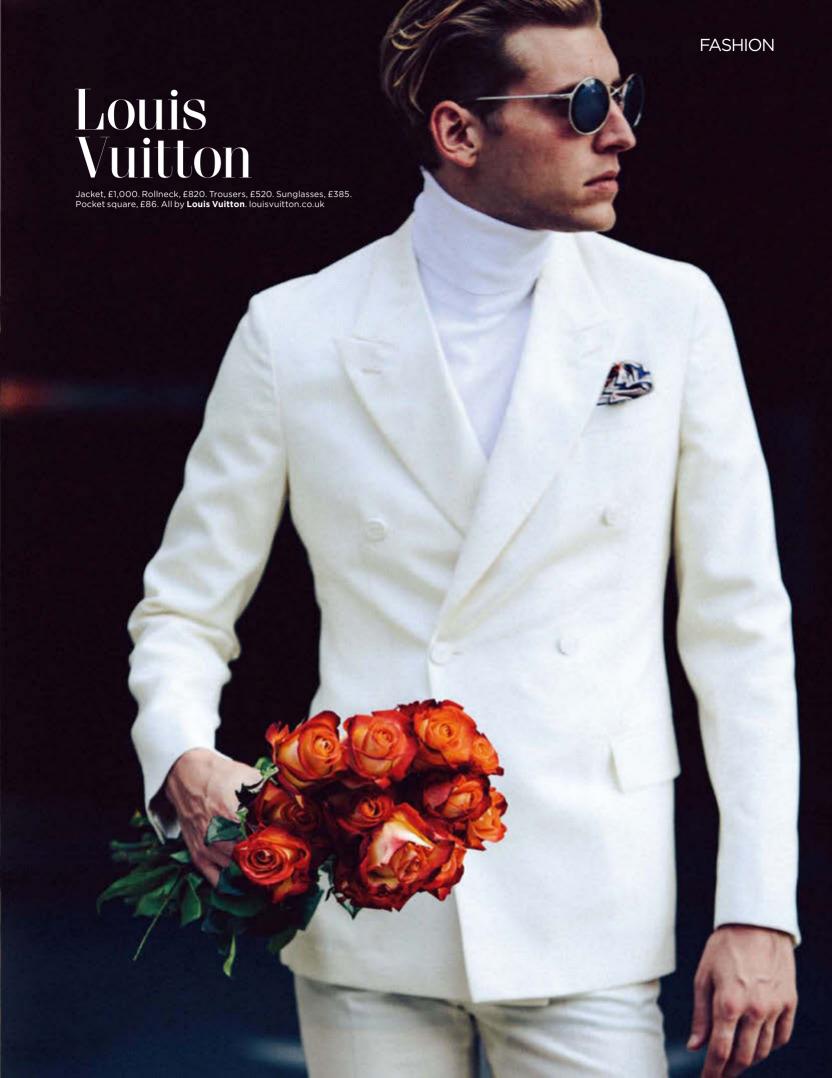


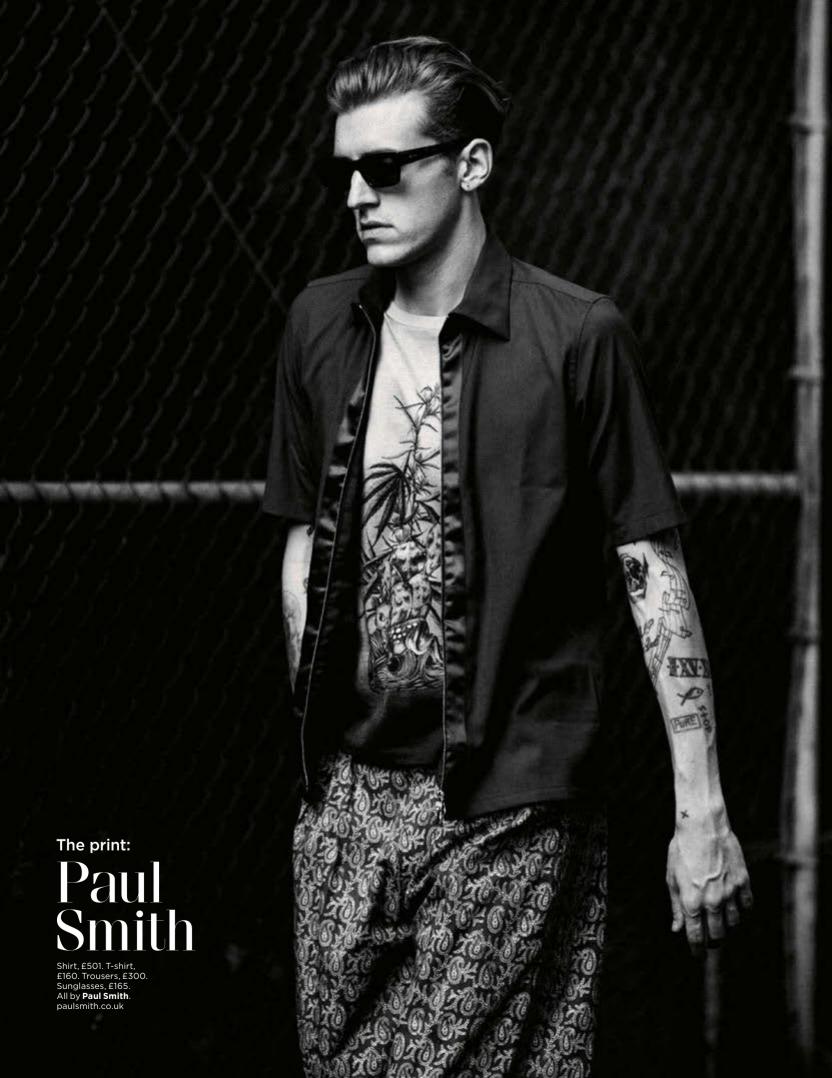


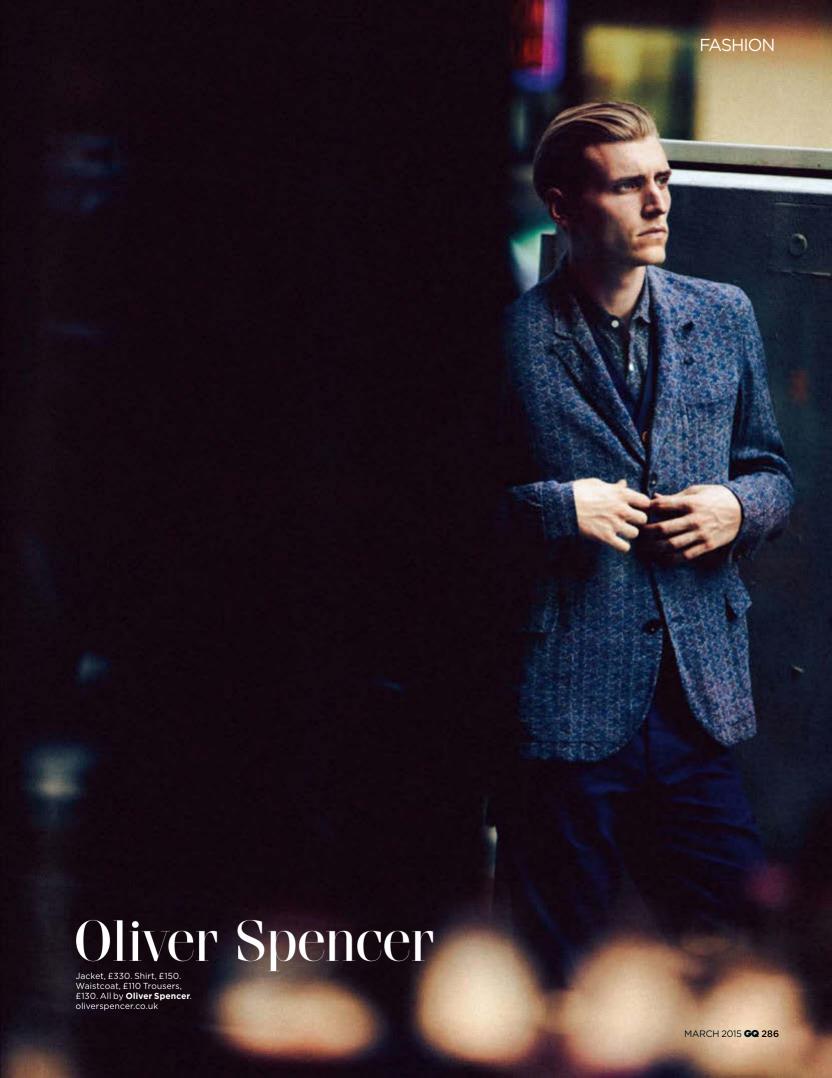












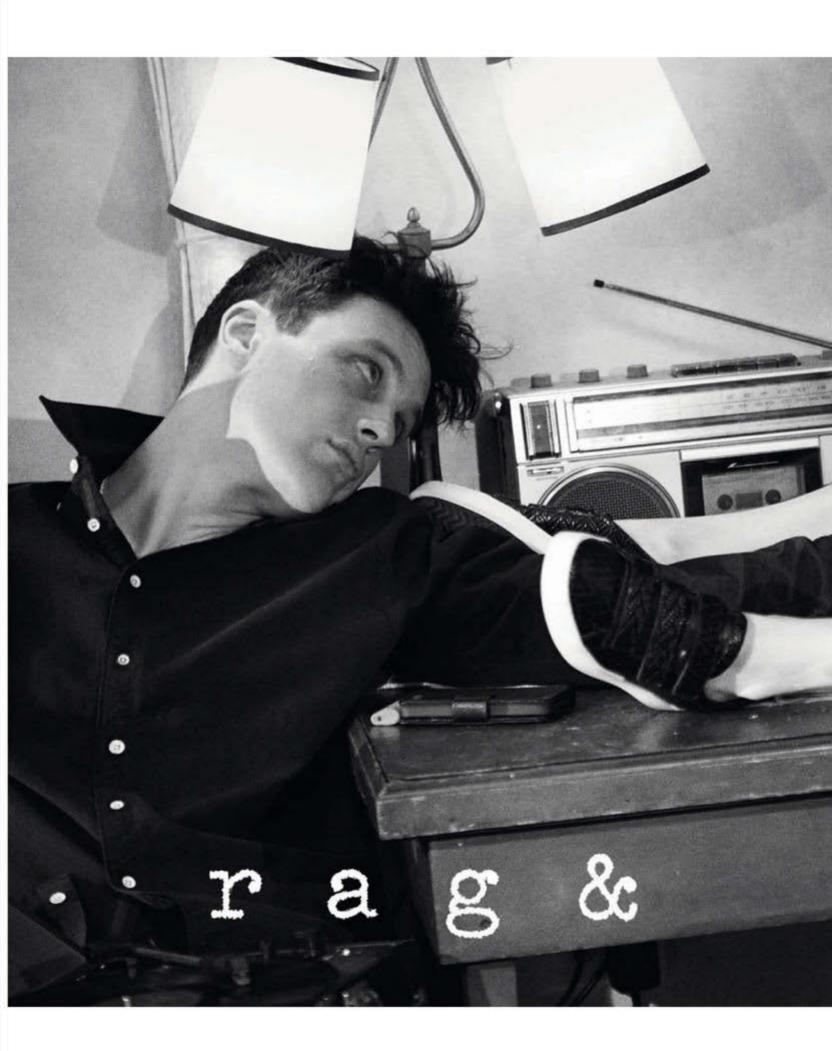


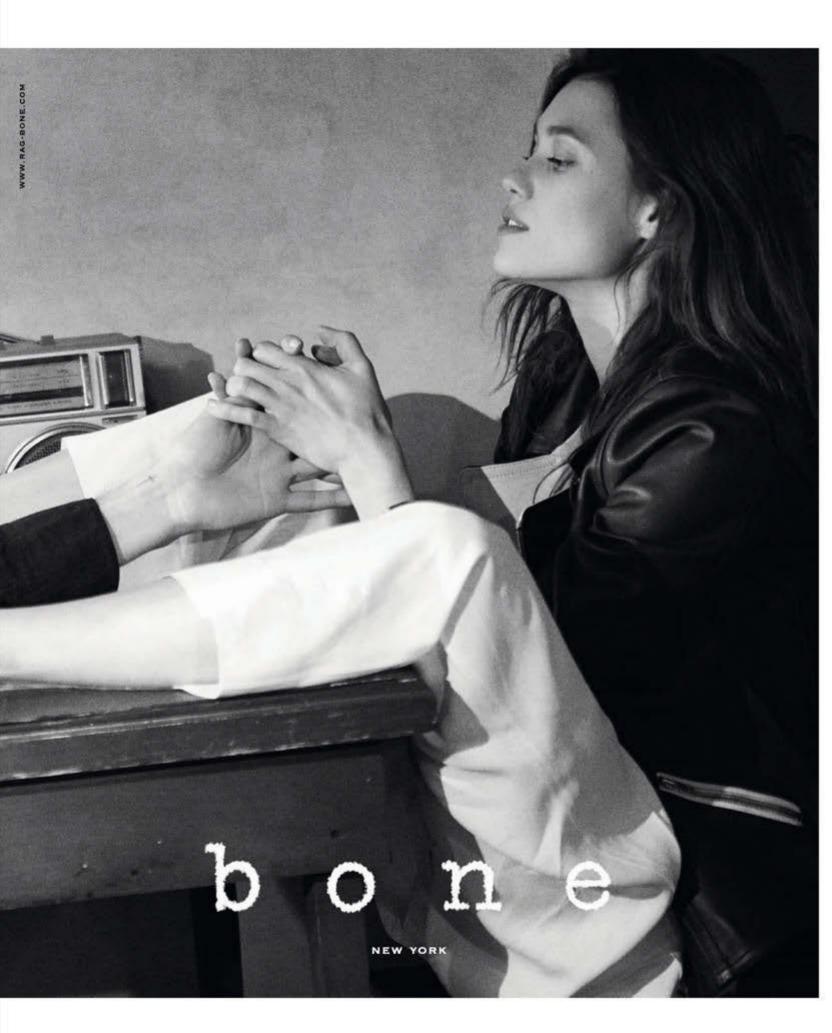
Ermenegildo Zegna Couture

T-shirt, £800. Trousers, £790. Bag, £2,180. All by **Ermenegildo Zegna Couture**. zegna.com

Production Grace Gilfeather
Hair Benjamin Mohapi at One Represents
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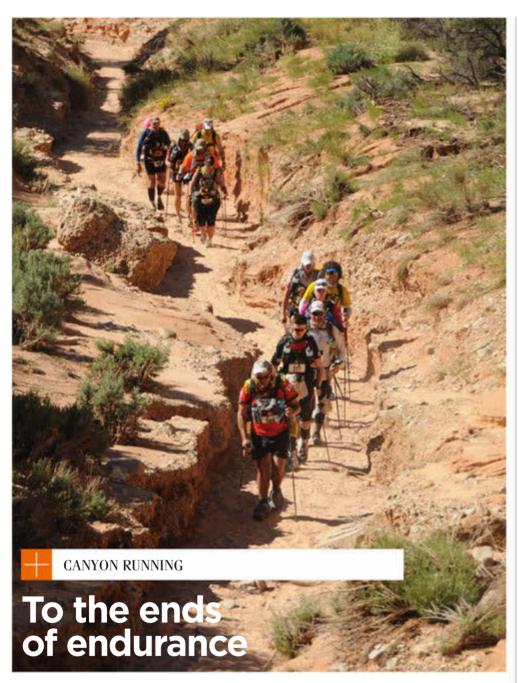
MARCH 2015 GQ 288











THE RACE

EVENT | Grand To Grand Ultra
WHERE | The Grand Canyon National Park
DISTANCE | 170 miles in 7 days
START LINE | North Rim, Arizona
FINISH LINE | Grand Staircase, Utah
ULTRA RUNNING EXPERIENCE | None

THE REALITY of what I was about to attempt only really hit the night before my race started, as I sat atop the North Rim of the Grand Canyon, some 5,500ft above sea level. Our campsite's vantage point offered a panoramic view and one at which all 104 competitors could marvel over

our "last supper", a mountain of meatballs courtesy of a local Arizona catering group that looked straight off the set of *Once Upon A Time In The West*. The night's dinner was the last forkful of fresh food we'd be taking on for seven days. The uninspiring prospect of rehydrated pasta and porridge was on the menu for the foreseeable future.

The Grand To Grand Ultra is the only self-supported footrace in the US, meaning everything needed for the week – barring a tent and hot water – would be carried around the course. Having only ever run two marathons, I was a pavement-pounding novice. Ultra running was a monumental step

Walking wounded: GQ's Lee Stobbs (second from front) endures stage four's 30C heat and 26 miles on sandy footing up. I might have trained for nine months, but behind my bravado was a terror-stricken soul unsure whether I could conquer such a challenge.

But there was no time for fear. We started in the morning...



After a sleepless, thunderstorm-filled night, we were greeted by sunrise, a six-inch tarantula and the sound of The Proclaimers for an 8am start. After a quick countdown, the moment arrived. Pharrell's "Happy" played us out and 104 runners wondered how long that feeling would last.

Not long. Just eleven miles and two checkpoints in and the inescapable 30C desert sun was starting to take its toll. Hard-packed sandy trails led me to the halfway stage of the day, by which point my shoulders had started to surrender to the heft of my 10.5kg backpack. Fifteen miles, a crosscountry climb and a stretch of prickly pear cacti was all that was keeping me from dinner. Or so I thought.

Little did I know I was about to find myself at the base of a bloodthirsty, side-sweeping storm. For ten minutes, snooker-ball-sized, razor-sharp hail battered my body, literally taking my breath away. I crouched over to protect my head and prayed it would pass. And then, just like that, blue skies appeared. Soggy and startled, I marched on, finally falling over the finish line, my mouth watering at the prospect of a substantial meal.



RUN TIME NUMBER OF DROPOUTS
10 hours, 30 mins, 35 secs 4

Nothing dusts away the morning cobwebs quite like a five-mile climb up a mountain. Hiking our way along the Navajo Trail – an old shepherding track first used in 1871 – the first third of the day was a mazy uphill path through dense vegetation. That turned out to be the easy part.



The day ended up something of a beautiful disaster. On one hand, distant views of the picturesque Grand Staircase fixed my wavering focus, and on the other, with no runners in tow, I was suffering from the loss of competitor camaraderie. Running the long, shadeless stretches alone was mentally draining; sometimes you just needed someone to talk to, someone to lift your spirit.

The mileage may have been less than stage one, but the colossal climbs of the morning made mincemeat of my leg muscles, which were ready for a long, hot bath. But there would be no such luxury – I was staring down the barrel of 52.6 miles in the morning. Tsk.

DAY 3-4 DISTANCE

52. 6 miles

RUN TIME DROPOUTS
28 hours, 13 mins, 57 secs 18

Ahead of the most physically demanding day of my life, the group I set off with had a mutually shared strategy: stick together. The first segment of the stage made day two's climb look like child's play; if that was Mont Blanc, this was Everest. It reached an altitude of around 6,000ft and continued for eleven miles – we'd be fortunate to avoid the underside of a passing American Airlines jet.

Exasperated and dangerously dehydrated, I began to experience mild hallucinations – mistaking a distant tree for a car, for example – which was a sign that I needed to refuel and rest. To make matters worse, a recurring knee injury started to flare up, restricting my right leg's ability to bend. I needed help. I found a long stick to use as a crutch and cut it to size with my knife. I reached the checkpoint and considered my future in the event.

On the brink of throwing in the towel, I found hope in the inspiring words of a fellow competitor. "Our bodies will always give up," he said, "but the body is never tired if the mind is not tired." Refuelled and rejuvenated. I was back on track. The next six miles comprised a soft-sand downhill, an onerous task with a leg that was struggling to stabilise on the declines, but I learnt an invaluable tip for passing the mindnumbing time: ask an American what they think of Barack Obama. Before I knew it we'd reached the 45-mile mark after 18 hours of trekking and talking. Following 40 winks by the fire, I was hoisted up by my group to complete the most gruelling leg of the stage: the sand dunes.

Approaching these titanic mountains of desert gave me my first you've-got-to-be-kidding-me moment. Formed from the erosion of sandstone, they showed no remorse. With each step up, you sunk two steps down. As demoralising as it was demanding, what got me through was the fact that I was just not ready to give up. This wasn't me against the course. This was me against myself. We trudged through eight miles of dunes in total before reaching the third-to-last pit stop of the stage.

With the sun now coming up — it was 5am — the final 13 miles offered up the unholy trinity of soft-sand inclines, densely vegetated trail and 26C heat, before we could hibernate at camp for the remainder of the new day. Phew.

miles Total distance run over seven days



RIIN TIME 11 hours, 2 mins, 26 secs NUMBER OF DROPOUTS 2

Overlooking the Zion National Park, the "short" 26-mile course of day five, much to my legs' dismay, was 50 per cent sand; never had I missed running on road so much. Views of Harris Mountain could be seen en route to checkpoint one and an ice-cold reservoir, as if heaven-sent, welcomed us at checkpoint two. After a quick dip, I scurried on towards a red-rock tunnel, which we were to ascend with the help of a climbing rope.

With the rest of the 12-mile trail brimful of Utah junipers. I blindly turned a corner only to be charged by a Rocky Mountain elk, with its metre-long antlers spearing the attack. I leapt into the nearest pinyon pine bush as it hurtled past. It was reassuring to know that after all I'd put myself through, my survival

instincts were still intact. I unpicked myself from the pinyon and eventually crossed the line.

DAY 6 DISTANCE

10 hours, 19 mins, 32 secs

RUN TIME

NUMBER OF DROPOUTS 0

It seems they'd saved the best until last. My body may have been in bits, but nothing could belie the beauty of the slot canyons. Formed by the wear of water during monsoons, each narrow slot stirred up thoughts of the Aron Ralston-inspired film 127 Hours. The slots were a welcome distraction from the heat and mileage (and I didn't need to cut my own arm off).

Long, endless asphalt roads saw out the rest of the day, and I'd buddied up with the former manager of Madness, so stories from the music industry kept me amused. Reaching the finish line to rapturous applause brought home that we were close to the end.

KILL LIST

Three living, breathing. biting obstacles to avoid



Rocky Mountain elks Roaming the more elevated points of the course the 300kg cousin of Old World deer are quick to charge if any sudden movements are made, as I soon found out...



Snakes From the western diamondback to the Great Basin, six rattlesnake species are present in the Grand Canyon, Keep your eyes on the trail.



Covotes Known for their aggressive behaviour toward humans. these North American natives were lurking on the night stage. Thank god for the headlamp

DAY 7 DISTANCE miles NUMBER OF DROPOUTS RIIN TIME 16 mins, 50 secs

Λ

Due to severe weather warnings, the conditions were deemed too treacherous to climb the pink cliffs of the Grand Staircase. Organisers remapped the final leg and reduced it to two miles, much to the relief of the competitors.

As I made my way through the final two miles, I couldn't help but reflect on what had been such an enlightening journey. I put my footsteps in these desert sands to learn more about what I was capable of: mentally, how would I cope when despondent and delirious with fatigue? Physically, how would my body fight on when so feeble and failing?

The sight of the finishing tape, with the pink cliffs decorating the horizon, will remain etched in my memory forever. A small yet euphoric glory that potently illuminated what I was about to achieve. Weary, wounded and physically defunct, my lifeless legs dropped at the line as I looked up to see my finisher's medal there in waiting. I may have been broken, but I'd never felt more alive. Lee Stobbs Lee was running for a friend who has multiple sclerosis and raised £6.091 through sponsorship. Next year's Grand To Grand Ultra is scheduled for 20-26 September. For more information, visit q2qultra.com





TOTAL NUMBER OF DROPOUTS: 25

KIT LIST

camp on day five

Three items you can't do without

Backpack At just 590g and with a 270-degree opening structure, the WAA Ultrabag is a featherweight gem. £150. waa-ultra.com





Lightweight, resilient and ultra-protective, the Salomon Sense Mantra 2's synthetic mesh lining wicks moisture away from your feet for dry comfort. £90, salomon.com



£205. uk.oakley.com

Sunglasses Providing full UV protection, Oakley's Radarlock Path glasses have a hydrophobic lens coating that keeps water, oils and desert debris at bay



Paul McKenna's daily mind games



Depends on how bad my jet lag is – sometimes 4am, but my advice is don't start watching *House Of Cards* if you do wake up in the middle of the night!



There have been so many, but as

Richard Branson once said to me, I have
learned more from my failures than my
successes. So I suppose it must be my mind-set

– I pick myself up and believe in myself!

My closest advisor is **Simon Cowell**, but I am lucky enough to know amazing people in all areas of life: medicine, business, spirituality, technology, etc.



I've recently started doing 20 minutes **yoga** in the morning, because I have a busy mind and it helps me focus. I try to hike as often as I can and I work out with my girlfriend Kate and trainer Mark "Rhino" Smith (*left*).

Take a life lesson from... 51-year-old neuro-linguistic programming (NLP) trainer and hypnotist **Paul McKenna**

What is the breakfast of champions?

When do you start your day?

When does your day end? When can you start to relax and what do you do to relax?

What is the best piece of advice you've ever been given (and by whom)?

What was the biggest setback to your career and how did you overcome it?

Are your best decisions based on instinct or information?

How do you get the best from your team?

What book, song and motto do you find most inspiring?

Do you exercise at dawn or dusk (and what do you do)?

What is the "secret" of your success?

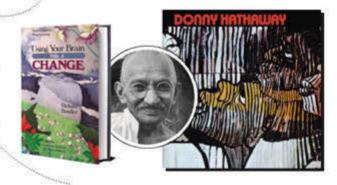
Paul McKenna's new book is out now (£12.99, Bantam Press). mckenna.com

Because I live between London and Los Angeles, usually one city is waking up as the other is finishing for the day, and vice versa, so some days are longer than others. I can usually relax as soon as I am on my comfortable couch, drinking a glass of red wine, watching American binge TV – The Blacklist, House Of Cards – or a great documentary like Searching For Sugar Man or Senna.



"Know when to leave the fair" – David Geffen.

It varies. When I am treating someone or doing a motivational event I make decisions based on information and experience, and that sometimes manifests as intuition. Some of my best decisions are having the sense to call someone who is more intelligent about a particular subject than me.



Book: Using Your Brain: For A Change by **Richard Bandler**. Motto: "Be the change you want to see in the world" attributed to **Gandhi**. Song: "Song For You" by **Donny Hathaway**.

It's not a secret, it's in my books. Particularly I Can Make You Rich, Change Your Life In 7 Days and my new book The 3 Things That Will Change Your Destiny Today!





More tough love from GQ's violent femme

I may not be Jamie Dornan, but I am keen to saddle up and ride the BDSM bandwagon. Something recherché to make her hot (rather than litigious)?

DW, by email

Hmm. Without knowing whether you are talking blindfolds and light spanking, or knife play and isolation, it's hard to judge your level. So let me scatter some ideas and see which take root. At the won't-scare-the-horses end of things, perhaps look to suspension harnesses. Bear with me. You can buy some fabulous bespoke devices for full ceiling suspension (for a bespoke harness,

I'd start at the fabulous mastersdesire. com). Or, indeed, you can learn to tie a rope harness whose knots will rub against her pleasure points as she swings (try Coco De Mer's excellent Japanese rope-bondage salon). But, well, you can also achieve something vaguely comparable by hooking cuffs to the top of your door. Make it easy with the leather doorjamb set, (£24.99 at lovehoney.co.uk) and some steel chains and double-ended snap bolts - from a hardware store - to adjust the length. Bear in mind that whether she is facing you, all long hair and defiance, or facing away, all exposed ass and vulnerability, she



Swing set: Strap her up in the Lovehoney's leather doorjambs, but don't leave her hanging

should have a bend in her arms and her hands should not be over her head for longer than ten to 15 minutes.

For something a bit more perky, what about a little electricity? As with all BDSM play, it can be used at such a gentle level that the whole "daunting" nature of the stimulation is imagined rather than felt. That said, if she is any kind of kinkster, she may be delightfully surprised. And if you are a guy that wants to give her sexual pleasure like she has never had before, well, come join the party.

Where to begin? The ElectraStrim Wave Electro Dildo (£98.99 at bondara.co.uk, plus the ElectraStrim Flick control pack) is a nice opener. Looking much like your classic vibe, it has 5.5in of insertable length, and a body made of polished steel with "waves" moving up the shaft. The base is insulated, so no charge will leak into your hand. Begin with it turned off. Make sure your darling is aroused, and using a dab of waterbased lube slide the tool a short way

inside her. When she is ready, move to the lowest setting. The feeling of electro-play is unlike anything else. And the kicker? Gradually increase the intensity, and find the right pulsating pattern, and she will reach a point where the current causes her to experience the same rushing throbs of sensation she would only usually experience around orgasm.

To start with, however, it is more of a tickle – not dissimilar to the static feeling when placing your hands on a Van de Graaff generator to make your hair stand on end. This moves into a tingling sensation as you increase the power – a bit like using a supercharged vibrator. Stay here the first few times. The higher you go, the more the current bends your mind as well as body; it moves towards pins and needles, like the sting of elastic bands – and then involuntary contractions. There are 24 intensity settings and seven pulsation patterns to play with.

As ever with more advanced play, some caveats: buy proper tools, such as the above; use plenty of siliconefree lube to ensure good connection; and never use above the waist (ie stay well away from the heart). Do not use if you have a cardiac condition or are pregnant. Otherwise, bon voyage.

Apparently, the fact I love "canine" style says something meaningful about my personality. Really?

BV, by email

It would say to me that, a) you have a pulse; and b) that, y'know, we'd get on. What you doubtless refer to is the book NeuroLoveology by sex therapist Ava Cadell, which peddles ideas such as: men who like missionary may be controlling ("it gives you the driving power"), but also possibly insecure ("need[ing] reassurance by seeing [your] lover be responsive"). Or that a penchant for doggy "taps into [your] animalistic instinct as king of the jungle". But rather than deconstructing the meaning of this deep and delightful position, why not consider ways to enjoy doggy still further? Have you tried it with you both standing, her positioned against the corner of a wooden table? Take her with just the right balance of mastery and care, possibly with a strategically placed cushion, and you'll find that the surface does marvellous things to fire up her clitoris and external G. Or bend her over a high bolster and tuck a pebble vibe (Nea, £61. At lelo.com) between her trembling legs. Definite jungle-king stuff. Rebecca Newman



Hot stone: The Nea pebble vibrator by Lelo



of British adults claim to have had sex with a person who was married to somebody else. More than half said they didn't feel guilty about it.*



Non-monogamy is back. Not since the Sixties and Seventies, when free love, group marriage and swinging entered the mainstream, has non-monogamy been so popular. Also known as "consensual non-monogomy" (CNM) or "ethical non-monogamy" (ENM), it's the opposite of cheating and lying – like the guy who told me he was in an "open marriage", but hasn't told his wife yet.

So who practises non-monogamy? It's big with people in their thirties whose parents divorced in the Eighties. The "gay lifestyle" is more open to non-monogamy than straight people, who are more into hard-core, straight-up cheating.

Take a look at the still-married-but-dating site ashleymadison.com, where Saturday night is like a crowded single's bar. (It was worth logging on to see one of my neighbours' profile.) People on it who have been married for 20 years are getting laid more than I am.

Kate Loree, an LMFT (licensed marriage and family therapist) in Los Angeles told me, "It's not only men who are doing the cheating, but women as well." This is "non-ethical non-monogamy".

Loree, who is married but has an "open relationship" with her husband, is listed as a "kink- and poly-aware psychotherapist specialising in polyamory, kink/BDSM and swing lifestyles". Her practice is so busy, she says, that she has a waiting list.

In her counselling sessions, she says she helps people to "establish rules and boundaries. People in open relationships actually need more rules and more boundaries than people who aren't, because you are opening yourself up to get hurt by letting the person

you love have sex with other people. That makes people very vulnerable." "Poly people" (those in polyamorous relationships) are more vulnerable emotionally than swingers, who don't get emotionally involved with each other.

Then there are people who call themselves "relationship anarchists", the most militant non-monogamists who look down on monogamists and people who adhere to the "relationship elevator", which is the trajectory that most people follow from courtship to commitment.

Would like to meet...

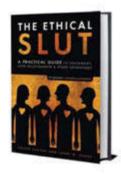
So where do you find other non-monogamous people willing to be non-monogamous with you? You go to places where people are into the non-monogamous "movement" (often at sex-education classes at sex-tov shops). Sh! Women's Erotic Emporium. for instance, has a class called "Non-Monogamy 101". Here you'll not only find a bunch of erotic women, but you'll meet people already into "triads" and the open lifestyle who would be glad to have a "fourth". Loree also suggests

meeting at meetup.org groups. To get started, I was told by a couple who are into this that they met on OKCupid, which I was sceptical of because I went on there once and had to rename it "OKStupid". But they insisted that OKCupid worked for them and that so many "ethical sluts" are on there that the site had to add a new preference category called "relationship type", which is broken down into "strictly (or mostly) monogamous" or "non-monogamous", so you know what you're into before you even start.

Reading list

Opening Up, A Guide to Creating and Sustaining Open Relationships by

Tristan Taormino explains it all, along with the different types of non-monogamous relationships including "partnered non-monogamy" and "solo polyamory" She explains how to deal with jealousy and how to negotiate boundaries. ("Tonight was supposed to he my night to sleep with her!") She interviewed over 100 people in alternative relationships and untangles the complicated nature of open relationships.



The Ethical Slut: A Guide to Infinite Sexual Possibilities

by Dossie Easton and Catherine A Liszt is the book that coined the term and explains how to keep lovers on the rotation without everyone freaking out. What do you do when your "primary partner" falls in love with someone else? How do you have sex with someone else in the same house you all live in? (Don't have loud sex.) Most of your questions about the open lifestyle will be answered.

And if talking about rules and boundaries and going to non-monogamous marriage counselling sounds like just too much work, you can always go back to being strictly monogamous.

Anka Radokovich



GEAR

Hit the ground running...

Ride, run or swing your way through 2015 with three of the year's new and most technologically advanced bits of kit, including Adidas' Ultra Boost foam-soled super shoes





Zepp Multi-Sport

The world's first app-powered training device uses a 3-D sensor to analyse the swing of golf and tennis players. It is light (7.7g), small (1in square), and can store more than 1,000 data points per second. £129.99. At John Lewis. johnlewis.com. The Zepp app is free. zepp.com



The stretch web outsole

Lightweight and flexible, the outsole moulds to the shape of the foot, allowing natural rotation during each stride

The primeknit upper

Made from a light and elastic material, the upper is consistently comfortable, whether you are doing a short run or a full

The midfoot 'cage'

Although soft and strong, the "cage" helps to keep the foot stable during the transitional phases of the running process

The Boost foam

As well as comfort, the thin layer of foam is light and performs well in both hot and cold weather. It also doesn't lose its cushioning like a lot of trainers.

The heel

Designed to support the Achilles tendon, the strengthened heel offers improved stability. It also makes blistering less likely. £130. adidas.com













Green beans





Two apples









Broccoli



PERSONAL TRAINER: MUSCLE BUILDER #3

Lord of the thighs

Try this glute-lifting, quad-filling work-out twice a week for four weeks, with three days between sessions. For each leg rep, aim for three seconds negative and one second positive in perfect form. By **Jonathan Goodair**



1 EXERCISE 1 Romanian dead lifts

Works: hamstrings and glutes (compound) x 12

Standing with your feet shoulder-width apart, overhand shoulder-width grip on a bar. Bend knees slightly and reach hips back, lifting tailbone and feeling hamstrings lengthen while lowering bar towards floor. Keep bar close to front of thighs, maintain natural curve in lower back, arms straight, shoulders wide and relaxed. Go as low as maintaining natural curve in lower back allows. Hips come forward slightly on the return to your start position, lower back stays flat.

2 EXERCISE 2 **Back squats**

Works: quadriceps and glutes (compound mass builder) x 12 Stand with your feet a little

wider than shoulder-distance apart, knees and feet turned out slightly and aligned, barbell resting across upper back/ shoulders, shoulder-width grip on bar. Keep eyes forward and chest up, bend knees and sit back into hips maintaining natural curve of lower back. Lower hips until thighs just below parallel to floor. Thighs and feet stay aligned. Return to the start position driving through heels maintaining lift in chest and eyes forward.

3 EXERCISE 3 Lunges

Works: glutes and quadriceps (compound) x 12 each leg alternating

Standing with your feet hip-width apart, arms by sides holding dumbbells, lunge forward one meter landing on your heel, then forefoot. Focus on knee of rear leg, slowly lower towards floor, bending hip and knee of front leg. Do not make contact with floor. Return to start position driving powerfully off front foot. Maintain upright posture throughout by engaging abdominals. Repeat leading with other leg then alternate.

BONUS HIIT ČIRČUIT

Target Four rounds of all

between circuits.

WORK-OUT A

30 x squat and medicine ball overhead throw/catch

Holding medicine ball, stand feet shoulder-width apart, feet and thighs slightly turned out and aligned. Perform a deep squat to below parallel, drive up using thighs and hips, and throw medicine ball vertically about one metre, catch and repeat.

WORK-OUT B

1.000-metre row (under 4 minutes)

Set resistance to your level, check foot rests are correct so heels can lift on return, maintain good form, leg drive, hip drive, then arm pull. Slight pause as arms straighten for return.

For more, visit ionathan goodair.com. or homehouse.co.uk

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Chatham

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2. Caterina Belluardo's collection represents a synthesis of innovative style and fine, handmade luxury. Using beautiful nubuck leathers and intricate detailing the collection re-interprets traditional leisurewear styles. The collection is inspired by Caterina's love of the graphic stripes, shapes and

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bold colour of the Italian "Memphis movement". Handmade in a small family workshop in London's East End, the shoes display the highest degree of craftsmanship.

Visit www.caterinabelluardo.com for the full collection.

3. Filling Pieces - Amsterdam Footwear. Their Spring Summer 2015 collection is available at Filling Pieces Store London - LN-CC - Selfridges - Harvey Nichols - POSTE - OKI-NI - The Unconventional - Foot Patrol - End Clothing - Concept/Cruise - Autograph - Pilot - Tessuti - Richmond Classics - Roulette or shop at www.fillingpieces.com 4. Calzoleria Toscana. American influence, Italian heritage. Lifestyle footwear brand, Calzoleria Toscana, reinvents classic styles for the aspiring gentleman. For more information, visit www.toscana-usa.com email customercare@toscanausa.com or call +1718-457-8900.

5. Siberlan Chic - 30 High Performance Ski and Apré ski boot. Handcrafted using the finest materials keeping feet warm dry and comfortable. Backed by leading Podiatrists with Italian OC system offering extra grip. Visit www.siberianchic.com enquiries to info@siberianchic.com for more information or call 0203 4757514.

6. Nr John's have created an amazing mask loafer in camo with brown box calf in the mask. Incredible combination that gives it an elegant style. Totally handmade in Spain with the best leathers for only £224. You can design your own pair of shoes at www.mrjohnshoes.com or in our app in apple store. Contact info@mrjohnshoes.com

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or call +44 7828 935154 for further information. 7. Locson is a luxury British menswear brand founded on the principle of quality. Originarly starting with a range of luxury oxford cotton shirts they now have a collection including biker inspired British made jadkets. Order online at www.locson.com or call 020 3239 3825, 8. Tessel, "Techwear accessories inspired by the stories of our youth. They sell directly to you through their website to keep prices low and remove unnecessary mark-ups while maintaining a high standard of quality." Visit tesselsupply.com or email contact@tesselsupply.com.

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these New York Made Pocket Squares 'so hot'. Vince Zo a brand of quality and affordability epitomizes edge and class, Visit www.vincezo.com email info@vincezo.com or call 001 347 542 3420. 38. Kota Boutsque's Flap Collection. Slim modern card wallets, iPad sleeves, iPhone sleeves and wallets all made for the modern man. Each piece is handcrafted from the finest artisanal leather. Free Shipping Worldwide, Email info@kotaboutique.com or visit www.kotaboutique.com 39. Louise & Zaid bow ties, pocket squares and accessories are carefully made by hand in a return to authentic craftsmanship. Each piece belongs to a limited edition made of the finest and most

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together. For more information or to learn more about the world of L. SHOFF visit www.lshoff.com or call +1 612-360-4420. 3. Latham & Neve - known for their stunning contemporary hand-made British jewellery since 1997. Featured is the unique Ripple Bangle in beaten silver and 18ct gold, £205 Ballroom bangles, everyday earrings, ravishing rings and much much more... Buy online/stockists/brochure.

jewellery. Our inspiration ranges from Alice in Wonderland to The Great Gatsby, venturing even into the world of Doctor Who ("Hello Sweetie" bracelet featured) and Disney, Discover more at www.literato.co.uk. 2. This 14k gold band with fossilized woolly mammoth ivory teardrop (\$325) from L. SHOFF is perfect on its own or layered

> visit www.lathamandneve.co.uk or call 01580 753399. Karen Kalashnik. Fringe accessories are hot this season! This chic crossbody bag in soft caramel coloured leather will add texture to any outfit and will make a bold statement without saying a word! Handbags by Karen Kalashnik visit http://karenkalashnik.etsy.com.email karen.kalashnik@gmail.com

5. Hard Rock Hotel Ibiza. The highly anticipated Hard Rock Hotel Ibiza has already become an oasis of entertainment for international celebrities and trendsetters vacationing on Playa d'en Bossa. As the first Hard Rock Hotel in Europe, the five-star property combines the style and energy of the Hard Rock philosophy with Ibiza's vibrant island setting. For more information call +34-971.396.726, visit www.hrhibiza.com or follow facebook.com/hrhibiza

6. Du Maurier Watches presents the fabulous Daphne Signature ladies watch (£440). This Swiss-made, limited edition classic timepiece features a domed, antique-gold face encased in gold, with a stunning red lizard strap. Simple, elegant, classically beautiful. Explore the full collection at www.dumaurierwatches.com or call 0845 519 3074.



7. Bring a smile into your house. Kentchurch Butlers. The perfect gift that will last forever. Ideal for that birthday, wedding, anniversary or retirement present. Hand made and painted in the UK, these wooden side tables are fun pieces of furniture to rest your drinks etc on and are light enough to move to wherever you want: hall, study or sitting room et al. Choice of regiments, jackets for butlers and silks for jockeys. From £99 +p&p. For more models and to order, visit their website or call 07774 959561 for that personal service. Visit www.ientchurchbutlers.co.uk

8. The world's most beautiful lingerie awaits you online at www.guiltlingerle.com or in their boutique in Petworth, West Sussex. Professionally trained lingerie stylists will gently fit and guide you through their amazing range. The Guilt Girls look forward to welcoming you! Guilt Lingerie – visit www.guiltlingerie.com or call 01798 344707

9. Merci Maman offers a beautiful range of personalised gifts. Featured is their personalised Sterling Silver Infinity Bracelet (£39) that will be engraved by hand with the names, dates or message of your choice. Also available in Gold Plated. The dedicated team at Merci Maman will hand-craft your bracelet from start to finish within only a couple of days and they will gift wrap your treasure in their lovely box, sealed with a box. For more information, visit www.mercimamanboutique.com or call 0207 731 1377.

 Butterfly Domes. For her... Glass domes filled with butterflies. Choose your own butterflies or select a dome at www.butterflydomes.co.uk or call 07951 110147.

11. Goss Lingerie. Limited Edition luxury lingerie and outerwear. Elegant and sensuous creations crafted in the finest mesh, silks and laces. Handmade in New Zealand and shipped worldwide. Always the perfect gift for Valentines. Bella wears the Jacqui Corsolette and Vivienne Briefs Available online at www.gosslingerie.com or call +64 27 445 7937.

12. Diamond Rocks has a stunning range of Engagement Rings, Diamond Jewellery and Designer Jewellery with over 1,500 items in stock and big savings compared to the High Street! You can Design Your Own Ring on the website by selecting from thousands of Certified Diamonds. Buy online at www.diamondrocks.co.uk Visit them in Hatton Garden (strictly by appointment only) or call 0800 977 4855. GQ Readers Offer — Enter code "GOROCKS" 5% off for

GQ Readers. (Expires 11th March 2015).

or call +34 902 080 212.

13. There is something incredibly beautiful about a woman in a hat. Penmayne of London is a British hat brand specialising in felt fedoras and tribies; they combine stunning design with genuine wearability to create timeless pieces that will turn heads. Shop the collection at www.penmayne.com or call 0203 397 9772 to speak to Claire who can talk you through styles and colours. Prices start from £265.

14. Simon Wright Jewellery. New for 2015, bespoke jeweller Simon Wright is creating beautiful petite diamond Fiorella pendants. Each Fiorella pendant is individually made for you from a selection of natural fancy pink diamonds. Rare pink diamond and fine white diamond set in sparkling platinum. By appointment only. Contact: 020 7490 0665 or visit www.sw-jewellery.com.

15. Ever So Sexy. Lingerie is the choice for Valentine's Day – a romantic gift that lasts longer than either chocolate or roses. Choose your Valentine's gift from the fine selection of beautiful lingerie and nightwear available at www.ever-so-sexy.com

16. Enhanced with a unique combination of ingredients utilizing Kojic, bearberry, and Licorice Perfect Image also incorporates many natural and botanical ingredients, rich in antioxidants, nutrients, and vitamins. Purchase their popular skin brightening peel today! Visit www.perfectimage-lic.com or call 1-800-366-2053.

17. Ushuala Ibiza Beach Hotel has established itself as the place to stay, party, dine and relax in Ibiza, revolutionising the "daytime party" concept and becoming a mecca for music-lovers, promising guests a mixture of high-energy performances from world-class DIs and out-of-this-world spaces designed to stir up the senses with high-tech functionality. For more information visit www.ushualabeachhotel.com

Guilt Lingerie Online Shop Bestsellers



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1. Gentlemans Grooming was formed to offer the modern man the finest body waxing and manscaping service using premium luxury products. The company's vision is to become the preferred brand for all gentleman's body grooming treatments. Back and shoulder waxing start from E30. Visit www.gentlemansgrooming.co.uk call 020 3488 0667 or email info@gentlemansgrooming.co.uk for more information.

2. Since 1854, **Taylor of Old Bond Street** have produced and sold the finest in Luxury Men's Grooming Products and accessories, creating a brand which is synonymous with British style and quality. Visit their store at 74 Jermyn Street.

St James's, London, SWIY 6NP, call 020 7930 5544 or visit them at www.tayloroidbondst.co.uk and www.selfridges.com

 Classy Man Shave Club is a monthly subscription based box club for wet shaving. They provide the shaving tools and handmade artisan shaving products to your door every month. For more information visit www.ClassyManShave.com or call 001-(305) 985-0221.

 Dapper Dan. My dear chaps, fancy a dalliance with the finest tonsorial-

teasing pastes and pomades guaranteed to perfect your plumage? Look no further my folically fastidious friends! Dapper Dan offers 3 exemplary styling options for the discerning gent. Tame thy mane with limited slapdashery. Sold by Barbershops worldwide. Visit www.dapperdanuk.com or call 01144 490917 for more info.

5. DomeCare Solutions. Embrace your bald head. DomeCare Solutions from Seattle, WA have developed a grooming collection specifically for men who shave their heads. The gentle, antioxidant-rich products provide an exceptional shaving experience while addressing the distinct needs of head shavers. For more information visit www.domecaresolutions.com or call 001 206 5019904.

6. Restoria for MEN. putting men in control of the aging process by turning grey hairs back to their original colour for a natural looking youthful appearance. Restoria Cream works by replacing melanin, the hairs natural colouring protein to stop grey. Visit www.beautyandthebunch.com or call 020 7299 7410.

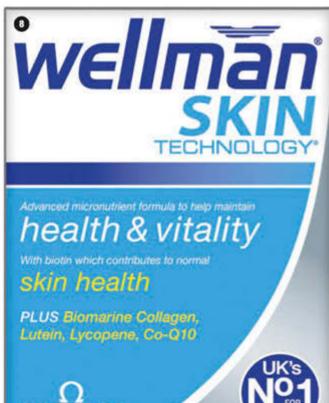
7. Queensbury Men's Products is an all-natural Men's Grooming brand. They handmake all of their products which include Beard Oil and their signature Beard Butter. Prices range from £5-£60 for complete packages.
Visit www.queensburymensproducts.com use discount code GQ2015 For 10% Off. Find them on FB. Expiry date 01/04/2015.

8. Vitablotics Wellman Skin Technology is from the UK's number 1 men's supplement brand and has been developed to help men stay looking their very

best. The advanced skin formula is a major development in male nutrition, with a unique combination of 30 nutrients including biotin which contributes to normal skin health. RRP E1730 for 60 tablets, available from Boots and online at www.wellman.co.uk

9. Milkman Australia. Keep your beard feeling and looking its absolute best with the "King of Wood" beard oil and 2 in 1 shampoo conditioner designed especially for facial hair by the beard experts at Milkman Australia. To purchase, visit www.milkmanaustralia.com or email admin@milkmanaustralia.com

10. Janina Maxiwhite Whitening Strips visibly whitens teeth in just 7 days, without the use of Hydrogen Peroxide. The enamel friendly mint-flavoured whitening strips are an easy one-step application to remove stains and whiten teeth for a brighter smile. Visit www.beautyandthebunch.com or call 020 72997410.







11. Bixby is sophistication and grit. Their iconic comb collection is handcrafted in small batches from zyl sheets. Each Bixby starts by selecting a unique sheet of Zyl, then skilled craftsmen carefully carve and heat-form the contours using traditional shaping techniques. For more information visit www.BIXBYBRAND.com.or email info@bixbybrand.com \$24USD.

12. Love: a Close Shave at The English Shaving Company. Affordable Luxury for every wet shaver. Stockist of Edwin Jagger

razors, shaving brushes and shaving sets. Many exclusive men's grooming brands. Beautiful products with prices to suit all budgets. Visit www.theenglishshavingcompany.com or www.edwiniagger.co.uk Advice and Telephone Orders: 0800 328 2618

13. The Claudia Louch Natural Skin Clinic. Models, presenters and actors rely on the skin specialist Claudia Louch to help their complexions look screen-ready. Her secret is entirely natural and she specialises in Acne, Rosacea, Eczema, Seborrhoeic Dermatitis, Psoriasis, Natural Anti-ageing, Skin Allergies and more. Her medicinal botanical skincare products may be 100 per cent natural, her ethos may be holistic and her procedures non-invasive, but, let's be clear, there's nothing wishy-washy about her approach. It is scientific, rooted in testing and analysis, reflected in her 3,000-plus client list. Therapeutic and

Cosmetic Phytomedical facials and body treatments are also performed on site by a team of Dermatherapists, addressing different skin conditions and the common-or-garden signs of ageing. Some of her superb skincare range is also available online. For Priority Bookings, call 020 7467 1539 or

email appointments@claudialouch.com and quote 'GO'. The Natural Skin Clinic, 10 Harley Street, London W1G 9PF. Visit www.claudialouch.com

14. Beardbrand. Use beard oil to condition and soften your beard and moustache wax to help style your mo. This set from Beardbrand comes with the duo to keep your whiskers looking polished. It's ready to show off with a sleek black walnut stand. Visit www.beardbrand.co.uk or email info@beardbrand.co.uk

15. Black Dog Beard Oils. For those not afraid to try something new, visit their website www.blackdogbeardoils.co.uk or call 07923 227774.

Braw Beard Olls are all natural beard conditioners which are handmade in Scotland. Nourishing the hair with moisture down to the root, helping to reduce the irritation of dry skin, stroking your beard has never been so good. Available in 5 scents Visit www.brawbeardoils.com or email john@brawbeardoils.com Twitter – @BrawBeardOil

17. The Thirsty Beard knows that a mans beard should never go thirsty. That's why our Beard Oil is made with all natural ingredients that nourish your skin and facial hair. Grab a bottle today, we know your beard will thank you. www.thethirstybeard.com / Instagram @thethirstybeard

18. Get your softest beard with all natural Miners Mint Beard oil from The Mod Cabin. Made with unrefined jojoba, pure argan oil and 100% natural essential oil blends; no fillers. To purchase, visit www.themodcabin.com For more information, email info@themodcabin.com or contact their UK distributor. Simon Townley Hair on 01282 219467

19. Beard Sauce. High quality and affordability typically do not go hand-in-hand. However, with Beard Sauce beard oils, that is not the case. Some people just want a great product at a great price, and that's what Beard Sauce is all about. Visit www.beardsauce.me or email orderbeardsauce@gmail.com

20. White Gio. Want to whiten your teeth without any hassle? Simply switch your ordinary toothpaste with White Glo! White Glo toothpastes use special micro polishing particles which work to lighten discolourationsand yellowing on tooth enamel to whiten teeth. White Glo Professional Choice is an Australian Dental Association approved product for its safety and efficacy. Look out for White Glo Professional Choice in a fresh vertical packaging widesign with brand new bonus X-Action toothbrush! Available from Boots, ASDA Amazon, Superdrug, and pharmacies. RRP E3.99. Visit www.whiteglo.com or call 00 44 20 8274 1238.

21. Bushranger's Brew - makers of Organic Beard Oil, Beard Balm, Moustache Wax and Australia's only Organic Beard Wash. Our philosophy is simple: Natural, organic, handmade products for any bloke with any beard. Not only do they smell great, they work. Visit www.bushrangersbrew.com/ or email bushrangersbrew@gmail.com for more information.

22. The August Beard. Hands down the finest, most luxurious beard products money can buy. Obsessively refined, their elite line of beard oils, beard balms and beard butters will keep your beard strong, looking superb, and smelling grand. Visit www.theaugustbeard.com or call +1 (720) 446-9102.

23. Brock Brush Company. For discerning gentlemen who relish authentic experience. For more information, visit www.brockbrushcompany.com or email sales@brockbrushcompany.com

24. Envy Beards Conditioning Oil. Soften and tame your beard hair whilst moisturising often neglected skin underneath. It takes a long time to grow a beard, so take a little time to care for it. For more information, visit www.envybeards.com or email info@envybeards.com

25. Better Beard Company. The Better Beard Company cater to the modern Canadian beardsman by handcrafting 100% natural beard grooming products. The Better Beard Company hand crafts all products in small batches to ensure quality, but also because they enjoy working with their hands creating products for you which we believe in and use ourselves every day. Call 001-902-405-2492 Halifax Nova Scotia or visit www.betterbeardcompany.ca for more information.

















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visit www.cooperagecabinets.com or call 001 215-528-9926.

3. Samantha Clinch. Unique hand crafted homewares made from salvaged hardwood varying in type and age. Each bespoke piece is

made with unmistakable care in order to achieve the balance and finish that gives them a beautiful

35-45 bottles. For this and other products,

hand made quality.
Visit www.thecincherlondon.com

4. MoDecor. Huge £225 discount on the reproduction
of the 1956 Charles Earnes Lounge Chair and Ottoman. Usually priced
at £775, readers can grab a deal just for £550. Visit www.modecor.co.uk for

full range/colours. To claim your offer, visit www.modecorco.uk email wsales@modecorco.uk or call 020 3239 3902 and use code GQ7 before 20/02/2015. (or while stock lasts). Next day delivery for UK mainland. Visit www.modecorco.uk

> 5. Camerich's Lazytime plus comer sofa (pictured) is currently on sale with 40% off at £2190. Lazytime combines modern design with exceptional comfort and can be ordered in a wide range of fabrics or leathers; many modules available for immediate delivery. Call 020 7372 9687 or visit camerich.co.uk for more details.

Wonderwall... Hang It Up!











L. Wishbone Art. Featuring "No Bull" Limited Edition of 2/pcs. An impressive 100cm tall Neon Light art installation, each piece featuring a pair of genuine Bull homs by celebrated London based artist." Courty", Boasting celebrily collectors from film, TV and even politics, Courty is ranked among this specialized industry as one of the top Neon Artists in the world For more information contact. Wishbone Publishing on 01376 515440 or email info@wishboneart.couk Courty's full collection is available to view at www.wishboneart.couk/artists/courty

2. Pullman Editions designs, commissions and publishes striking original posters which capture

the enduring appeal of Art Deco. Their newly-commissioned posters feature winter sports, glamorous resorts around the world, and the world's greatest historic automobiles. All £395 each. Call 020 7730 0547 or view and buy online at www.pullmaneditions.com

David Brett. The London artist's bright and bold work brings a cool twist to landscape painting for the modern home.
 For more information, visit davidbrett-art.com, call 07534 809873, see also newbloodart.com

4. Cima Azimī s striking paintings are sensitive, intriguing and imaginative with a modern edge. Her work is complex and evokes a sense of ambiguity and illusion that evolves on a spiritual level. For more information, email cima azimi@live.co.uk or call 07455 097102.

5. David Dragon. Following a varied career in the entertainment and creative industry, David's fascination with popular culture continues. With his bold graphic style, much of the inspiration for his painting and printmaking is found in music, literature, TV and

film, as well as current events and travel. Pictured, Downtown Train. Visit www.thedragonboys.com email david@thedragons.free-online.co.uk.call 01483 573538.

6. Ben Mosley's work can be found in private collections throughout the world. His black and white London cityscapes have become konic. Commissioned by Manchester United. ITV, and the Emirates Golf Club in Dubai to produce original artworks. He is currently Wembley Stadiums artist in residence creating two large murals with a permanent collection of work on display. To purchase Ben's work please visit www.benmosleyart.com or call 0776 019720 for more information.



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- 3. Jetvalve Bottle Cage Mount. Lightweight and compact, this stealth mount fits below your bottle cage and carries a CO2 inflator, plus two spare cylinders meaning re-inflating your tyre after a puncture takes seconds, not minutes. For more information visit www.ietvalve.uk and info@ietvalve.uk
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- 5. Imiddo. I'm Iddo Tricks Sensor, the BMX Revolution. Track your improvement, share your achievements or simply challenge your friends for a one-on-one competition. Join this BMX Celebration at www.imiddo.com or dial (+351) 308-803-686 for more information.
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- 9. Amsterdam-based skateboard company Skills or Skulls brings the cruising lifestyle bang up to date with its range of retro skateboards in various sizes and colours. Inspired by 60s and 70s vintage street surf cruisers, the boards are authentic skate gear made with attention to detail, and lovingly shaped by hand to give a lifetime of riding pleasure. To view their full range visit www.skillsorskulls.com or call +(31) 20 486 1160. Prices from £149.
- 10. Goalbrands. It's a jungle out there. And when you've just hit 40 Klicks on the bike or just finished a CrossFit class, you deserve something amazing to Nourish your body and delight your taste buds. That's why the team at 'Elephant Food' created three lovingly blended snack mixes, bursting with flavour and chock full of 100% natural ingredients including Goji Berries, Blueberries, Cacao Nibs, Bee Pollen, Bluckwheat & Quinoa. Their superfood products contain copper which contributes to the normal function of the immune system, manganese which contributes to normal energy-yielding metabolism and vitamin C which contributes to the reduction of tiredness and fatigue. Elephant Food is versatile enough to be used on-the-go, or as a tasty pre or post workout snack. Include these Superfood Snacks in your daily diet- Eat and feel mighty!
- 11. Sold to 45 countries in its first year on the market, the LIFORME YOGA MAT is the revolutionary Yoga practice aid for the serious Yogi. Best ever grip and the unique "AlignForMe" markers make this incredible mat really stand out. More at www.liforme.com for 10% off (expires 02/04/2015).
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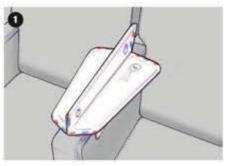








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- 2. The AquaVault* is a simple and stylish portable vault, used to secure your valuables, so you can enjoy the beach without worrying about theft. Just lock it on your lounge chair, stroller, or golf cart and go for a worry free swim. For more



4. INT has produced the "Smarter" smartphone case, which not only provides a case for your phone but a huge range of useful tools, from pens to scissors to screw drivers and so on. For more information on the "swiss army case" of the cellphone market, visit www.INTcase.com or call 001-855-4-INT INT.

5. With it's high-impact protection yet compact design, the mophie juice pack delivers more then 100% (air) or 120% (plus) extra battery with the flip of a switch. Made for iPhone 6, this is the ideal case to keep you charged through the day and well into the night. Never need to take off the case, because it

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6. Spigen Tough Armor is the new leader in protective cases providing better impact absorption than any other boxy case on the market. The new Air Cushion Technology corners reduces the thickness of the case while providing optimal protection for your iPhone 6. Available at The Carphone Warehouse stores or call 01923 852923.

7. The Impossible Project presents the first device to convert digital images into real instant photographs – The Impossible Instant Lab. Simply choose a picture on your iPhone, place the phone in the cradle, press the eject button, and within seconds your analog instant film is ready to develop in the palm of your hand. The fantastic collapsible

telescoping tower is compact and portable, so you can transform your images into memories to share, show, or simply treasure, wherever you are! Available at www.the-impossible-project.com and selected retailers.

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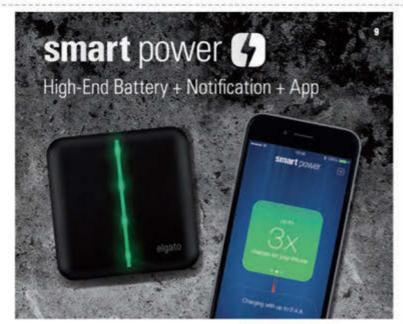














- 9. Elgato. Portable batteries are supposed to be lifesavers. With Elgato Smart Power, you can finally rest assured that you won't run out of power when you need it most. Automatic PowerMinder notifications will let you know when it's time to refill, and with optional calendar integration, Elgato Smart Power can even remind you to take it along. Visit www.elgato.com/smart/smart-power or email europesales@elgato.com for more information.
- 10. NEXX presents a premium range of smartphone cases, the Marylebone series. Bright and colourful, these cases offer excellent protection, enabling full access to all device features. With a soft lining to prevent screen scratching, the case includes a viewing stand, as well as a pocket inside for cards. Visit www.nexx.london for more details.
- 11. Ottomate. The Ottobox is an intuitive home automation device that saves up to 50% on electricity. It plugs into any wall outlet allowing a single device to be automated. Visit www.ottomate.co for more information or email salesteam@ottomate.co
- 12. Share Your Music! Finally Urbanista offers a water resistant (IPX4) Bluetooth speaker, which means you don't have to worry about an occasional shower. Perfect for a day in the slopes or your weekend spring picnic. Sydney is a Bluetooth speaker with soft exterior, which makes it durable in rough handling. With a complimentary cable, you can also connect Sydney to additional speakers, creating an even stronger sound. Sydney comes in 4 colours, matching other Urbanista products. Launch in March! Visit ukurbanista.com

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Paul Smith paulsmith.co.uk

Prada prada.com

R

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Zadig & Voltaire, 182 Westbourne Grove, London W1. 020 7792 8788 Ralph Lauren ralphlauren.co.uk

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S

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ALBANY

In the Bahamas, London-based global developer and designer Finchatton (020-7349 1130) is creating a predictably sensational apartment at Albany. Located five miles from Nassau International Airport on New Providence Island, prices at the 600-acre, ocean-fronting resort range from \$1,500 to \$3,000 per square foot. Albany sports an 18-hole championship golf course, a marina for mega yachts, tennis courts, a health spa and fitness centre, restaurants and, ultimately, some 350 residences. At 8,000 square foot, the spacious Finchatton apartment has completion scheduled for May. Situated on the fifth floor with a 3,400 square foot wraparound terrace, this six-bedroom apartment will have views over the ocean, marina and entire resort. www.albanybahamas.com



SETTLERS BARBADOS

A few miles down the Platinum Coast, the O'Hara and Capaldi families who own Coral Reef Club and the Sandpiper are starting work on aptly named Settlers Barbados. Occupying the site of the island's first inhabitants, just a short walk from Holetown, the scheme's 12 private beachfront villas will have three to five bedrooms and a swimming pool apiece. For sale freehold, together with a share of all common areas, they are set in three acres of gardens with a 118-foot pool, gym and reception building with concierge. Owners will have tennis-court access at the adjacent Sandpiper and privileges at the Coral Reef Club Spa a few hundred yards away. Designed by Bajan architects Gillespie & Steel with interiors by London-based Helen Green Design, prices range from \$1,375 to \$1,800 per square foot. unww.settlersbarbados.com

ONE SANDY LANE

Rentals are as hot as ever at One Sandy Lane. The development was full over Christmas and New Year when rents, inclusive of staff, were \$25,000 a night,' reports Jo Leverett of Cluttons (020–7647 7243). According to the American press, Rihanna purchased one of the eight 'palatial residences' 18 months ago for \$21,800,000 after renting it the previous Christmas. Developer and businessman Michael Tabor — who is also a partner in the nearby Sandy Lane Hotel — must be hoping

that the same thing happens this year. Feted as one of the most exclusive addresses in the world when it completed in 2011, there are six remaining residences at this opulent ocean-front complex. Offering 8,147–9,675 square foot of five-bedroom, lateral accommodation, they have been reduced from \$26,000,000 to \$19,000,000. Benefiting from 24-hour concierge, secure parking, private dining, a swimming pool, Jacuzzi, gym and massage room, the want-for-nothing service extends to uniformed attendants on the beach below. www.duttons.com



PINK SANDS

Over on Harbour Island, 18 private residences are to be built in the 27-acre grounds of the island's first hotel, Pink Sands. Each of the initial three ocean-front plots and seven garden plots have ocean views and direct access to the resort's three-mile beach and famous Blue Bar; Sip Sip, Dunmore Town's fabled watering hole, is just a stroll away. The properties will be designed in the traditional British Colonial style by COAST (known for its work at Parrot Cay and Amanyara on Turks and Caicos), which will also

oversee the hotel's refurbishment. Pink Sands opened in 1951 (seven years before Lord Glenconner acquired Mustique) and established itself as the epitome of understated Caribbean cool. Its sensitive revival, the introduction of a world-class spa and private homes on one of the most exclusive beaches in the world reaffirms its iconic status as an elite resort community. Those who would join it should contact Savills Private Office (020-7016 3740), which is quoting 'villa and plot' prices from \$3,850,000 to \$8,000,000.











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INSIDE TRACK by Catriona Gray

Vive la Riviera

Glamorous holidaymakers have always been drawn to the Cote d'Azur, both for its enviable climate and its unique atmosphere. Located just a few kilometres from the Italian border, along a broad sweep of the Mediterranean, the Cote d'Azur has attracted more than its fair share of famous residents, from Pablo Picasso to Brigitte Bardot. With Nice airport providing direct flights from all over Europe, it's an easy location to get to, and a popular spot for a second home. Those in the know often turn to property consultant Malcolm Bruce-Jones. With over 30 years' experience, Malcolm is well-versed in the Cote d'Azur property market - which has recently picked up after a three-year spell in the doldrums - and has an insider's view of the region, from Cap Ferrat to Saint Tropez. Whether you're after a luxurious apartment in Saint Tropez or a remote country villa, Malcolm can help you navigate the tricky process of buying a property in France. Pictured is a recently renovated, traditional-style property, located in the heart of the countryside, yet only 25 minutes from Cannes.



Treasure island

In the middle of the Caribbean, off the sun-drenched coast of Antigua, lies Jumby Bay; a 300-acre tropical island first discovered by Christopher Columbus in 1493. The island's remote location, sandy white beaches and verdant landscape have captivated visitors ever since, and this idyllic setting has evolved into one of the most exclusive destinations in the Caribbean. Jumby Bay is home to just 56 private residences and a 40-room luxury resort, run by the American company Rosewood. There are also opportunities to buy a property on the island and many of the privately owned villas and estate homes are available for holiday rental — the latter come fully staffed

and sleep up to 16. Each of these houses has full access to the resort's many facilities, which include a spa, infinity pool and a fully equipped gym. With three restaurants and four bars, there is no shortage of dining options either, from gourmet cuisine in the ivy-clad, colonial-style Estate House to the laid-back atmosphere of the Beach Bar. Few resorts in the Caribbean remain as tranquil as Jumby Bay: reachable only by boat, with no cars in sight, this secluded island retreat is truly a paradise.

For further information on Jumby Bay, telephone David Vaughan at 00-1-26 84 62 60 00, email david@jumbybayisland.com or visit www.jumbybayisland.com



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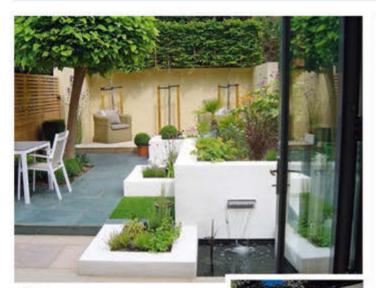
28 boutique one & two bedroom apartments, located just 505 metres away from The Shard.[†]



To register your interest call 0800 883 8052 or email londonenquiries@crestnicholson.com

Update MARCH DIARY

From garden design to new properties in and near London, Catriona Gray takes note



GREEN by DESIGN

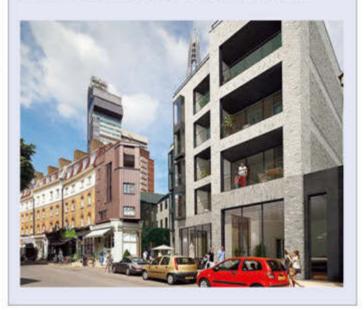
Few garden designers can claim as interesting a career progression as Donald Ingam. In 2003, he left his job as a magazine art director to study garden

design. His attention to detail and clear aesthetic vision, honed by his years of magazine experience, have made him much in demand as a garden designer, and he now works on projects in London and the south-east, giving many an urban plot a new lease of life. Donald's company Outer Space Garden Design may have a celestial name but it's extremely down-to-earth—the consultancy works collaboratively with clients to produce an outside space which is visually captivating, but also practical and sustainable. Every design is tailored to the individual, and Donald is adept at coming up with clever ways of creating a scheme that works with the client's lifestyle. With past projects ranging from small courtyards and roof terraces to full-scale rural landscaping, the company can deliver a full range of services, from developing a concept and producing drawings, to construction management, sustainable planting and garden styling. For more information, call 020-8543 0639 or visit ununouterspace-gardendesign.co.uk

LONDON CALLING

From vibrant Borough Market to the cultural hub of the South Bank, the SE1 postcode encompasses some of London's most treasured attractions. This year sees the launch of three high-profile new developments by Crest Nicholson in this lively area. Launching first is Brandon House, located opposite Borough Tube station - this former office space will be transformed into 77 new homes comprising a mix of apartments and town houses. Next up is Valentine Place, located five minutes from Southwark and Waterloo stations,

which will consist of 42 homes. from one-bedroom apartments to three-bedroom town houses, surrounding a communal landscaped garden. Last to be released, in early 2016, will be Snowsfields Yard, Located close to the Shard, this development will consist of just 28 one-, two- and three-bedroom apartments. Crest Nicholson has built a reputation for its sustainable designs that are built to last, and these three projects are no exception. To register interest in the SE1 portfolio, visit unun crestnicholson.com or telephone 020-3640 7577







Perfectly planned

If you're seeking a spacious family home within easy commuting distance to London, then take a look at these two new properties by award-winning developer Newcourt Residential. The quiet enclave of Mayfield Road backs on to the River Wey, and is less than a mile from Weybridge station, which provides direct access into central London. With over 650 square metres of accommodation, these six-bedroom houses are designed for family living. Weston House (pictured) also has a library and its own boat house, making it the perfect home for any budding sailors. And the best bit? Both houses come with access to a private island: an added bonus to these stylish properties.

To find out more about Alderbrook House (£3,995,000) or Weston House (£4,250,000), contact Newcourt Residential (020-7205 2632; www.newcourt.co.uk)



CBRE



RIPE FOR DEVELOPMENT

Claire Pilton looks at new schemes in historical and, until recently, traditionally non-residential parts of town



Two years before St Edward completes 190 STRAND, WC2, over 65 per cent of the 206 apartments have been sold, including two of six penthouses. Existing Berkeley Group homeowners account for 25 per cent of purchasers, says St Edward executive chairman Paul Vallone. Many buyers are British and typically in their mid fifties. They like the facilities this development offers. They also want to be on top of everything in London. 190 Strand (020–7118 9190) is on the doorstep of both the West End and the South Bank in an historic area that is famous for its restaurants.

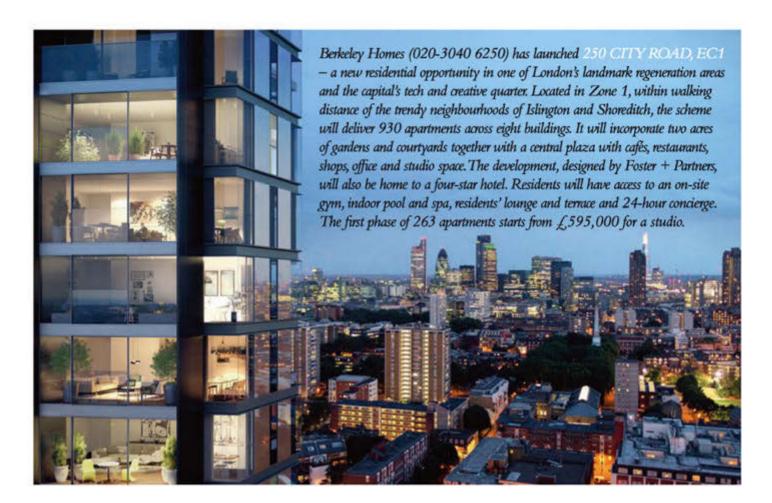
theatres, galleries and museums, but which is only now emerging as something of a residential swan. Inspired by The Savoy's grandeur and the gothic Royal Courts of Justice, St Edward's £500 million mixeduse scheme will comprise 'a community in its own right' with shops and a restaurant in the ground-floor colonnade, a landscaped square, a private cinema, gym, swimming pool, spa facilities, business lounge and an impressive lobby with a hotel-style, 24-hour concierge. Prices currently start from £1,225,000 for a 560-square-foot, one-bedroom apartment penthouse.



'City Living' schemes for sale through Hurford Salvi Carr (020-7250 4950) include 21 JOHN STREET, WC1. Constructed in 1938 as a then revolutionary multi-use development, this Grade II-listed, art-deco style building has been converted into eight apartments on the second to seventh floors. With three sold, prices range from £1.5 million for a 972-square-foot, two-bedroom apartment to £2.5 million for its 1,337-square-foot counterpart that comes with a 143-squarefoot-terrace and great views across London. Located in the cultural hub of Bloomsbury, close to some of London's finest academic and artistic institutions, 21 John Street is half a mile from Russell Square, Holborn and Chancery Lane tube stations, with national connections provided at nearby King's Cross Station and Eurostar connections at St Pancras.

The residential rebirth of Riverside Studios at Hammersmith sees Mount Anvil and Fabrica developing a terrific scheme that really does tick all the boxes. Sporting over 100 metres of river frontage, QUEEN'S WHARF W6, occupies an extraordinarily peaceful spot that is still within a five-minute stroll of Hammersmith underground station. Facilities will include a roof terrace, a private cinema, 24-hour concierge and secure parking. 'Queen's Wharf appeals right across the spectrum,' says Mark Collins of CBRE (020-7182 2477) who reports that within just two weeks of the old studios closing, 30 per cent of the 165 flats had been snapped up off-plan. Prices start from £560,000 for a 421-square-foot studio. First completions are scheduled for 2017.





Within two months of launching the presales marketing campaign at RATHBONE SQUARE, W1, 125 of the 142 apartments had been snapped up to the tune of £207,200,000, at prices ranging from £1,548 per square foot to £2,624 per square foot. Joint agents JLL and Savills (020-7580 1100) are now selling nine penthouses on the eighth floor which start from £4,475,000 for a 1,685 square foot, two-bedroom apartment with a 627-squarefoot terrace. Great Portland Estates, which purchased the site for £,120,000,000 from the Royal Mail Group in 2011, appointed awardwinning architects Make to create what Ken Shuttleworth describes as, 'an inviting and special development that complements the surrounding area.' The scheme is scheduled for completion in early 2017, a year before Crossrail's arrival at nearby Tottenham Court Road station.



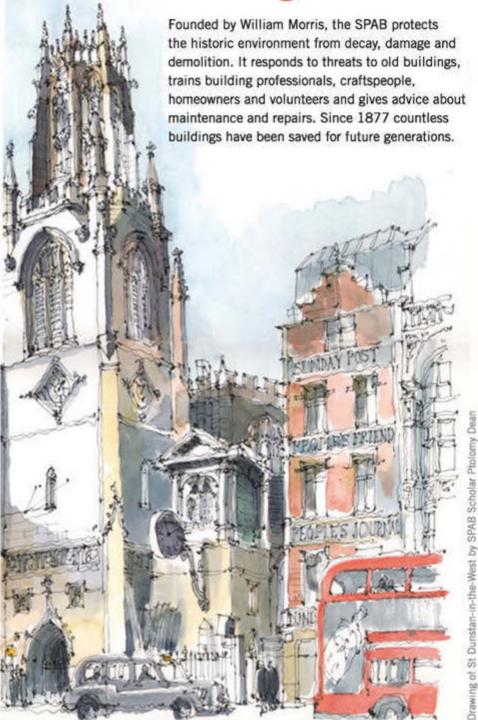
Prices start from £5 million at TEN
TRINITY SQUARE, EC3, where the
Reignwood Group is redeveloping the
Grade II*-listed Port of London Authority's
former headquarters into a 100-room hotel
and 'The Residences at Four Seasons'.
Spanning 1,350 square feet to 9,078 square
feet with one to five bedrooms, the 41
private apartments have views of the Tower
of London to the Thames and Tower

Bridge. Residence owners will have the use of the hotel's spa and fitness centre, gourmet restaurants and a private members club that includes a screening room, cigar lounge, and the original panelled ballroom that hosted the inaugural United Nations assembly in 1946. Best of all, you can enjoy the Four Seasons' five star service 'on tap' in your own apartment. For more information, contact Strutt & Parker (020-7318 5198).



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Polly Halstead, London and St Tropez based representative of Hutchinson Bell, talks about the market and their new partnership with Lawson Robb, the London based world class interior architecture and design studio.

Why Lawson Robb?

Like us, they are passionate about client service and commitment to excellence. They are well-established with projects spanning across the globe. We believe in setting standards and benchmarks in our industry and Lawson Robb have a proven track record as trendsetters and leaders in their field, therefore it is an obvious partnership.

Many of our clients look to us for advice and direction in all areas of property and we are now delighted to be able to offer the services of Lawson Robb, knowing that they will deliver meticulous attention to detail and the pioneering design that allows these properties to stand the test of time.

What makes Lawson Robb different?

They move with the times and set the pace that others aspire to imitate. We feel that they can offer our clients exactly the type of innovation and imagination that they require, embracing individuality to create a treasured experience.

They have an in depth understanding of the diverse international market and culture, local knowledge and have worked on super yacht design, so are a perfect match for our buyers.

What does 2015 hold for the market?

St Tropez is waking up from a 6 year slumber and we now see developers and owner-occupiers re-entering the market and looking for interesting projects. At

Hutchinson Bell, we have properties for all budgets and tastes on our books - we can find properties to suit all buyers and now, with our new partnership with Lawson Robb, we can offer them a full development and interior design service.

What advice are you giving to international buyers and investors now?

Very simply that there has never been a better time to buy. Prices are down from the peak but are now showing signs of firming up again.

The French Riviera is a well-established market and has proven to be a very sound area for property investment over the decades.



We are fortunate at Hutchinson Bell to be working with professionals in structuring and international banking, who have been able to deliver clients excellent advice to



maximize the benefits of property ownership here. There are many ways to structure ownership and opportunities exist to take advantage of France's diminishing Capital Gains Tax on property (relief starts at year 7 of ownership and after 22 years the property becomes CGT free).

We have some wonderful 'ready to occupy' properties as well as some excellent development opportunities and we are delighted to have become partners with Lawson Robb as this completes the full range of services that we can offer our clients.

Finance aside, as we all know, the Riviera offers a superb quality of life, with a mix of international glamour, beautiful medieval villages and hill towns, a great climate, beautiful beaches, not to mention great food and wine. All the things that have helped make the Riviera what it is today - a 'destination' for the international community.

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Vital STATISTICS

Taking the measurements of the GQ world



Small-batch watchmakers for extreme horophiles

MB&F

Based: Geneva, Switzerland The mode to own: HM-06 Space Pirate mbandf.com

WHO ARE "MB" AND "F"? "MB" stands for founder Maximillian Büsser, and "F" for friends: independent horologists with whom he collaborates to make his far-out watches FAR-OUT? They look like spaceships (the £150,000 Space Pirate, above), owls or frogs ARE THEY ACTUALLY WATCHES? Usually, yes, but Büsser prefers to use the term "horological machines"

WHY ONLY "USUALLY"? MB&F also goes off-piste with creations such as futuristic music boxes and table clocks



BREVA

Based: Geneva, Switzerland The model to own: Génie 01 breva-watch.com

MORE THAN JUST TIMEKEEPING: Breva incorporates mechanisms that interact with the environment FOR EXAMPLE? The original model, the £100,000 Génie 01, features a fully operational aneroid barometer WHOSE IDEA WAS THAT? An entrepreneur called Vincent Dupontreue ERM, WHO? A fashion titan who made a fortune selling jeans costing £50,000 a pair **OUTPUT:** Fewer than 100 Breva watches have been made so far

GREUBEL FORSEY

Based: La Chaux-de-Fonds, Switzerland The model to own: Double Tourbillon 30° greubelforsey.com

WHAT'S GF'S "THING"? Taking the tourbillon mechanism – whereby the escapement is contained in a tiny, revolving cage to counteract gravitationally induced errors – into the 21st century FOR EXAMPLE? In the Double Tourbillon model, a tourbillon cage is rotated at 30 degrees inside another one, for even greater accuracy

OUTPUT: Around 100 watches a year, priced at £300,000 to £1 million apiece. The Double Tourbillon comes in at around £350.000

FP JOURNE

Based: Geneva, Switzerland The model to own: Historical Tourbillon fpiourne.com

DO THEY LOOK NICE? No. They look exquisite. The movements often feature components made from gold in place of brass WORKSHOP CEILINGS: 3.5 metres high, for the light

COMPANY MOTTO: "Invenit et fecit" or "He invented it and made it" ANY PARTICULAR INNOVATIONS? His Octa Sport models were the first watches to be made entirely from aluminium

TELL ME ABOUT THE HISTORICAL TOURBILLON: There are only 99 of them, priced at £70,000

DE BETHUNE

Based: Geneva, Switzerland The model to own: Maxichrono debethune.ch

BIO: Started in 2002 by collector David Zanetta and watchmaker Denis Flageollet to create innovative, superbly finished watches FLAGEOLLET'S PEDIGREE: He developed the Franck Muller Aeternitas Mega 4, the world's most complicated wristwatch SIGNATURE STYLE: Uses modern materials. such as silicon balance springs, and a 3-D "revolving moon" display WHY THE MAXICHRONO? This £199,000 chronograph has five central hands to do

ROGER W SMITH

Based: The Isle of Man The model to own: Series 2 rwsmithwatches.com

REPUTATION: Britain's greatest watchmaker OUTPUT: In a busy year, he'll make ten SO THE WAITING LIST IS: Eight years PROPORTION OF COMPONENTS HE MAKES IN HIS OWN WORKSHOPS: More than 95 per cent. Only mainsprings, balance springs, jewels, crystals and straps are bought in AGE OF TOOLS HE INHERITED FROM LEGENDARY HOROLOGIST/MENTOR DR GEORGE DANIELS: 190 years old

HOW MUCH FOR THE LATEST SERIES 2? Around £100.000

HYT

Based: Geneva, Switzerland The model to own: H2 hvtwatches.com

USP IN A NUTSHELL: HYT specialises in "hydro-mechanical horology" MEANING? Using a combination of coloured water and oil sealed in a capillary tube to display the time. A relatively conventional movement operates a pair of piston-driven bellows to pump the fluid around WHO INVENTED IT: Lucien Vouillamoz, who first had the idea in 2002 - although it took 30 technicians to perfect **EVENTUAL LAUNCH DATE: 2012**

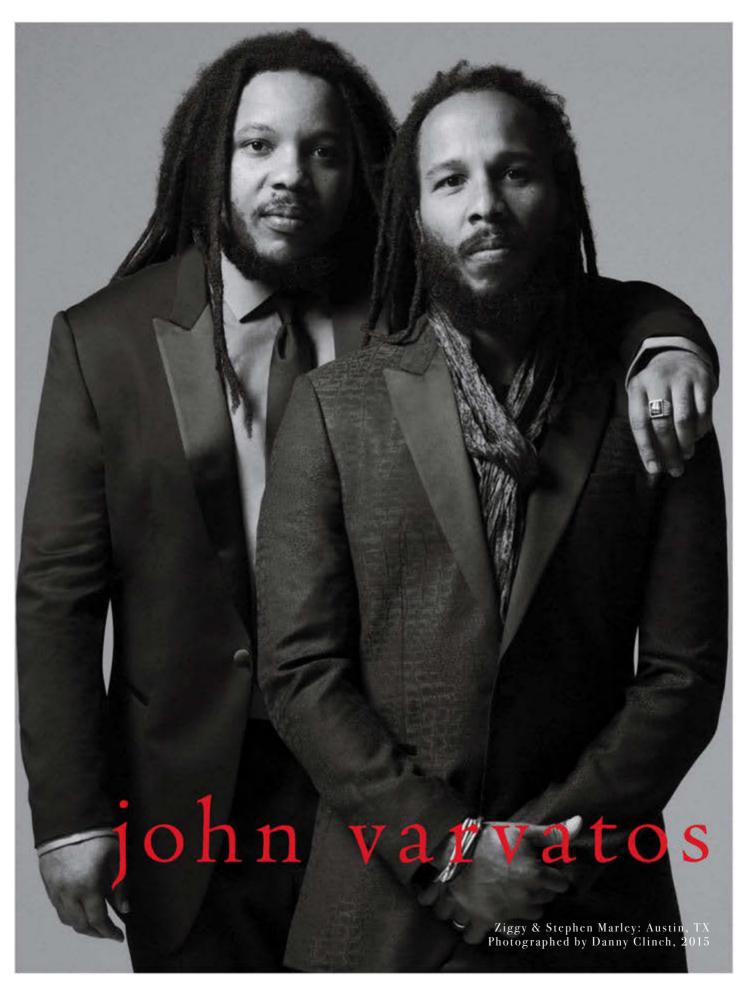
PRICE OF AN H2: Upwards of £100,000

URWERK

away with traditional subdials

Based: Geneva, Switzerland The model to own: EMC urwerk.com

WHY "URWERK"? It's a pun - the citizens of Ur in ancient Sumeria used giant sundials. "Urwerk" is German for "clockwork" AND WHO ARE THEY? A watchmaker called Felix Baumgartner (not the record-breaking skydiver) and an artist called Martin Frei HOW ARE THE WATCHES DIFFERENT? They use revolving cubes to display their information MOST UNUSUAL FEATURE: How about the compressed air winding on the UR-202? Or the "oil change indicator" on the UR-1001 pocket watch?



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